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A HOLIDAY IN A VACATION

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

IT was really a good little summer resort where the boy and I were pegging away at our vacation. There were the mountains conveniently arranged, with pleasant trails running up all of them, carefully marked with rustic but legible guide-posts; and there was the sea comfortably besprinkled with islands, among which one might sail around and about, day after day, not to go anywhere, but just to enjoy the motion and the views; and there were cod and haddock swimming over the outer ledges in deep water, waiting to be fed with clams at any time, and on fortunate days ridiculously accommodating in letting themselves be pulled up at the end of a long, thick string with a pound of lead and two hooks tied to it. There were plenty of places considered proper for picnics, like Jordan's Pond, and Great Cranberry Island, and the Russian Tea-house, and the Log Cabin Tea-house, where you would be sure to meet other people who also were bent on picnicking; and there were hotels and summer cottages, of various degrees of elaboration, filled with agreeable and talkable folk, most of whom were connected by occupation or marriage with the rival colleges and universities, so that their ambitions for the simple life had an academic thoroughness and regularity. There were dinner parties, and tea parties, and garden parties, and sea parties, and luncheon parties, masculine and feminine, and a horse-show at Bar Harbor, and a gymkhana at North East, and dances at all the Harbors, where Minerva met Terpsichore on a friendly footing while Socrates sat out on the veranda with Midas discussing the great automobile question over their cigars.

It was all vastly entertaining and well-ordered, and you would think that any person with a properly constituted mind ought to be able to peg through a vacation in such a place without wavering. But when the boy confessed to me that he felt the need of a few "days off" in the big woods to keep him up to his duty, I saw at once that the money spent upon his education had not been wasted; for here, without effort, he had announced a great psychological fact—*that no vacation is perfect without a holiday in it.* So we packed our camping-kit, made our peace with the family, tied our engagements together and cut the string below the knot, and set out to find freedom and a little fishing in the region around Lake Nicatöus.

The south-east corner of the State of Maine is a happy remnant of the ancient wilderness. The railroads will carry you around it in a day, if you wish to go that way, making a big oval of two or three hundred miles along the sea and by the banks of the Penobscot, the Mattawamkeag, and the St. Croix. But if you wisely wish to cross the oval you must ride, or go afoot, or take to your canoe; probably you will have to try all three methods of locomotion, for the country is a mixed quantity. It reminds me of what I once heard in Stockholm: that the Creator, when the making of the rest of the world was done, had a lot of fragments of land and water, forests and meadows, mountains and valleys, lakes and moors, left over; and these He threw

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together to make the southern part of Sweden. I like that kind of a promiscuous country. The spice of life grows there.

When we had escaped from the railroad at Enfield on the Penobscot, we slept a short night in a room over a country store, and took wagon the next morning for a twenty-five mile drive. At the somnolent little village of Burlington we found our guides waiting for us. They were sitting on the green at the cross-roads, with their paddles and axes and bundles beside them. I knew at a glance that they were ready and all right; Sam, an old experienced, seasoned guide, and Harry, a good-looking young woodsman who had worked in lumber camps and on "the drive," but had never been "guiding" before. He was none the worse for that, for he belonged to the type of Maine man who has the faculty of learning things by doing them.

As we rattled along the road the farms grew poorer and sparser, until at last we came into the woods, crossed the rocky Passadumkeag River, and so over a succession of horseback hills to the landing-place on Nicatŏus Stream, where the canoes were hidden in the bushes. Now load up with the bundles and boxes, the tent, the blanket-roll, the clothes-bag, the provisions—all the stuff that is known as "duffel" in New York, and "*butins*" in French Canada, and "*wangan*" in Maine—stow it all away judiciously so that the two light craft will be well balanced; and then push off, bow paddles, and let us taste the joy of a new stream! New to the boy and me, you understand; but to the guides it was old and familiar, a link in a much-travelled route. The amber water rippled merrily over the rocky bars where the river was low, and in the still reaches it spread out broad and smooth, covered with white lilies and fringed with tall grasses. All along the pleasant way Sam entertained us with memories of the stream.

"Ye see that grassy p'int, jest ahead of us? Three weeks ago I was comin' down for the mail, and there was three deer a-stannin' on that p'int, a buck and a doe and a fawn. And——"

"Up in them alders there's a little spring brook comes in. Good fishin' there in high water. But now? Well——"

"Jest beyond that bunch o' rocks last fall there was three fellers comin' down in a canoe, and a big bear come out and started 'cross river. The gun was in the case in the bottom of the canoe, and one o' the fellers had a pistol, and so——"

Beyond a doubt it was so, always has been so, and always will be so—just so, on every river travelled by canoes, until the end of time. The sportsman travels through a happy interval between memories of failure and expectation of success. But the river and the wind in the trees sing to him by the way, and there are wild flowers along the banks, and every turn in the stream makes a new picture of beauty. Thus we came leisurely and peacefully to the place where the river issued from the lake; and here we must fish awhile, for it was reported that the land-locked salmon lay in the narrow channel just above the dam.

Sure enough, no sooner had the fly crossed the current than there was a rise; and at the second cast a pretty salmon of two and a half pounds was hooked, played, and landed. Three more were taken, of which the boy got two—and his were the biggest. Fish know nothing of the respect due to age. They leaped well, those little salmon, flashing clean out of the water again and again with silvery gleams. But on the whole they did not play as strongly nor as long as their brethren (called *ouananiche*,) in the wild rapids where the Upper Saguenay breaks from Lake St. John. The same fish are always more lively, powerful, and enduring when they live in swift water, battling with the current, than when they vegetate in the quiet depths of a lake. But if a salmon must live in a luxurious home of that kind, Nicatŏus is a good one, for the water is clear, the shores are clean, the islands plenty, and the bays deep and winding.

At the club-house, six miles up the lake, where we arrived at candle-lighting, we found such kindly welcome and good company that we tarried for three days in that woodland Capua, discussing the further course of our expedition. Everybody was willing to lend us aid and comfort. The sociable hermit who had summered for the last twenty years in his tiny cabin on the point gave us friendly counsel and excellent large blueberries. The matron provided us with daily bags of most delicate tea, a precaution against the native habit of "squatting" the leaves—that is, boiling and squeezing them to extract the tannin. The

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little lady called Katharyne (a fearless forest-maid who roamed the woods in leathern jacket and short blue skirt, followed by an enormous and admiring guide, and caught big fish everywhere) offered to lend us anything in her outfit, from a pack-basket to a darning-needle. It was cheerful to meet with such general encouragement in our small adventure. But the trouble was to decide which way to go.

Nicatŏus lies near the top of a watershed about a thousand feet high. From the region round about it at least seven canoeable rivers descend to civilization. The Narraguagus and the Union on the south, the Passadumkeag on the west, the Sisladobsis and the St. Croix on the north, and the two branches of the Machias or Kowahshiscook on the east; to say nothing of the Westogus and the Hackmatack and the Mopang. Here were names to stir the fancy and paralyze the tongue. What a joy to follow one of these streams clear through its course and come out of the woods in our own craft—from Nicatŏus to the sea!

It was perhaps something in the name, some wild generosity of alphabetical expenditure, that led us to the choice of the Kowahshiscook, or west branch of the Machias River. Or perhaps it was because neither of our guides had been down that stream, and so the whole voyage would be an exploration, with everybody on the same level of experience. An easy day's journey across the lake, and up Comb's Brook, where the trout were abundant, and by a two-mile carry into Horseshoe Lake, and then over a narrow hardwood bridge, brought us to Green Lake, where we camped for the night in a new log shanty.

Here we were at the topmost source—*fons et origo*—of our chosen river. This single spring, crystal-clear and ice-cold, gushing out of the hillside in a forest of spruce and yellow birch and sugar maple, gave us the clue that we must follow for a week through the wilderness.

But how changed was that transparent rivulet after it entered the lake. There the water was pale green, translucent but semi-opaque, for at a depth of two or three feet the bottom was hardly visible. The lake was filled, I believe, with some minute aquatic growth which in the course of a thousand years or so would transform it into a meadow. But meantime the mystical water was inhabited, especially around the mouth of the spring, by huge trout to whom tradition ascribed a singular and provoking disposition. They would take the bait, when the fancy moved them: but the fly they would always refuse, ignoring it with calm disdain, or slapping at it with their tails and shoving it out of their way as they played on the surface in the summer evenings. This was the mysterious reputation of the trout of Green Lake, handed down from generation to generation of anglers; and this spell we had come to break, by finding the particular fly that would be irresistible to those secret epicures and the psychological moment of the day when they could no longer resist temptation. We tried all the flies in our books; at sunset, in the twilight, by the light of the stars and the rising moon, at dawn and at sunrise. Not one trout did we capture with the fly in Green Lake. Nor could we solve the mystery of those reluctant fish. The boy made a scientific suggestion that they got plenty of food from the cloudy water, which served them as a kind of soup. My guess was that their sight was impaired so that they could not see the fly. But Sam said it was "jest pure cussedness." Many things in the world happen from that cause, and as a rule it is best not to fret over them.

The trail from Green Lake to Campbell Lake was easily found; it followed down the outlet about a mile. But it had been little used for many years and the undergrowth had almost obliterated it. Rain had been falling all the morning and the bushes were wetter than water. On such a carry travel is slow. We had three trips to make each way before we could get the stuff and the canoes over. Then a short voyage across the lake, and another mile of the same sort of portage, after which we came out with the last load, an hour before sundown, on the shore of the Big Sabeo. This lake was quite different from the others; wide and open, with smooth sand-beaches all around it. The little hills which encircled it had been burned over years ago; and the blueberry pickers had renewed the fire from year to year. The landscape was light green and yellow, beneath a low, cloudy sky; no forest in sight, except one big, black island far across the water.

The place where we came out was not attractive; but nothing is more foolish than

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to go on looking for a pretty camp-ground after daylight has begun to wane. When the sun comes within the width of two paddle-blades of the horizon, if you are wise you will take the first bit of level ground within reach of wood and water, and make haste to get the camp in order before dark. So we pitched our blue tent on the beach, with a screen of bushes at the back to shelter us from the wind; broke a double quantity of fir branches for our bed, to save us from the midnight misery of sand in the blankets; cut a generous supply of fire-wood from a dead pine-tree which stood conveniently at hand; and settled down in comfort for the night.

What could have been better than our supper, cooked in the open air and eaten by fire-light! True, we had no plates—they had been forgotten—but we never mourned for them. We made a shift to get along with the tops of some emptied tin cans and the cover of a kettle; and from these rude platters (quite as serviceable as the porcelain of Limoges or Sèvres) we consumed our toast, and our boiled potatoes with butter, and our trout prudently brought from Horse-shoe Lake, and, best of all, our bacon.

Do you remember what Charles Lamb says about roast pig? How he falls into an ecstasy of laudation, spelling the very name with small capitals, as if the lower case were too mean for such a delicacy, and breaking away from the cheap encomiums of the vulgar tongue to hail it in sonorous Latin as *princeps obsoniorum!* There is some truth in his compliments, no doubt; but they are wasteful, excessive, imprudent. For if all this praise is to be lavished on plain, fresh, immature, roast pig, what adjectives shall we find to do justice to that riper, richer, more subtle and sustaining viand, broiled bacon? On roast pig a man cannot work; often he cannot sleep, if he have partaken of it immoderately. But bacon "brings to its sweetness no satiety." It strengthens the arm while it satisfies the palate. Crisp, juicy, savory; delicately salt as the breeze that blows from the sea; faintly pungent as the blue smoke of incense wafted from a clean wood-fire; aromatic, appetizing, nourishing, a stimulant to the hunger which it appeases, 'tis the matured bloom and consummation of the mild little pig, spared by foresight for a nobler fate than juvenile roasting, and brought by art and man's device to a perfection surpassing nature. All the problems of woodland cookery are best solved by the baconian method. And when we say of one escaping great disaster that he has "saved his bacon," we say that the physical basis and the quintessential comfort of his life are still untouched and secure.

Steadily fell the rain all that night, plentiful, persistent, drumming on the tightened canvas over our heads, waking us now and then to pleasant thoughts of a rising stream and good water for the morrow. Breaking clouds rolled before the sunrise, and the lake was all a-glitter when we pushed away in dancing canoes to find the outlet. This is one of the problems in which the voyager learns to know something of the infinite reserve, the humorous sublety, the hide-and-seek quality in nature. Where is it—that mysterious outlet? Behind yonder long point? Nothing here but a narrow arm of the lake. At the end of this deep bay? Nothing here but a little brook flowing in. At the back of the island? Nothing here but a landlocked lagoon. Must we make the circuit of the whole shore before we find the way out? Stop a moment. What are those two taller clumps of bushes on the edge of this broad curving meadow—down there in the corner, do you see? Turn back, go close to the shore, swing around the nearer clump, and here we are in the smooth amber stream, slipping silently, furtively, down through the meadow, as if it would steal away for a merry jest and leave us going round and round the lake till nightfall.

Easily and swiftly the canoes slide along with the little river, winding and doubling through the wide, wild field, travelling three miles to gain one. The rushes nod and glisten around us; the bending reeds whisper as we push between them, cutting across a point. Follow the stream; we know not its course, but we know that if we go with it, though it be a wayward and tricksy guide, it will bring us out—but not too soon, we hope!

Here is a lumberman's dam, broad-based, solid, and ugly, a work of infinite labor, standing lonely, deserted, here in the heart of the wilderness. Now we must carry across it. But it shall help while it hinders us. Pry up the creaking sluice-gates, sending a fresh head of water down the channel along with us, lifting us over the shallows, driving us on through the rocky places,

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We tried all the flies in our books.—Page 3.

buoyant, alert, and rejoicing, till we come again to a level meadow, and the long, calm, indolent reaches of river.

Look on the right there under the bushes. There is a cold, still brook, slipping into the lazy river; and there we must try the truth of the tales we have heard of the plentiful trout of Machias. Let the flies fall light by the mouth of the brook, caressing, inviting. Nothing there? Then push the canoe through the interlaced alders, quietly, slowly up the narrow stream, till a wider pool lies open before you. Now let the rod swing high in the air, lifting the line above the bushes, dropping the flies as far away as you can on the dark-brown water. See how quickly the answer comes, in two swift golden flashes out of the depths of the sleeping pool. This is a pretty brace of trout, from thirty to forty ounces of thoroughbred fighting pluck, and the spirit that will not surrender. If they only knew that their strength would be doubled by acting together, they soon would tangle your line in the roots or break your rod in the alders. But all the time they are fighting against each other, making it easy to bring them up to the net and land them—a pair of beauties, evenly matched in weight and in splendor, gleaming with rich iridescent hues of orange and green and peacock blue and crimson. A few feet beyond you find another, a smaller fish, and then one a little larger; and so you go on up the stream, threading the boat through the alders, with patience and infinite caution, carefully casting your flies when the stream opens out to invite them, till you have rounded your dozen of trout and are wisely contented. Then you go backward down the brook—too narrow for turning—and join the other canoe that waits, floating leisurely on with the river.

There is a change now in the character of the stream. The low hills that have been standing far away come close together from either side as if they meant to bar any farther passage; and the dreamy river wakes up to wrestle its way down the narrow valley. There are no long, sleepy reaches, no wide, easy curves, now; but sharp, quick turns from one rocky ledge to another; and enormous stones piled and scattered along the river-bed; and sudden descents from level to level as if by the broad steps of a ruined, winding stairway. The water pushes, and rushes, and roars, and foams, and frets—no, it does not fret, after all, for there is always something joyous and exultant in its voice, a note of the *gaudia certaminis* by which the struggle of life is animated, a note of confident strength, sure that it can find or make a way, through all obstacles, to its goal. This is what I feel in a river especially a little river flowing through a rough, steep country. This is what makes me love it. It seems to be thoroughly alive, and glad to be alive, and determined to go on, and certain that it will win through.

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Our canoes go with the river, but no longer easily or lazily. Every step of the way must be carefully chosen; now close to the steep bank where the bushes hang over; now in mid-stream among the huge pointed rocks; now by the lowest point of a broad sunken ledge where the water sweeps smoothly over to drop into the next pool. The boy and I, using the bow paddles, are in the front of the adventure, guessing at the best channel, pushing aside suddenly to avoid treacherous stones hidden with dark moss, dashing swiftly down the long dancing rapids, with the shouting of the waves in our ears and the sprinkle of the foam in our faces.

From side to side of the wild avenue through the forest we turn and dart, zigzagging among the rocks. Thick woods shut us in on either hand, pines and hemlocks and firs and spruces, beeches and maples and yellow-birches, alders with their brown seed-cones, and mountain-ashes with their scarlet berries. All four of us know the way; there can be no doubt about that, for down the river is the only road out. But none of us knows the path; for this is a new stream, you remember, and between us and our journey's end there lie a thousand possible difficulties, accidents, and escapes.

The boy had one of them. His canoe struck on a ledge, in passing over a little fall, swung around sidewise to the current, and half filled with water; he and Harry had to leap out into the stream waist-deep. Sam and I made merry at their plight. But Nemesis was waiting for me a few miles below.

All the pools were full of fine trout. While the men were cooking lunch in a grove of balsams I waded down-stream to get another brace of fish. Stepping carefully among the rocks, I stood about thigh-deep in my rubber boots and cast across the pool. But the best bit of water was a little beyond my reach. A step further! There's a yellow bit of gravel that will give a good footing. Intent upon the flight of my flies, I took the step without care. But the yellow patch under the brown water was not gravel; it was the face of a rock polished smoother than glass. Gently, slowly, irresistibly, and with deep indignation I subsided backward into the cold pool. The rubber boots filled with water and the immersion was complete. Then I stood up and got the trout. When I returned to the camp-fire the boy said: "Why did you go in swimming with your clothes on? Were you expecting a party of ladies to come down the stream?"

Our tenting-places were new every night and forsaken every morning. Each of them had a charm of its own. One was under a great yellow-birch tree, close to the bank of the river. Another was on top of a bare ridge in the middle of a vast blueberry patch, where the luscious fruit, cool and fresh with the morning dew, spread an immense breakfast-table to tempt us. The most beautiful of all was at the edge of a fir-wood, with a huge rock, covered with moss and lichen, sloping down before us in a broad, open descent of thirty feet to the foaming stream. The full moon climbed into the sky as we sat around our camp-fire, and showed her face above the dark, pointed tree-tops. The winding vale was flooded with silver radiance that rested on river and rock and tree-trunk and multitudinous leafage like an enchantment of tranquillity. The curling currents and the falling foam, up and down the stream, were glistening and sparkling, ever moving, yet never losing their position. The shouting of the water melted to music, in which a thousand strange and secret voices, near and far away, blending and alternating from rapid to rapid and fall to fall, seemed like hidden choirs, answering one another from place to place. The sense of struggle, of pressure and resistance, of perpetual change, was gone; and in its stead there was a feeling of infinite quietude, of perfect balance and repose, of deep accord and amity between the watching heavens and the waiting earth, in which the conflicts of existence seemed very distant and of little meaning, and the peace of nature prophesied

> That one, far-off divine event
> Towards which the whole creation moves.

Thus for six days and nights we kept company with our little river, following its guidance and enjoying all its changing moods. Sometimes it led us through a smooth country, across natural meadows, alder-fringed, where the bed of the stream was of amber sand and polished gravel, and the water rippled gently over the shallow bars, and there were deep holes underneath the hanging bushes, where the trout hid from the heat of the noon sun. Sometimes it had carved a way for itself over huge beds of solid rock,

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Our tenting-places were new every night.—Page 6.

where, if the slope was gentle, we could dart arrow-like along the channel from pool to pool; but if the descent was steep and broken, we must get out of the canoes and let them down with ropes. Sometimes the course ran for miles through evergreen forests, where the fragrance of the fir-trees filled the air; and again we came out into the open regions where thousands of acres of wild blueberries were spread around us.

I call them wild because no man's hand has planted them. Yet they are cultivated after a fashion. Every two or three years a district of these hills is set on fire, and in the burned ground, the next spring, the berry-bushes spring up innumerable. The following fall they are loaded so heavily with blueberries that the harvest is gathered with rakes, each of which has a cup underneath it into which the berries fall as the rake is thrust through the bushes. The land is owned by two or three large proprietors, who employ men and women to gather the crop, paying them a few cents a bushel for picking. Sometimes the proprietor leases his land to a factor, who pays a royalty on every bushel turned in at the factory in some village on the railroad or by the sea-shore, where the berries are canned or dried.

One day we came upon a camp of these berry-pickers by the riverside. Our first notice of their proximity was the sight of a raft with an arm-chair tied in the centre of it, stranded upon the rocks in a long, fierce rapid. Imagine how this looked to us after we had been five days in the wilderness! An arm-chair sitting up sedately in the middle of the rapids! What did it mean? Perhaps some vagrant artist had been exploring the river, and had fixed his seat there in order to paint a picture. Perhaps some lazy fisherman had found a good pool amid those boiling waters, and had arranged to take his ease while he whipped that fishy place with his flies. The mystery was solved when we rounded the next point; for there we found the berry-pickers taking their nooning in a cluster of little slab-shanties. They were friendly folks, men, women, and children, but they knew

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nothing about the river; had never been up farther than the place where the boys had left their raft in the high water a week ago; had never been down at all; could not tell how many falls there were below, nor whether the mouth was five or fifty miles away. They had come in by the road, which crossed the river at this point, and by the road they would go back when the berries were picked. They wanted to know whether we were prospecting for lumber or thinking of going into the berry business. We tried to explain the nature of our expedition to them, but I reckon we failed.

These were the only people that we really met on our journey, though we saw a few others far off on some bare hill. We did not encounter a single boat or canoe on the river. But we saw the deer come down to the shore and stand shoulder-deep among the golden-rod and purple asters. We saw the ruffed grouse whir through the thickets and the wild ducks skitter down the stream ahead of us. We saw the warblers and the cedar-birds gathering in flocks for their southward flight, the muskrats making their houses ready for the winter, and the porcupines dumbly meditating and masticating among the branches of the young poplar-trees. We also had a delightful interview with a wild-cat, and almost a thrilling adventure with a bear.

The boy and I had started out from camp for an hour of evening fishing. He went down the stream some distance ahead of me, as I supposed (though, as I afterward found, he had made a little detour and turned back). I was making my way painfully through a spruce thicket when I heard a loud crash and crackling of dead branches. "Hallo!" I cried; "have you fallen down? Are you hurt?" No answer. "Hallo, Teddy!" I shouted again; "what's the matter?" Another tremendous crash, and then dead silence.

I dropped my rod and pushed as rapidly as possible in the direction from which the sound had come. There I found a circle about fifty feet in diameter torn and trampled as if a circus had been there. The ground was trodden bare. Trees three and four inches thick were broken off. The bark of the larger trees was stripped away. The place was a ruin. A few paces away, among the bushes, there was a bear trap with some claws in it, and an iron chain attached to the middle of a log about four feet long. The log hovel in which the trap had been set we found later, a little way back on an old wood road. Evidently a bear had been caught there, perhaps two or three days before we came. He had dragged the trap and the chained clog down into the thicket. There he had stayed, tearing up things generally in his efforts to escape from his encumbrance, and resting quietly in the intervals of his fury. My approach had startled him and he had made the first crash that I heard. Then he lay low and listened. My second inconsiderate shout of "Hallo, *Teddy*!" had put such an enormous fear into him that he dashed through the trees, caught the foolishly chained clog across two of them, and, tearing himself loose, escaped with the loss of a couple of toes. Thus ended our almost adventure with a bear. How glad the old fellow must have been!

The moral is this: If you want a bear, you should set your trap with the clog chained at one end, not around the middle: then it will trail through the woods and not break loose. But the best way is not to want a bear.

Our last camp was just at the head of Holmes's Fall, a splendid ravine down which the river rushes in two foaming leaps. Here in the gray of the morning we lugged our canoes and our camp-kit around the cataract, and then launched away for the end of our voyage. It was full of variety, for the river was now cutting its course through a series of ridges, and every mile was broken with rapids and larger falls. There was but one other place, however, where we had to make a portage. I believe it was called Grand Falls. After that, the stream was smooth and quiet. The tall maples and ashes and elms stood along the banks as if they had been planted for a park. The first faint touch of autumn color was beginning to illuminate their foliage. A few weeks later the river would be a long, winding avenue of gold and crimson, for every tree would redouble its splendor in the dark, unruffled water.

At one place, where there were a few cleared fields bordering on the river, we saw two or three houses and barns, and supposed we were near the end of our voyage. This was about nine o'clock in the morning; and we were glad because we calculated that we could catch the ten o'clock train for Bar Harbor. But that calculation

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was far astray. We skirted the cleared fields and entered the woodland again. The river flowed, broad and leisurely, in great curves half a mile long from point to point. As we rounded one cape after another we said to each other, "When we pass the next turn we shall see the village." But that inconsiderate village seemed to flee before us. Still the tall trees lined the banks in placid monotony. Still the river curved from cape to cape, each one like all the others. We paddled hard and steadily. Ten o'clock passed. Every day of our journey we had lost something—a frying-pan, a hatchet, a paddle, a ring. This day was no exception. We had lost the train. Still we pushed along against the cool wind, which always headed us, whether we turned north, or east, or south; wondering whether the village that we sought was still in the world, wondering whether the river came out anywhere, wondering—till at last we saw, across a lake-like expanse of water, the white church and the clustering houses of the far-famed Whitneyville.

It was a quaint old town, which had seen better days. The big lumber-mill that had once kept it busy was burned down, and the business had slipped away to the prosperous neighboring town of Machias. There were nice old houses with tall pillars in front of them, now falling into decay and slipping out of plumb. There were shops that had evidently been closed for years, with not even a sign "To Let" in the windows. Our dinner was cooked for us in a boarding-house, by a brisk young lady of about fifteen years, whose mother had gone to Machias for a day in the gay world. With one exception that pleasant young lady was the only thing in Whitneyville that did not have an air of having been left behind.

The exception was the establishment of Mr. Cornelius D——, whose "General Store" beside the bridge was still open for business, and whose big white house stood under the elm-trees at the corner of the road opposite the church, with bright windows, fresh-painted walls, and plenty of flowers blooming around it. He was walking in the yard, dressed in a black broadcloth frock-coat, with a black satin necktie and a collar with pointed ends,—an old-fashioned Gladstonian garb. When I heard him speak I knew where he came from. It was the rich accent of Killarney, just as I had heard it on the lakes two summers ago. But sixty years had passed since the young Cornelius had left the shores of the River Laune and come to dwell by the Kowahshiscook. He had grown up with the place; had run the lumber-mill and the first railroad that hauled the lumber from the mill down to tide-water; had become the owner of the store and the proprietor of some sixteen miles of timber-land along the river-front; had built the chief house of the village and given his children a capital education; and there he still dwelt, with his wife from Killarney, and with his tall sons and daughters about him, contented and happy, and not at all disposed to question the beneficent order of the universe. We had plenty of good talk that afternoon and evening, chiefly about the Old Country, and I had to rub up my recollections of Ross Castle and Kenmare House and all the places around Lough Leane, in order to match the old man's memory. He was interested in our expedition, too. He had often been far into the woods looking after his lumber. But I doubt whether he quite understood what it was that drew the boy and me on our idle voyage from Nicatöus to the sea.

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THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK I

I

IN the surgical ward of the Hope Hospital at Hanaford, a nurse was bending over a young man whose bandaged right hand and arm lay stretched along the bed.

His head stirred uneasily, and slipping her arm behind him she effected a professional readjustment of the pillows. "Is that better?"

As she leaned over, he lifted his anxious bewildered eyes, deep-sunk under ridges of suffering. "I don't s'pose there's any kind of show for me, is there?" he asked, pointing with his free hand—the stained seamed hand of the mechanic—to the inert bundle on the quilt.

Her only immediate answer was to wipe the dampness from his forehead; then she said: "We'll talk about that to-morrow."

"Why not now?"

"Because Dr. Disbrow can't tell till the inflammation goes down."

"Will it go down by to-morrow?"

"It will begin to, if you don't excite yourself and keep up the fever."

"Excite myself? I—there's four of 'em at home——"

"Well, then there are four reasons for keeping quiet," she rejoined.

She did not use, in speaking, the soothing inflection of her trade: she seemed to disdain to cajole or trick the sufferer. Her full young voice kept its cool note of authority, her sympathy revealing itself only in the expert touch of her hands and the constant vigilance of her dark steady eyes. This vigilance softened to pity as the patient turned his head away with a groan. His free left hand continued to travel the sheet uneasily, clasping and unclasping itself in contortions of feverish unrest. It was as though all the anguish of his mutilation found expression in that lonely hand, left without work in the world now that its mate was useless.

The nurse felt a touch on her shoulder, and rose to face the matron, a sharp-featured woman with a soft intonation.

"This is Mr. Amherst, Miss Brent. The assistant manager from the mills. He wishes to see Dillon."

John Amherst's step was singularly noiseless. The nurse, sensitive by nature and training to all physical characteristics, was struck at once by the contrast between his alert face and figure and the silent way in which he moved. She noticed, too, that the same contrast was repeated in the face itself, its spare energetic outline, with the high nose and compressed lips of the mover of men, being curiously modified by the veiled inward gaze of the grey eyes he turned on her. It was one of the interests of Justine Brent's crowded yet lonely life to attempt a rapid mental classification of the persons she met; but the contradictions in Amherst's face baffled her, and she murmured inwardly: "I don't know" as she drew aside to let him approach the bed. He stood by her in silence, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes on the injured man, who lay motionless, as if sunk in a lethargy. The matron, at the call of another nurse, had minced away down the ward, committing Amherst with a glance to Miss Brent; and the two remained alone by the bed.

After a pause, Amherst moved toward the window beyond the empty cot adjoining Dillon's. One of the white screens used to isolate dying patients had been provisionally placed against this cot, which was the last at that end of the ward, and the space beyond formed a secluded corner, where a few words could be exchanged out of reach of the eyes in the other beds.

"Is he asleep?" Amherst asked, as Miss Brent joined him.

Miss Brent glanced at him again. His voice betokened not merely education, but something different and deeper—the familiar habit of gentle speech; and his shabby clothes—carefully brushed, but ill-cut

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and worn along the seams—sat on him easily, and with the same difference.

"The morphine has made him drowsy," she answered. "The wounds were dressed about an hour ago, and the doctor gave him a hypodermic."

"The wounds—how many are there?"

"Beside the hand, his arm is badly torn up to the elbow."

Amherst listened with bent head and frowning brow.

"What do you think of the case?" he asked.

She hesitated. "Dr. Disbrow hasn't said——"

"And it's not your business to?" He smiled slightly. "I know hospital etiquette. But I have a particular reason for asking." He broke off and looked at her again, his veiled gaze sharpening to a glance of concentrated attention. "You're not one of the regular nurses, are you? Your dress seems to be of a different colour."

She smiled at the "seems to be," which denoted a tardy and imperfect apprehension of the difference between dark-blue linen and white.

"No: I happened to be staying at Hanaford, and hearing that they were in want of a surgical nurse, I offered my help."

Amherst nodded. "So much the better. Is there any place where I can say two words to you?"

"I could hardly leave the ward now, unless Mrs. Ogan comes back."

"I don't care to have you call Mrs. Ogan," he interposed quickly. "When do you go off duty?"

She looked at him in surprise. "If what you want to ask about is—anything connected with the management of things here—you know we're not supposed to talk of our patients outside of the hospital."

"I know. But I am going to ask you to break through the rule—in that poor fellow's behalf."

A protest wavered on her lip, but he held her eyes steadily, with a glint of good-humour behind his determination. "When do you go off duty?" he repeated.

"At six."

"Well, I'll meet you at the corner of South Street and walk a little way with you. Let me put my case, and if you're not convinced you can refuse to answer."

"Very well," she said, without farther hesitation; and Amherst, with a slight nod of farewell, passed through the door near which they had been standing.

II

WHEN Justine Brent emerged from the Hope Hospital the October dusk had fallen and the wide suburban street was almost dark, except when the illuminated bulk of an electric car flashed by under the leafless maples.

She crossed the tracks and approached the narrower thoroughfare where Amherst awaited her. He hung back a moment, and she was amused to see that he failed to identify the uniformed nurse with the girl in her trim dark dress, soberly complete in all its accessories, who advanced to him, smiling under her little veil.

"Thank you," he said as he turned and walked beside her. "Is this your way?"

"I am staying in Oak Street. But it's just as short to go by Maplewood Avenue."

"Yes; and quieter."

For a few yards they walked on in silence, their long steps falling naturally into time, though Amherst was somewhat taller than his companion.

At length he said: "I suppose you know nothing about the relation between Hope Hospital and the Westmore Mills."

"Only that the hospital was endowed by one of the Westmore family."

"Yes; an old Miss Hope, a great-aunt of Westmore's. But there is more than that between them—all kinds of subterranean passages." He paused, and began again: "For instance, Dr. Disbrow married the sister of our Superintendent's wife."

"Your chief at the mills?"

"Yes," he said with a slight grimace. "So you see, if Truscomb—the Superintendent—thinks one of the mill-hands is only slightly injured, it's natural that his brother-in-law, Dr. Disbrow, should take an optimistic view of the case."

"Natural? I don't know——"

"Don't you think it's natural that a man should be influenced by his wife?"

"Not where his professional honour is concerned."

Amherst smiled. "That sounds very young—if you'll excuse my saying so. Well,

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I won't go on to insinuate that, Truscomb being high in favour with the Westmores, and the Westmores having a lien on the hospital, Disbrow's position there is also bound up with his taking—more or less—the same view as Truscomb's."

Miss Brent had paused abruptly on the deserted pavement.

"No, don't go on—if you want me to think well of you," she flashed out.

Amherst met the thrust composedly, perceiving, as she turned to face him, that what she resented was not so much his insinuation against his superiors as his allusion to the youthfulness of her sentiments. She was, in fact, as he now noticed, still young enough to dislike being excused for her youth. In her severe uniform of blue linen, her dusky skin darkened by the nurse's cap, and by the pale background of the hospital walls, she had seemed older, more competent and experienced; but he now saw how fresh was the pale curve of her cheek, and how smooth the grave young brow clasped in close waves of hair.

"I began at the wrong end," he acknowledged. "But let me put Dillon's case before you dismiss me."

She softened. "It is only because of my interest in that poor fellow that I am here——"

"Because you think he needs help—and that you can help him?"

But she held back once more. "Please tell me about him first," she said, walking on.

Amherst met the request with another question. "I wonder how much you know about factory life?"

"Oh, next to nothing. Just what I've managed to pick up in these two days at the hospital."

He glanced at her small determined profile under its dark roll of hair, and said, half to himself: "That might be a good deal."

She took no notice of this, and he went on: "Well, I won't try to put the general situation before you, though Dillon's accident is really the result of it. He works at the looms, and on the day of the accident his loom stopped suddenly, and he put his hand behind him to get a tool he needed out of his trouser-pocket. He reached back a little too far, and the loom behind him caught his hand in its million of diamond-pointed wires. Truscomb and the overseer of the room maintain that the accident was due to his own carelessness; but the hands say that it was caused by the fact of the looms being too near together, and that just such an accident was bound to happen sooner or later."

Miss Brent drew an eager breath. "And what do *you* say?"

"That they're right: the loom-room is shamefully overcrowded. Dillon hasn't been in it long—he worked his way up at the mills from being a bobbin-boy—and he hadn't yet learned how cautious a man must be in there. The looms are so close to each other that even the old hands run narrow risks, and it takes the cleverest operative some time to learn that he must calculate every movement to a fraction of an inch."

"But why do they crowd the rooms in that way?"

"To get the maximum of profit out of the minimum of floor-space. It costs more to increase the floor-space than to maim an operative now and then."

"I see. Go on," she murmured.

"That's the first point; here is the second. Dr. Disbrow told Truscomb this morning that Dillon's hand would certainly be saved, and that he might get back to work in a couple of months if the company would present him with an artificial finger or two."

Miss Brent faced him with a flush of indignation. "Mr. Amherst—who gave you this version of Dr. Disbrow's report?"

"The Superintendent himself."

"Verbally?"

"No—he showed me Disbrow's letter."

For a moment or two they walked on silently through the quiet street; then she said, in a voice still stirred with feeling: "As I told you this afternoon, Dr. Disbrow has said nothing in my hearing."

"And Mrs. Ogan?"

"Oh, Mrs. Ogan——" Her voice broke in a ripple of irony. "Mrs. Ogan 'feels it to be such a beautiful dispensation, my dear, that, owing to a death that very morning in the surgical ward, we happened to have a bed ready for the poor man within three hours of the accident.'" She had exchanged her deep throat-tones for a high reedy note which perfectly simulated the matron's lady-like inflections.

Amherst, at the change, turned on her with a boyish burst of laughter: she joined in it, and for a moment they were blent in

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that closest of unions, the discovery of a common fund of humour.

She was the first to grow grave. "That three hours' delay didn't help matters—how is it there is no emergency hospital at the mills?"

Amherst laughed again, but in a different key. "That's part of the larger question, which we haven't time for now." He waited a moment, and then added: "You've not yet given me your own impression of Dillon's case."

"You shall have it, if you saw that letter. Dillon will certainly lose his hand—and probably the whole arm." She spoke with a thrilling of her slight frame that transformed the dispassionate professional into a girl shaken with tender indignation.

Amherst stood still before her. "Good God! Never anything but useless lumber?"

"Never——"

"And he won't die?"

"Alas!"

"He has a consumptive wife and three children. She ruined her health swallowing cotton-dust at the factory," Amherst continued.

"So she told me yesterday."

He turned in surprise. "You've had a talk with her?"

"I went out to Westmore last night. I was haunted by her face when she came to the hospital. She looks forty, but she told me she was only twenty-six." Miss Brent paused to steady her voice. "It's the curse of my trade that it's always tempting me to interfere in cases where I can do no possible good. The fact is, I'm not fit to be a nurse—I shall live and die a wretched sentimentalist!" she ended, with an angry dash at the tears on her veil.

Her companion walked on in silence till she had regained her composure. Then he said: "What did you think of Westmore?"

"I think it's one of the worst places I ever saw—and I am not unused to slums. It looks so dead. The slums of big cities are much more cheerful."

He made no answer, and after a moment she asked: "Does that cotton-dust always affect the lungs?"

"It's likely to, where there is the least phthisical tendency. But of course the harm could be immensely reduced by taking up the old rough floors which hold the dust, and by thorough cleanliness and ventilation."

"What does the company do in such cases? Where an operative breaks down at twenty-five?"

"The company says there was a phthisical tendency."

"And will they give nothing in return for the two lives they have taken?"

"They will probably pay for Dillon's care at the hospital, and they have taken the wife back as a scrubber."

"To clean those uncleanable floors? She's not fit for it!"

"She must work, fit for it or not; and there is less strain in scrubbing than in bending over the looms or carders. The pay is lower, of course, but she's very grateful for being taken back at all, now that she's no longer a first-class worker."

Miss Brent's face glowed with a fine wrath. "She can't possibly stand more than two or three months of it without breaking down!"

"Well, you see they've told her that in less than that time her husband will be at work again."

"And what will the company do for them when the wife is a hopeless invalid, and the husband a cripple?"

Amherst again uttered the dry laugh with which he had met her suggestion of an emergency hospital. "I know what I should do if I could get anywhere near Dillon—give him an overdose of morphine, and let the widow collect his life-insurance, and make a fresh start."

She looked at him curiously. "Should you, I wonder?"

"If I saw the suffering as you see it, and knew the circumstances as I know them, I believe I should feel justified——" He broke off. "In your work, don't you ever feel tempted to set a poor devil free?"

She mused. "One might . . . but perhaps the professional instinct to save would always come first."

"To save—what? When all the good of life is gone?"

"I daresay," she sighed, "poor Dillon would do it himself if he could—when he realizes that all the good *is* gone."

"Yes, but he can't do it himself; and it's the irony of such cases that his employers, after ruining his life, will do all they can to patch up the ruins."

"But that at least ought to count in their favour."

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"Perhaps; if——" He paused, as though reluctant to lay himself open once more to the charge of uncharitableness; and suddenly she exclaimed, looking about her: "I didn't notice we had walked so far down Maplewood Avenue!"

They had turned a few minutes previously into the wide thoroughfare crowning the high ground which is covered by the residential quarter of Hanaford. Here the spacious houses, withdrawn behind shrubberies and sloping lawns, revealed in their silhouettes every form of architectural experiment, from the symmetrical pre-Revolutionary structure, with its classic portico and clipped box-borders, to the latest outbreak in boulders and tin cornices.

Amherst followed his companion's glance with surprise. "We *have* gone a block or two out of our way. I always forget where I am when I'm talking about anything that interests me."

Miss Brent looked at her watch. "My friends don't dine till seven, and I can get home in time by taking a Grove Street car," she said.

"If you don't mind walking a little farther you can take a Liberty Street car instead. They run oftener, and you will get home just as soon."

She made a gesture of assent, and as they walked on he continued: "I haven't yet explained why I am so anxious to get an unbiassed opinion of Dillon's case."

She looked at him in surprise. "What you have told me about Dr. Disbrow and your Superintendent is surely enough."

"Well, hardly, considering that I am Truscomb's subordinate. I shouldn't have committed a breach of professional etiquette, or asked you to do so, if I hadn't a hope of bettering things; but I have, and that is why I've held on at Westmore for the last few months, instead of getting out of it altogether."

"I'm glad of that," she said quickly.

"The owner of the mills—young Richard Westmore—died last winter," he went on, "and my hope—it's no more—is that the new broom may sweep a little cleaner."

"Who is the new broom?"

"He left everything to his widow, and she is coming here to-morrow to look into the management of the mills."

"Coming? She doesn't live here, then?"

"At Hanaford? Heaven forbid! It's an anomaly nowadays for the employer to live near the employed. The Westmores have always lived in New York—and I believe they have a big place on Long Island."

"Well, at any rate she *is* coming, and that ought to be a good sign. Did she never show any interest in the mills during her husband's life?"

"Not as far as I know. I've been at Westmore three years, and she's not been seen there in my time. She is very young, and Westmore himself didn't care. It was a case of inherited money. He drew the dividends, and Truscomb did the rest."

Miss Brent reflected. "I don't know much about the constitution of companies—but I suppose Mrs. Westmore doesn't unite all the offices in her own person. Is there no one to stand between Truscomb and the operatives?"

"Oh, the company, on paper, shows the usual official hierarchy. Richard Westmore, of course, was president, and since his death the former treasurer—Halford Gaines—has replaced him, and his son, Westmore Gaines, has been appointed treasurer. You can see by the names that it's all in the family. Halford Gaines married a Miss Westmore, and represents the clan at Hanaford—leads society, and keeps up the social credit of the name. As treasurer, Mr. Halford Gaines kept strictly to his special business, and always refused to interfere between Truscomb and the operatives. As president he will probably follow the same policy, the more so as it fits in with his inherited respect for the *status quo*, and his blissful ignorance of economics."

"And the new treasurer—young Gaines? Is there no hope of his breaking away from the family tradition?"

"Westy Gaines has a better head than his father; but he hates Hanaford and the mills, and his chief object in life is to be taken for a New Yorker. So far he hasn't been here much, except for the quarterly meetings, and his routine work is done by another cousin—you perceive that Westmore is a nest of nepotism."

Miss Brent's work among the poor had developed her interest in social problems, and she followed these details attentively.

"Well, the outlook is not encouraging, but perhaps Mrs. Westmore's coming will make a change. I suppose she has more power than any one."

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"She might have, if she chose to exert it, for her husband was really the whole company. The official cousins hold only a few shares apiece."

"Perhaps, then, her visit will open her eyes. Who knows but poor Dillon's case may help others—prove a beautiful dispensation, as Mrs. Ogan would say?"

"It does come terribly pat as an illustration of some of the abuses I want to have remedied. The difficulty will be to get the lady's ear. That's her house we're coming to, by the way."

An electric street-lamp irradiated the leafless trees and stone gate-posts of the building before them. Though dark gardens extended behind it, the house stood so near the pavement that only two short flights of steps intervened between the gate-posts and the portico. Light shone from every window of the pompous rusticated façade—in the turreted "Tuscan villa" style of the 'fifties—and as Miss Brent and Amherst approached, their advance was checked by a group of persons who were in the act of descending from two carriages drawn up at the door.

The lamp-light showed every detail of dress and countenance in the party, which consisted of two men, one slightly lame, with a long white moustache and a distinguished nose, the other short, lean and professional, and of two ladies and their laden attendants.

"Why, that must be her party arriving!" Miss Brent exclaimed; and as she spoke the younger of the two ladies, turning back to her maid, exposed to the glare of the electric light a fair pale face shadowed by the penthouse of her widow's veil.

"Is that Mrs. Westmore?" Miss Brent whispered; and as Amherst muttered: "I suppose so; I've never seen her——" she continued excitedly: "She looks so like—do you know what her name was before she married?"

He drew his brows together in a hopeless effort of remembrance. "I don't know—I must have heard—but I never can recall people's names."

"That's bad, for a leader of men!" she said mockingly, and he answered, as though touched on a sore point: "I mean people who don't count. I never forgot an operative's name or face."

"One can never tell who may be going to count," she rejoined sententiously.

He dwelt on this in silence while they walked on, catching as they passed a glimpse of the red-carpeted Westmore hall upon which the glass doors were just being closed. At length he roused himself to ask: "Does Mrs. Westmore look like some one you know?"

"I fancied so—a girl who was at the Sacred Heart in Paris with me. But isn't this my corner?" she exclaimed, as they turned into another street, down which a laden car was descending.

Its approach left them time for no more than a hurried hand-clasp, and when Miss Brent had been absorbed into the packed interior her companion, as his habit was, stood for a while where she had left him, gazing at some indefinite point in space; then, waking to a sudden consciousness of his surroundings, he walked off briskly toward the centre of the town.

At the junction of two business streets he met an empty car marked "Westmore," and springing into it, seated himself in a corner and drew out a pocket Shakespeare. He read on, indifferent to his surroundings, till the car left the asphalt streets and illuminated shop-fronts for a grey intermediate region of mud and macadam. Then he pocketed his volume and sat looking out into the gloom.

The houses grew more infrequent, with darker gaps of night between; and the rare street-lamps shone on cracked pavements, crooked telegraph-poles, hoardings tapestried with patent-medicine posters, and all the mean desolation of an American industrial suburb. Farther on there came a weed-grown field or two, then a row of operatives' houses, the showy gables of the "Eldorado" road-house—the only building in Westmore on which fresh paint was freely lavished—then the company "store," the machine shops and other outbuildings, the vast, forbidding bulk of the factories looming above the river-bend, and the sudden neatness of the Superintendent's turf and privet hedges. The scene was so familiar to Amherst that he had lost the habit of comparison, and his absorption in the moral and material needs of the workers sometimes made him forget the outward setting of their lives. But to-night he recalled the nurse's comment—"it looks so dead"—and the phrase roused him to a fresh perception of the scene. With sudden disgust

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he saw the sordidness of it all—the poor, monotonous houses, the trampled grass-banks, the lean dogs prowling in refuse-heaps, the reflection of a crooked gas-lamp in a stagnant loop of the river; and he asked himself how it was possible to put any sense of moral beauty into lives bounded forever by the low horizon of the factory. There is a fortuitous ugliness that has life and hope in it: the ugliness of overcrowded city streets, of the rush and drive of packed activities; but this out-spread meanness of the suburban working colony, uncircumscribed by any pressure of surrounding life, and sunk into blank acceptance of its isolation, its banishment from beauty and variety and surprise, seemed to Amherst the very negation of hope and life.

"She's right," he mused—"it's dead—stone dead: there isn't a drop of wholesome blood left in it."

The Moosuc River valley, in the hollow of which, for that river's sake, the Westmore mills had been planted, lingered in the memory of pre-industrial Hanaford as the pleasantest suburb of the town. Here, beyond a thriving region of orchards and farm-houses, several "leading citizens" had placed, above the river-bank, their prim wood-cut "residences," with porticoes and terraced lawns; and from the chief of these, Hopewood, brought into the Westmore family by the Miss Hope who had married an earlier Westmore, the grim mill-village had been carved. The pillared "residences" had, after this, inevitably fallen to base uses; but the old house at Hopewood, and its wooded grounds, remained, neglected but intact, beyond the first bend of the river, deserted as a dwelling but "held" in anticipation of rising values, when the inevitable growth of Westmore should increase the demand for small building lots. Whenever Amherst's eyes were refreshed by the hanging foliage above the roofs of Westmore, he longed to convert the abandoned country-seat into a park and playground for the mill-hands; but he knew that the company counted on the gradual sale of Hopewood as a source of profit. No—the mill-town would not grow beautiful as it grew larger—rather, in obedience to the grim law of industrial prosperity, it would soon lose its one lingering grace and spread out in unmitigated ugliness, devouring green fields and shaded slopes like some insect-plague consuming the land. The conditions were familiar enough to Amherst; and the sense of their inevitableness seemed to mock the hopes he had based on Mrs. Westmore's arrival.

"Where every stone is piled on another, through the whole stupid structure of selfishness and egotism, how can one be pulled out without making the whole thing topple? And whatever they're blind to, they always see that," he mused, reaching up for the strap of the car.

He walked a few yards beyond the Superintendent's house, and turned down a side street lined with scattered cottages. Approaching one of these by a gravelled path he pushed open the door, and entered a sitting-room where a green-shaded lamp shone pleasantly on book-shelves and a crowded writing-table.

A brisk little woman in black, laying down the evening paper as she rose, lifted her hands to his tall shoulders.

"Well, mother," he said, stooping to her kiss.

"You're late, John," she smiled back at him, not reproachfully, but with affection.

She was a wonderfully compact and active creature, with face so young and hair so white that she looked as unreal as a stage mother till a close view revealed the fine lines that experience had drawn about her mouth and eyes. The eyes themselves, brightly black and glancing, had none of the veiled depths of her son's gaze. Their look was outward, on a world which had dealt her hard blows and few favours, but in which her interest was still fresh, amused, and unabated.

Amherst glanced at his watch. "Never mind—Duplain will be later still. I had to go into Hanaford, and he is replacing me at the office."

"So much the better, dear: we can have a minute to ourselves. Sit down and tell me what kept you."

She picked up her knitting as she spoke, having the kind of hands that find repose in ceaseless small activities. Her son could not remember a time when he had not seen those small hands in motion—shaping garments, darning rents, repairing furniture, exploring the inner economy of clocks. "I make a sort of rag-carpet of the odd minutes," she had once explained to a friend who wondered at her turning to her needle-work in the moment's interval between other tasks.

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Amherst threw himself wearily into a chair. "I was trying to find out something about Dillon's case," he said.

His mother turned a quick glance toward the door, rose to close it, and reseated herself.

"Well?"

"I managed to have a talk with his nurse when she went off duty this evening."

"The nurse? I wonder you could get her to speak."

"Luckily she's not the regular incumbent, but a volunteer who happened to be here on a visit. As it was, I had some difficulty in making her talk—till I told her of Disbrow's letter."

Mrs. Amherst lifted her bright glance from the needles. "He's very bad, then?"

"Hopelessly maimed!"

She shivered and cast down her eyes. "Do you suppose she really knows?"

"She struck me as quite competent to judge."

"A volunteer, you say, here on a visit? What is her name?"

He raised his head with a vague look. "I never thought of asking her."

Mrs. Amherst laughed. "How like you! Did she say with whom she was staying?

"I think she said in Oak Street—but she didn't mention any name."

Mrs. Amherst wrinkled her brows thoughtfully. "I wonder if she's not the thin dark girl I saw the other day with Mrs. Harry Dressel. Was she tall and rather handsome?"

"I don't know," murmured Amherst indifferently. As a rule he was humorously resigned to his mother's habit of deserting the general for the particular, and following some irrelevant thread of association in utter disregard of the main issue. But tonight, preoccupied with his subject, and incapable of conceiving how anyone else could be unaffected by it, he resented her indifference as a sign of incurable frivolity.

"How she can live close to such suffering and forget it!" was his thought; then, with a movement of self-reproach, he remembered that the work flying through her fingers was to take shape as a garment for one of the infant Dillons. "She takes her pity out in action, like that quiet nurse, who was as cool as a drum-major till she took off her uniform—and then!" His face softened at the recollection of the girl's outbreak of feeling. Much as he admired, in theory, the woman who kept a calm exterior in emergencies, he had all a man's desire to know that the springs of emotion lay close to the unruffled surface.

Meanwhile Mrs. Amherst had risen and crossed over to his chair. She leaned on it a moment, pushing the tossed brown hair from his forehead.

"John, have you considered what you mean to do next?"

He threw back his head to meet her gaze.

"About this Dillon case," she continued. "How are all these investigations going to help you?"

Their eyes rested on each other for a moment; then he said coldly: "You are afraid I am going to lose my place."

She flushed like a girl and murmured: "It's not the kind of place I ever wanted to see you in!"

"I know it," he returned in a gentler tone, clasping one of the hands on his chair-back. "I ought to have followed a profession, like my grandfather; but my father's blood was too strong in me. I should never have been content as anything but a working-man."

"How can you call your father a working-man? He had a genius for mechanics, and if he had lived he would have been as great in his way as any statesman or lawyer."

Amherst smiled. "Greater, to my thinking; but he gave me his hard-working hands without the genius to create with them. I wish I had inherited more from him, or less; but I must make the best of what I am, rather than try to be somebody else." He laid her hand caressingly against his cheek. "It's hard on you, mother—but you must bear with me."

"I have never complained, John; but now you've chosen your work, it's natural that I should want you to stick to it."

He rose with an impatient gesture. "Never fear; I could easily get another job——"

"What? If Truscomb black-listed you? Do you forget that Scotch overseer who was here when we came?"

"And whom Truscomb hounded out of the trade? I remember him," said Amherst grimly; "but I have an idea I am going to do the hounding this time."

His mother sighed deeply, but her reply was cut short by the noisy opening of the outer door. Amherst seemed to hear the

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sound with relief. "There's Duplain," he said, going into the passage; but on the threshold he encountered, not the young Alsatian overseer who boarded with them, but a small boy who said breathlessly: "Mr. Truscomb wants you to come down bimeby."

"This evening? To the office?"

"No—he's sick a-bed."

The blood rushed to Amherst's face, and he had to press his lips close to check an exclamation. "Say I'll come as soon as I've had supper," he said.

The boy vanished, and Amherst turned back to the sitting-room. "Truscomb's ill—he has sent for me; and I saw Mrs. Westmore arriving tonight! Have supper, mother—we won't wait for Duplain." His face still glowed with excitement, and his eyes were dark with the concentration of his inward vision.

"Oh, John, John!" Mrs. Amherst sighed, crossing the passage to the kitchen.

III

AT the Superintendent's door Amherst was met by Mrs. Truscomb, a large, flushed woman in a soiled wrapper and diamond earrings.

"Mr. Truscomb's very sick. He ought not to see you. The doctor thinks——" she began.

Dr. Disbrow, at this point, emerged from the sitting-room. He was a pale man, with a beard of mixed grey-and-drab, and a voice of the same indeterminate quality.

"Good evening, Mr. Amherst. Truscomb is pretty poorly—on the edge of pneumonia, I'm afraid. As he seems anxious to see you I think you'd better go up for two minutes—not more, please." He paused, and went on with a smile: "You won't excite him, of course—nothing unpleasant—"

"He's worried himself sick over that wretched Dillon," Mrs. Truscomb interposed, draping her wrapper majestically about an indignant bosom.

"That's it—puts too much heart into his work. But we'll have Dillon all right before long," the physician genially declared.

Mrs. Truscomb, with a reluctant gesture, led Amherst up the handsomely carpeted stairs to the room where her husband lay, a prey to the cares of office. She ushered the young man in, and withdrew to the next room, where he heard her coughing at intervals, as if to remind him that he was under observation.

The superintendent of the Westmore mills was not the type of man that Amherst's comments on his superior suggested. As he sat propped against the pillows, with a brick-red flush on his cheek-bones, he seemed at first glance to belong to the innumerable army of American business men—the sallow, undersized, lack-lustre drudges who have never lifted their heads from the ledger. Even his eye, now bright with fever, was dull and non-committal in daily life; and perhaps only the ramifications of his wrinkles could have revealed what particular ambitions had seamed his soul.

"Good evening, Amherst. I'm down with a confounded cold."

"I'm sorry to hear it," the young man forced himself to say.

"Can't get my breath—that's the trouble." Truscomb paused and gasped. "I've just heard that Mrs. Westmore is here—and I want you to go round—tomorrow morning—" He had to break off once more.

"Yes, sir," said Amherst, his heart leaping.

"Needn't see her—ask for her father, Mr. Langhope. Tell him what the doctor says—I'll be on my legs in a day or two—ask 'em to wait till I can take 'em over the mills."

He shot one of his fugitive glances at his assistant, and held up a bony hand. "Wait a minute. On your way there, stop and notify Mr. Gaines. He was to meet them here. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Amherst; and at that moment Mrs. Truscomb appeared on the threshold.

"I must ask you to come now, Mr. Amherst," she began haughtily; but a sudden glance from her husband reduced her to a heaving pink nonentity.

"Hold on, Amherst. I hear you've been in to Hanaford this afternoon. Did you go to the hospital?"

"Ezra—" his wife murmured: he looked through her.

"Yes," said Amherst.

Truscomb's face seemed to grow smaller and dryer. He transferred his look from his wife to his assistant.

"All right. You'll just bear in mind that it's Disbrow's business to report Dillon's

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case to Mrs. Westmore? You're to confine yourself to my message. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear. Goodnight," Amherst answered, as he turned to follow Mrs. Truscomb from the room.

That same evening, four persons were seated under the bronze chandelier in the red satin drawing-room of the Westmore mansion. One of the four, the young lady in widow's weeds whose face had arrested Miss Brent's attention that afternoon, rose from a massively upholstered sofa and drifted over to the fire-place near which her father was seated.

"Didn't I tell you it was awful, father?" she sighed, leaning despondently against the high carved mantelpiece surmounted by a bronze clock in the form of an obelisk.

Mr. Langhope, who sat smoking, with one faultlessly-clad leg crossed on the other, and his ebony stick reposing against the arm of his chair, raised his clear ironical eyes to her face.

"As an archæologist," he said, with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "I find it positively interesting. I should really like to come here and dig."

There were no lamps in the room, and the numerous gas-jets of the chandelier shed their light impartially on ponderously framed canvases of the Bay of Naples and the Hudson in Autumn, on Carrara busts and bronze Indians on velvet pedestals.

"All this," murmured Mr. Langhope, "is getting to be as rare as the giant sequoias. In another fifty years we shall have collectors fighting for that Bay of Naples."

Bessy Westmore turned from him impatiently. When she felt deeply on any subject her father's flippancy annoyed her.

"*You* can see, Maria," she said, seating herself beside the other lady of the party, "why I couldn't possibly live here."

Mrs. Eustace Ansell, immediately after dinner, had bent her slender back above the velvet-covered writing-table, where an inkstand of Vienna ormolu offered its empty cup to her pen. Being habitually charged with a voluminous correspondence, she had foreseen this contingency and met it by despatching her maid for her own writing-case, which was now outspread before her in all its intricate neatness; but at Bessy's appeal she wiped her pen, and turned a sympathetic gaze on her companion.

Mrs. Ansell's face drew all its charm from its adaptability. It was a different face to each speaker: now kindling with irony, now gently maternal, now charged with abstract meditation—and few paused to reflect that, in each case, it was merely the mirror held up to some one else's view of life.

"It needs doing over," she admitted, following the widow's melancholy glance about the room. "But you are a spoilt child to complain. Think of having a house of your own to come to, instead of having to put up at the Hanaford hotel!"

Mrs. Westmore's attention was arrested by the first part of the reply.

"Doing over? Why in the world should I do it over? No one could expect me to come here *now*—could they, Mr. Tredegar?" she exclaimed, transferring her appeal to the fourth member of the party.

Mr. Tredegar, the family lawyer, who had deemed it his duty to accompany the widow on her visit of inspection, was strolling up and down the room with short pompous steps, a cigar between his lips, and his arms behind him. He cocked his sparrow-like head, scanned the offending apartment, and terminated his survey by resting his eyes on Mrs. Westmore's charming, petulant face.

"It all depends," he replied axiomatically, "how large an income you require."

Mr. Tredegar uttered this remark with the air of one who pronounces on an important point in law: his lightest observation seemed a decision handed down from the bench to which he had never ascended. He restored the cigar to his lips, and sought approval in Mrs. Ansell's expressive eye.

"Ah, that's it, Bessy. You've that to remember," the older lady murmured, as if struck by the profundity of the remark.

Mrs. Westmore made an impatient gesture. "We've always had money enough—Dick was perfectly satisfied." Her voice trembled a little on her husband's name. "And you don't know what the place is like by daylight—and the people who come to call!"

"Of course you needn't see any one now, dear," Mrs. Ansell reminded her, "except the Halford Gaineses."

"I am sure they're bad enough. Juliana Gaines will say: 'My dear, is that the way widows' veils are worn in New York this autumn?' and Halford will insist on our going to one of those awful family dinners, all Madeira and terrapin."

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"It's too early for terrapin," Mrs. Ansell smiled consolingly; but Bessy had reverted to her argument. "Besides, what difference would my coming here make? I shall never understand anything about business," she declared.

Mr. Tredegar pondered, and once more removed his cigar. "The necessity has never arisen. But now that you find yourself in almost sole control of a large property——"

Mr. Langhope laughed gently. "Apply yourself, Bessy. Bring your masterly intellect to bear on the industrial problem."

Mrs. Ansell restored the innumerable implements to her writing-case, and laid her arm with a caressing gesture on Mrs. Westmore's shoulder. "Don't tease her. She's tired, and she misses the baby."

"I shall get a telegram tomorrow morning," exclaimed the young mother, brightening.

"Of course you will. 'Cicely has just eaten two boiled eggs and a bowl of porridge, and is bearing up wonderfully'."

She drew Mrs. Westmore persuasively to her feet, but the widow refused to relinquish her hold on her grievance.

"You all think I'm extravagant and careless about money," she broke out, addressing the room in general from the shelter of Mrs. Ansell's embrace; "but I know one thing: if I had my way I should begin to economize by selling this horrible house, instead of leaving it shut up from one year's end to another."

Her father looked up: proposals of retrenchment always struck him as business-like when they did not affect his own expenditure. "What do you think of that, eh, Tredegar?"

The eminent lawyer drew in his thin lips. "From the point of view of policy, I think unfavorably of it," he pronounced.

Bessy's face clouded, and Mrs. Ansell argued gently: "Really, it's too late to look so far into the future. Remember, my dear, that we are due at the mills tomorrow at ten."

The reminder that she must rise early had the effect of hastening Mrs. Westmore's withdrawal, and the two ladies, after an exchange of goodnights, left the men to their cigars.

Mr. Langhope was the first to speak after the door had closed.

"Bessy's as hopelessly vague about business as I am, Tredegar. Why the deuce Westmore left her everything outright—but he was only a heedless boy himself."

"Yes. The way he allowed things to go, it's a wonder there was anything to leave. This Truscomb must be an able fellow."

"Devoted to Dick's interests, I've always understood."

"He makes the mills pay well, at any rate, and that's not so easy nowadays. But on general principles, it's as well he should see that we mean to look into everything thoroughly. Of course Halford Gaines will never be more than a good figure-head, but Truscomb must be made to understand that Mrs. Westmore intends to interest herself personally in the business."

"Oh, by all means—of course—" Mr. Langhope assented, his light smile stiffening into a yawn at the mere suggestion.

He rose with an effort, supporting himself on his stick. "I think I'll turn in myself. There's not a readable book in that God-forsaken library, and I believe Maria Ansell has gone off with my volume of Loti."

The next morning, when Amherst presented himself at the Westmore door, he had decided to follow his chief's instruction to the letter, and ask for Mr. Langhope only. The decision had cost him a struggle, for his heart was big with its purpose; but though he knew that he must soon place himself in open opposition to Truscomb, he recognized the prudence of deferring the declaration of war as long as possible.

On his round of the mills, that morning, he had paused in the room where Mrs. Dillon knelt beside her mop and pail, and had found her, to his surprise, comparatively reassured and cheerful. Dr. Disbrow, she told him, had been in the previous evening, and had told her to take heart about Jim, and left her enough money to get along for a week—and a wonderful new cough-mixture that he'd had put up for her special. Amherst found it difficult to listen calmly to this news, with the nurse's words still in his ears, and the sight before him of Mrs. Dillon's lean shoulder-blades travelling painfully up and down with the sweep of the mop.

"I don't suppose that cost Truscomb ten dollars," he said to himself, as the lift lowered him to the factory door; but another voice argued that he had no right to accuse Disbrow of acting as his brother-in-law's agent,

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when the gift to Mrs. Dillon might have been prompted by his own kindness of heart.

"And what prompted the lie about her husband? Well, perhaps he's an incurable optimist," he summed up, springing into the Hanaford car.

By the time he reached Mrs. Westmore's door his wrath had subsided, and he felt that he had himself well in hand. He had taken unusual pains with his appearance that morning—or rather his mother, learning of the errand on which Truscomb had sent him, had laid out his carefully-brushed Sunday clothes, and adjusted his tie with skilful fingers. "You'd really be handsome, Johnny, if you were only a little vainer," she said, pushing him away to survey the result; and when he stared at her, repeating: "I never heard that vanity made a man better-looking," she responded gaily: "Oh, up to a certain point, because it teaches him how to use what he's got. So remember," she charged him, as he smiled and took up his hat, "that you're going to see a pretty young woman, and that you're not a hundred years old yourself."

"I'll try to," he answered, humouring her, "but as I have been forbidden to ask for her, I am afraid your efforts will be wasted."

The servant to whom he gave his message showed him into the library, with a request that he should wait; and there, to his surprise, he found, not the white-moustached gentleman whom he had guessed the night before to be Mr. Langhope, but a young lady in deep black, who turned on him a look of not unfriendly enquiry.

It was not Bessy's habit to anticipate the clock; but her distaste for her surroundings, and the impatience to have done with the tedious duties awaiting her, had sent her downstairs before the rest of the party had assembled. Her life had been so free from tiresome obligations that she had but a small stock of patience to meet them with; and already, after a night at Hanaford, she was pining to get back to the familiar comforts of her own country-house, the soft rut of her daily habits, the funny chatter of her little girl, the long stride of her Irish hunter across the Hempstead plains—to everything, in short, that made it conceivably worth while for a civilized being to get up in the morning.

The servant who ushered in Amherst, thinking the room empty, had not mentioned his name; and for a moment he and his hostess examined each other in silence, Bessy puzzled at the unannounced appearance of a good-looking young man who might have been some one she had met in society and forgotten, while Amherst felt his self-possession slipping away into the depths of a pair of eyes so dark-lashed and deeply blue, that his only conscious thought was one of wonder at his previous indifference to women's eyes.

"Mrs. Westmore?" he asked, restored to self-command by the sudden perception that his longed-for opportunity was at hand; and Bessy, his voice confirming the inference she had drawn from his appearance, replied with a smile: "I am Mrs. Westmore. But if you have come to see me, I ought to tell you that in a moment I shall be obliged to go out to our mills. I have a business appointment with our Superintendent, but if——"

She broke off, gracefully waiting for him to insert his explanation.

"I have come from the Superintendent; I am John Amherst—your assistant manager," he added, as the mention of his name apparently conveyed no enlightenment.

Mrs. Westmore's face changed, and she let slip a murmur of surprise which would certainly have flattered Amherst's mother if she could have heard it; but it had an opposite effect on the young man, who inwardly accused himself of having tried to disguise his trade by not putting on his everyday clothes.

"How stupid of me! I took you for—I had no idea; I didn't expect Mr. Truscomb here," his employer faltered in embarrassment; then their eyes met and both smiled.

"Mr. Truscomb sent me to tell you that he is ill, and will not be able to show you the mills today. I didn't mean to ask for you—I was told to give the message to Mr. Langhope," Amherst scrupulously explained, trying to repress the sudden note of joy in his voice.

He was subject to the unobservant man's acute flashes of vision, and Mrs. Westmore's beauty was like a blinding light abruptly turned on eyes subdued to obscurity. As he spoke, his glance passed from her face to her hair, and remained caught in its meshes. He had never seen such hair—it did not seem to grow in the usual orderly way, but bubbled up all over her head in in-

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dependent clusters of brightness, breaking, about the brow, the temples, the nape, into little irrelevant waves and eddies of light, with dusky hollows of softness where the hand might plunge. It takes but the throb of a nerve to carry such a complex impression from the eye to the mind, but the object of the throb had perhaps felt the electric flash of its passage, for her colour rose while Amherst spoke.

"Ah, here is my father now," she said with a vague accent of relief, as Mr. Langhope's stick was heard tapping its way across the hall.

When he entered, accompanied by Mrs. Ansell, his sharp glance of surprise at her visitor told her that he was as much misled as herself, and gave her a sense of being agreeably justified in her blunder. "If *father* thinks you're a gentleman——" her shining eyes seemed to say, as she explained: "This is Mr. Amherst, father: Mr. Truscomb has sent him to see us."

"Mr. Amherst?" Langhope, with extended hand, echoed affably but vaguely; and it became clear that neither Mrs. Westmore nor her father had ever before heard the name of their assistant manager.

The discovery stung Amherst to a somewhat unreasoning resentment; and while he was trying to subordinate this sentiment to the larger feelings with which he had entered the house, Mrs. Ansell, turning her eyes on him, said gently: "Your name is unusual. I had a friend named Lucy Warne who married a very clever man—a mechanical genius——"

Amherst's face cleared. "My father *was* a genius; and my mother is Lucy Warne," he said, won by the soft look and the persuasive voice.

"What a delightful coincidence! We were girls together at Albany. You must remember Judge Warne?" she said, turning to Mr. Langhope, who, twirling his white moustache, murmured, a shade less cordially: "Of course—of course—delightful—most interesting."

Amherst did not notice the difference. His perceptions were already enveloped in the caress that emanated from Mrs. Ansell's voice and smile; and he only asked himself vaguely if it were possible that this graceful woman, with her sunny autumnal air, could really be his mother's contemporary. But the question brought an instant reaction of bitterness.

"Poverty is the only thing that makes people old nowadays," he reflected, painfully conscious of his own share in the hardships his mother had endured; and when Mrs. Ansell went on: "I must go and see her—you must let me take her by surprise," he said stiffly: "We live out at the mills, a long way from here."

"But we are going there this morning!" she rejoined, unrebuffed by what she probably took for a mere social awkwardness, while Mrs. Westmore interposed: "But, Maria, Mr. Truscomb is ill, and has sent Mr. Amherst to say that we are not to come."

"Yes: so Gaines has just telephoned. It's most unfortunate," Mr. Langhope grumbled. He too was already beginning to chafe at the uncongenial exile of Hanaford, and he shared his daughter's desire to despatch the tiresome business before them.

Mr. Tredegar had meanwhile appeared, and when Amherst had been named to him, and had received his Olympian nod, Bessy anxiously imparted her difficulty.

"But how ill is Mr. Truscomb? Do you think he can take us over the mills tomorrow?" she appealed to Amherst.

"I'm afraid not; I am sure he can't. He has a touch of bronchitis."

This announcement was met by a general outcry, in which sympathy for the Superintendent was not the predominating note. Mrs. Ansell saved the situation by breathing feelingly: "Poor man!" and after a decent echo of the phrase, and a doubtful glance at her father, Mrs. Westmore said: "But if it's bronchitis he may be ill for days, and what in the world are we to do?"

"Pack up and come back later," suggested Mr. Langhope briskly; but while Bessy sighed "Oh, that dreadful journey!" Mr. Tredegar interposed with authority: "One moment, Langhope, please. Mr. Amherst, is Mrs. Westmore expected at the mills?"

"Yes, I believe they know she is coming."

"Then I think, my dear, that to go back to New York without showing yourself would, under the circumstances, be—er—an error in judgment."

"Good Lord, Tredegar, you don't expect to keep us kicking our heels here for days?" her father ejaculated.

"I can certainly not afford to employ mine in that manner for even a fraction of

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a day," rejoined the lawyer, always acutely resentful of the suggestion that he had a disengaged moment; "but meanwhile——"

"Father," Bessy interposed, with an eagerly flushing cheek, "don't you see that the only thing for us to do is to go over the mills now—at once—with Mr. Amherst?"

Mr. Langhope stared: he was always adventurously ready to unmake plans, but it flustered him to be called on to remake them. "Eh—what? Now—at once? But Gaines was to have gone with us, and how on earth are we to get at him? He telephoned me that, as the visit was given up, he should ride out to his farm."

"Oh, never mind—or, at least, all the better!" his daughter urged. "We can see the mills just as well without him; and we shall get through so much more quickly."

"Well—well—what do you say, Tredegar?" murmured Mr. Langhope, allured by her last argument; and Bessy, clasping her hands, summed up enthusiastically: "And I shall understand so much better without a lot of people trying to explain to me at once!"

Her sudden enthusiasm surprised no one, for even Mrs. Ansell, expert as she was in the interpreting of tones, set it down to the natural desire to have done as quickly as might be with Hanaford.

"Mrs. Westmore has left her little girl at home," she said to Amherst, with a confidential smile intended to counteract the possible ill-effect of the impression.

But Amherst suspected no slight in his employer's sudden eagerness to visit the mills. His overmastering thought was one of joy as the fulness of his opportunity broke on him. To show her the mills himself—to bring her face to face with her people, unhampered by Truscomb's jealous vigilance, and Truscomb's false explanations; to see the angel of pity stir the depths of those unfathomable eyes, when they rested, perhaps for the first time, on suffering that it was in their power to smile away as easily as they had smiled away his own distrust and constraint—all this the wonderful moment had brought him, and thoughts and arguments thronged so hot on his lips that he kept silence, trembling lest he should say too much.

(To be continued.)

SUNSET ON THE MARSH

By Jacob Van Vechten

Apollo drives his bitted stallions down
Far o'er the golden path across the waves,
Which rise and fall in ceaseless undulation,
From where the shore juts, with its pebbly points
Thrust forward in the darkening waters.
The vesper wind, with soft and soothing touch,
Lisps through the reed-beds in the level marsh,
Through which the silent, silver creeks
Trace strange, symbolic figures;
And now the glorious, burnished road has gone—
Melted into the emerald of the water.
Slow sinks the burning splendor,
And naught is left of all the Sun-God's glory
But the dim wonder of the afterglow
And the green clouds of dreamland.

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A BURIED CIVILIZATION OF CEYLON

POLONNARUA AND DAMBULLA

By Rosalie Slaughter Morton

THE great buried cities of Ceylon which have been discovered and partially excavated in recent years are situated in the North Central Province, and these, together with the other remains of the ancient civilization of Ceylon, are within a comparatively small area.

Polonnarua, the capital of the island from the eighth to the thirteenth centuries, has been utterly deserted and lost in the jungle for hundreds of years. The ruins are reached after a very uncomfortable journey, for on leaving the railroad the traveler has to traverse about sixteen miles of very rough road, and the only available vehicles are clumsy native bullock carts without springs or seats, which, if there have been recent rains, often get so deeply sunk in the mud that they can be extricated only with great difficulty after tediously long delays. However, after arriving at the bungalow rest-house provided for travellers one quickly forgets the fatigue, and finds in the silence and loneliness around the ruins an atmosphere filled with romantic visions of the life of the ancient city.

The ruins which have been excavated form several groups which lie in an almost straight line extending northward about two miles from a point a short distance east of the rest-house; and many treasures still remain to be brought to light under the able supervision of Mr. H. C. P. Bell, C. C. S., the archæological commissioner.

The history of Polonnarua is given in an ancient and thoroughly reliable Sinhalese chronicle, "The Mahawanso." This states that the city was a place of royal residence from time to time while the capital was still at Anuradhapura; and in A. D. 769 King Aggrabodhi IV, fleeing before Malabar invaders from southern India, evacuated Anuradhapura and transferred the seat of government to Polonnarua.

The city was soon furnished with abundant means of irrigation, beautified with magnificent temples, and rapidly acquired great wealth and power. This excited the jealousy of the Malabars, and in A. D. 1023 they took advantage of a season of famine and disease in Polonnarua to besiege the city, which they captured. The king and queen and the vast treasures of the city they took to India. The rest of the royal family fled to the south of the island; but in A. D. 1071 a prince of the name of Wijeya Bahu was there crowned King of Lanka, as Ceylon is called in the ancient chronicles. He at once collected an army and marched on Polonnarua. After a brilliant victory outside the walls he took the city by storm, and, finding that a general condition of degeneracy had resulted from the rule of the lawless and destructive Malabars, he set about the re-establishment of justice and order and proved himself generally a worthy monarch. The Malabars, however, returned, seized the city, and razed to the ground the palace the king had built for himself. Nothing daunted, the king in turn besieged the invaders and not only drove them to the coast, but turned the tables by sending an army into India and defeating them on their own ground. After this successful campaign he enjoyed a reign of peace and prosperity.

In A. D. 1153 Wijeya Bahu was succeeded by his grandson, the Great King of Ceylon, Parakrama Bahu, who erected most of the splendid buildings in Polonnarua and was evidently a ruler of conspicuous ability. One noteworthy course which he took to insure the development of his kingdom was the construction of one thousand four hundred and seventy reservoirs for the heavy tropical rainfall, and the restoration of a number of others; thereby insuring prosperity to hundreds of villages whose inhabitants were entirely dependent upon their crops. He is quoted as having

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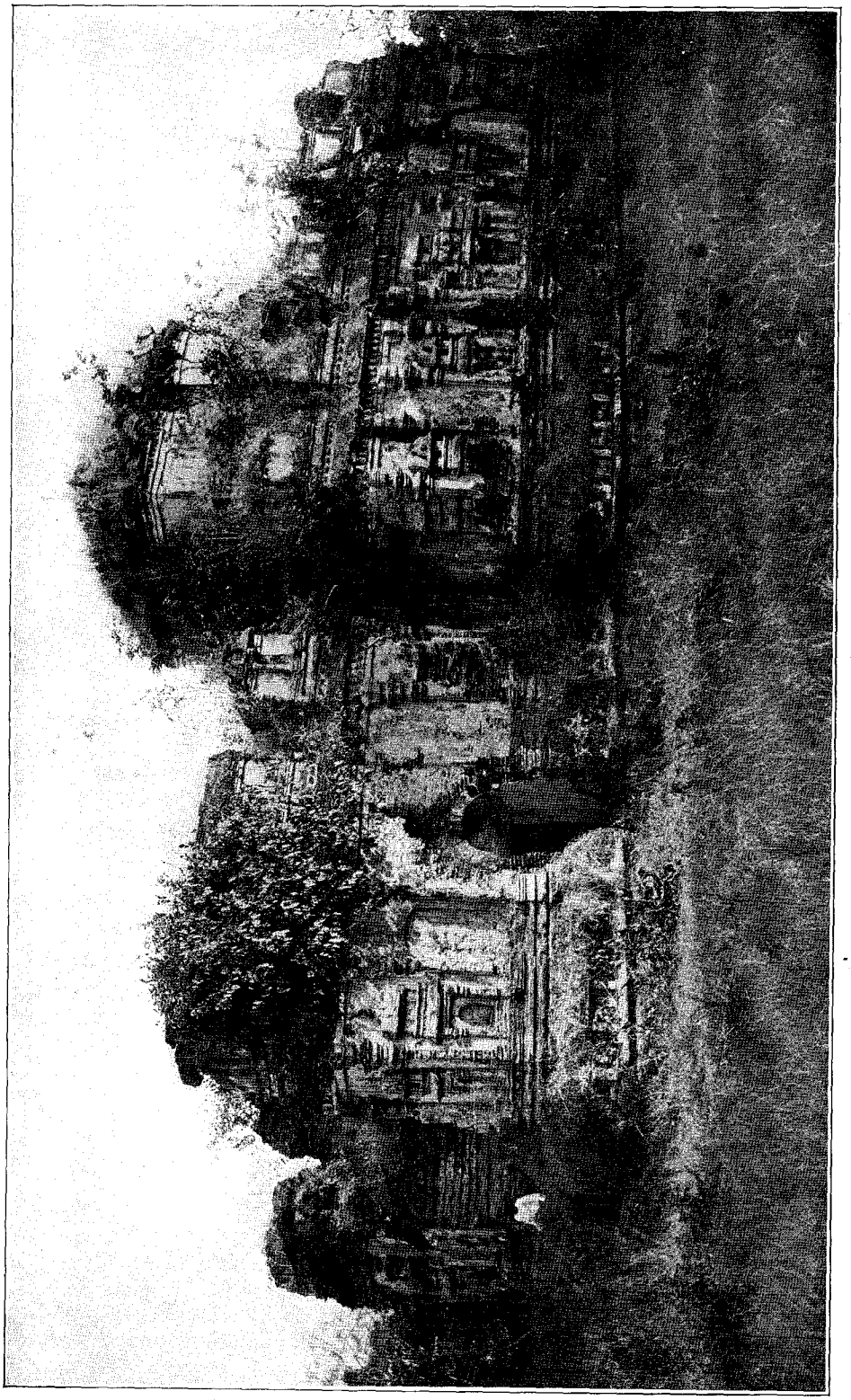

The Thuparama Temple.

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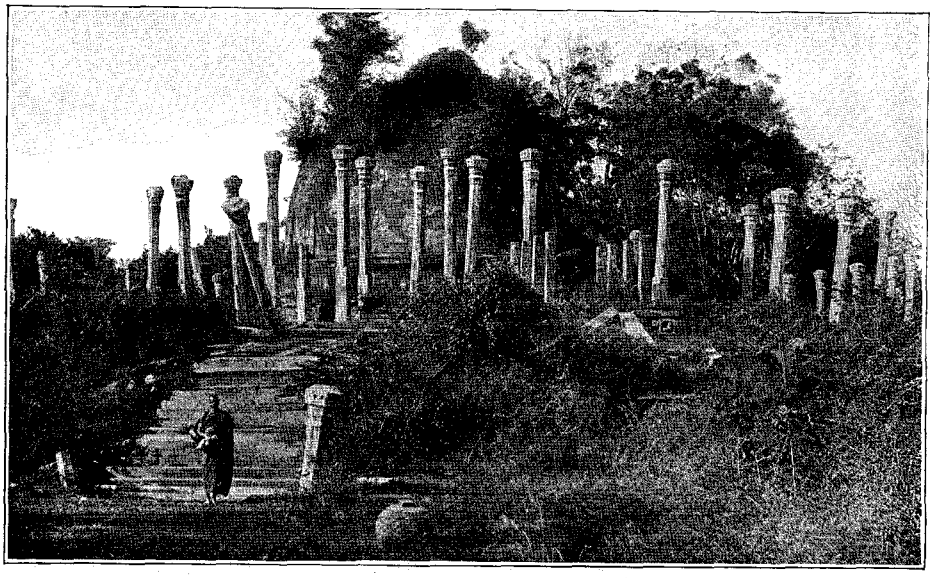
said to his ministers: "In a country like this, not even the least quantity of rain-water should be allowed to flow into the ocean without profiting man; and since it is not meet that men like unto us should live and enjoy what has come into our hands and care nothing for the people, let there not be left anywhere in my kingdom a piece of land which does not yield some benefit to man." He sent to Siam for priests of great learning and summoned a council to settle questions of dispute. Besides building for himself a palace which had four thousand rooms, he built four almshouses for the poor and caused many of the temples in Anuradhapura to be restored, and built in that old city the beautiful Lankarama Dagoba. To guard against the enemy he erected a wall around his capital enclosing an area twelve miles wide by thirty miles long, and constructed fortresses along the coast. When the kings of Cambodia and Arramana plundered his merchants and insulted his ambassador, he immediately despatched an army and his general defeated and slew the Cambodian ruler, captured his citadel, and forced the country to pay tribute to King Parakrama. Not long after this his forces marched against the allied monarchs of Soli and Pandi near Madura in southern India, and in spite of the superior numbers of the enemy won seven battles; as a result six districts were forced to pay tribute to Polonnarua.

The ruins at Polonnarua, though more modern than those at Anuradhapura, have a special interest and importance because they form a link between the ancient and modern styles at a time when the Buddhists had ceased to build in India. One of the most interesting, and one of the first to be reached after leaving the rest-house, is the Dalada Maligawa, or Palace of the Tooth, which was built to receive the most sacred relic of the tooth of Buddha when it was removed from the temple of the same name in Anuradhapura and brought to Polonnarua after the capture of Anuradhapura by the Malabars. There is an interesting mixture of Hindu and Buddhist architecture in this, as in most of the buildings which have been excavated; due, no doubt, to the influence of the invaders and the broad eclecticism of Buddhism. The sharply defined figures and mouldings have suffered little, and the well-cut blocks of granite of which the structure is built fit as accurately to-day as when they were first placed in position. The decoration on the base of the pilasters is interesting, and the



The Lankarama Dagoba, built by King Parakrama Bahu I in Anuradhapura in the thirteenth century after Christ. The capitals and pillars are hewn out of single pieces of stone.

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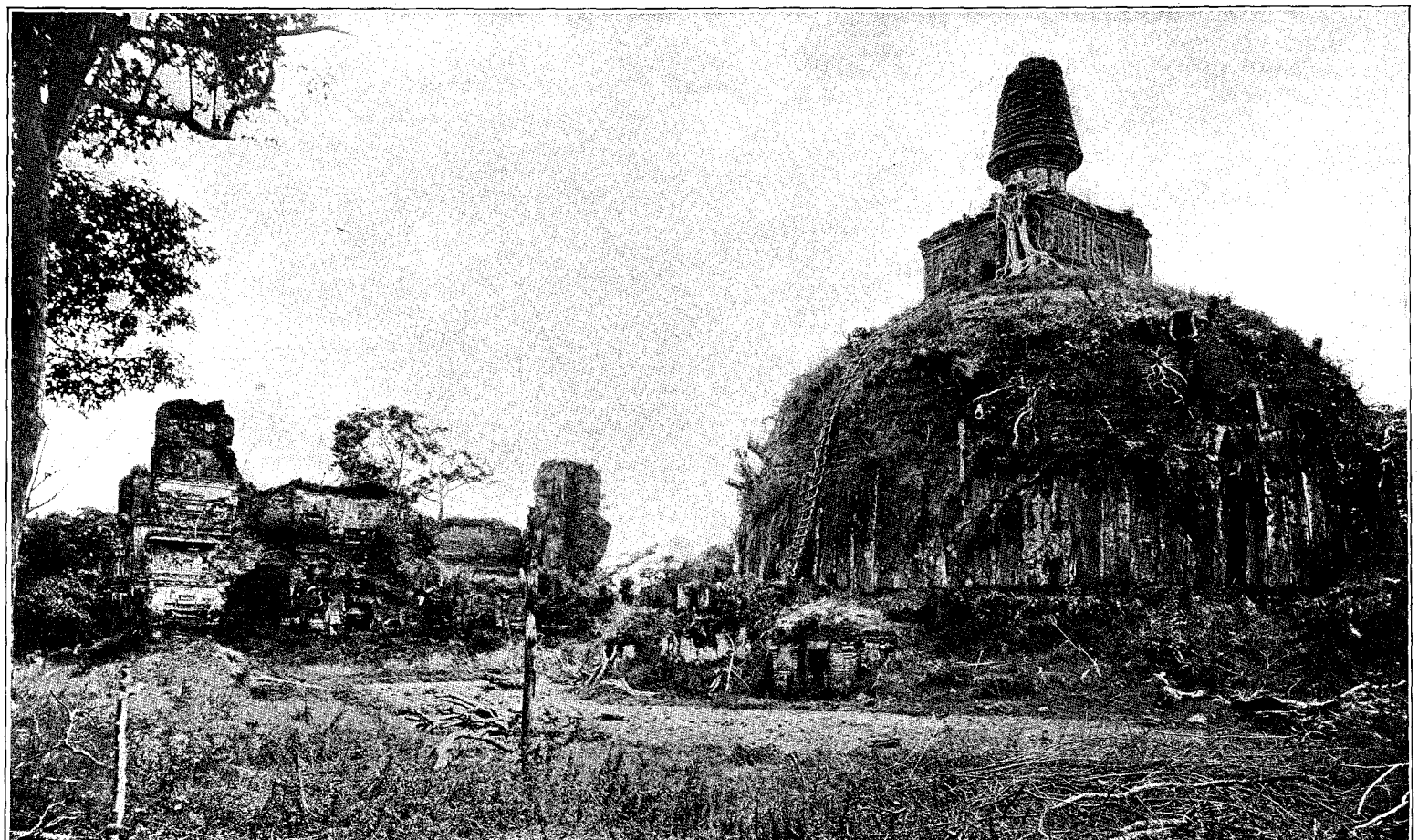

Kiri Vihara, or Milk Temple, with the Jetawanarama in the distance.

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shape of the capitals is most unusual. On the south and west sides are the remains of outside chapels, one of which was protected by a stone canopy; this was no doubt desecrated by the iconoclastic Malabars, as many broken stone figures have been found in the jungle close by.

The plan of the building is Hindu, and consists of an outer quadrangle, an inner, and an innermost court. The entrance is on the north side. The shrine where the tooth was kept had a conical or octagonal roof of brick, part of which is still in position and is decorated with a frieze of curiously shaped bricks. On one side there is a stone spout which conveyed to a square receptacle, still to be seen on the outside of the temple, the water which was poured in libations over the most holy relic.

Dalada Maligawa, or Palace of the Tooth.
Built to receive the most sacred relic of the tooth of Buddha.

The pillars around the shrine are unique in the character of their spreading capitals and square bases, which are finished off with cobras' heads. Near the north wall in front of a brick statue of Buddha stands a large square stone with an inscription running around all four sides, which announces that

"His Majesty, Kalinga Parakrama, who was a descendant of the Okaka race, having made all Lanka's isle to appear like a festive island, like unto a wishing-tree, went forth with great hosts, and kings left their countries and came to him for protection. He treated them with kindness, and erected pillars of victory, and again came to Lanka's isle and erected almshouses at different places throughout Ceylon, and spent much treasure on mendicants; and so, having extinguished the poverty of the inhabitants of the world, and done good to the world and to religion, this is the seat on which he sat to allay bodily weariness."

Near this seat a yoni stone was found with fourteen diamond-shaped holes pierced in it. This may have been used to assist the monks in meditation, by gazing intently at the holes. Or the openings may have been receptacles for articles of value depos-

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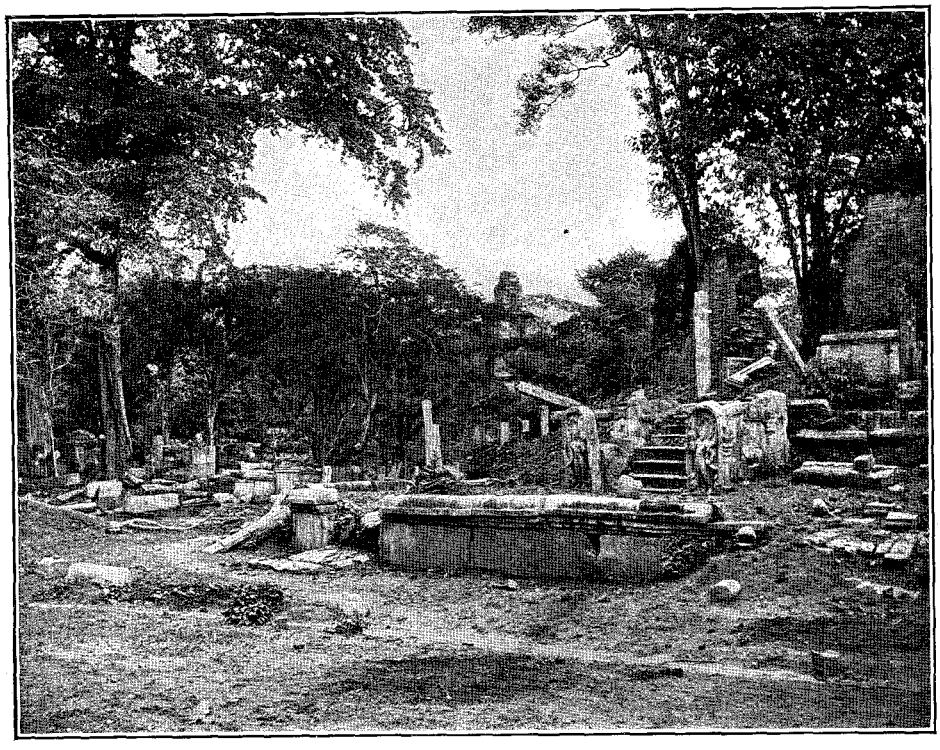
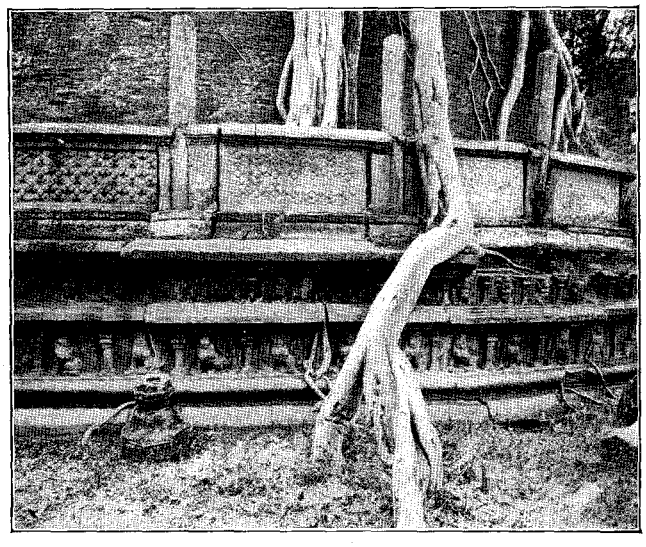


Wata Dage, and Sat Mahal Prasada behind the trees in the background.

ited in the shrines, in which case they were looted centuries ago.

North of the Dalada Maligawa is the impressive ruin of another temple, the Thuparama, which was also named after a temple of much earlier date in Anuradhapura. It is a large oblong edifice of brick with walls five feet thick. The windows, the pilasters, and the bold frieze of lions which runs around the base of the building are well preserved. The interior is divided into a quadrangle and an inner vaulted chamber, over which is a low, square tower. The entrance to the inner chamber is a remarkable specimen of the false arch formed by horizontal layers of brick gradually approaching each other. To the south of the arch are the remains of a stairway leading to the tower. The chunam with which the building was originally coated is in some places more than two inches thick, and gives the ruin a glistening white ap-



A detail of the Wata Dage.

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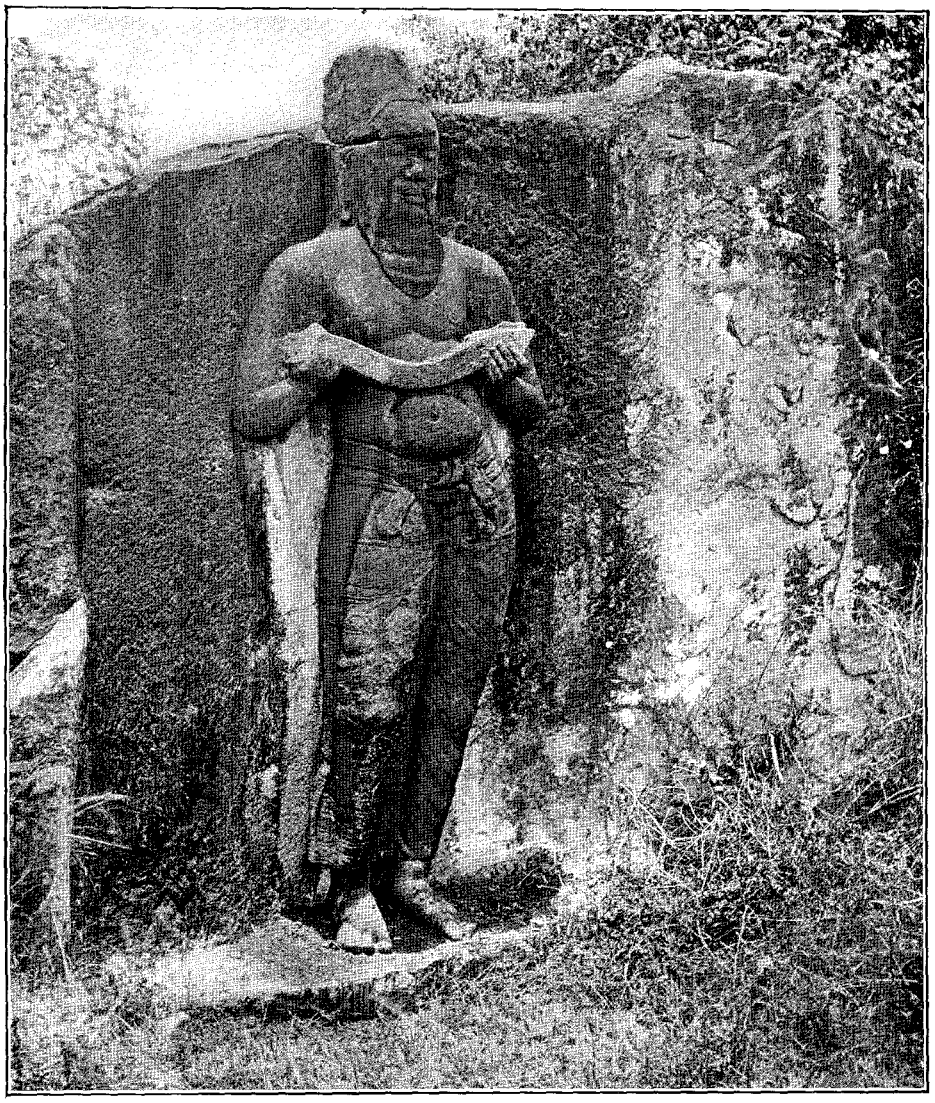

Statue of King Parakrama.

pearance in many places, which makes it look as if it were built of polished marble.

Near this temple are the remains of the Sat Mahal Prasada or Palace of Seven Stories, a most unusual number in Sinhalese architecture. The Burmese Buddhists today give as a reason for their one-story houses, a religious and deep-rooted objection to having feet over their heads; and explain that this would necessarily result if people walked around in the second story.

The design of the building is unlike any in India and is said by Fergusson to be probably of Assyrian origin. Several of the statues which ornamented each story are still standing guard, and inside are the remains of the staircases which led to the top. The Mahawanso speaks of the carpets of great value, of the tables of ivory inlaid with gold, and of many other gorgeous furnishings of this palace.

Not far from the Sat Mahal Prasada are the remains of the Wata Dage, or circular relic house, with its beautiful steps and handsome terraces, erected by King Kisdas, who reigned in 1187. The flower design on the balustrade of the terrace is not repeated anywhere in the other ruins, but is varied

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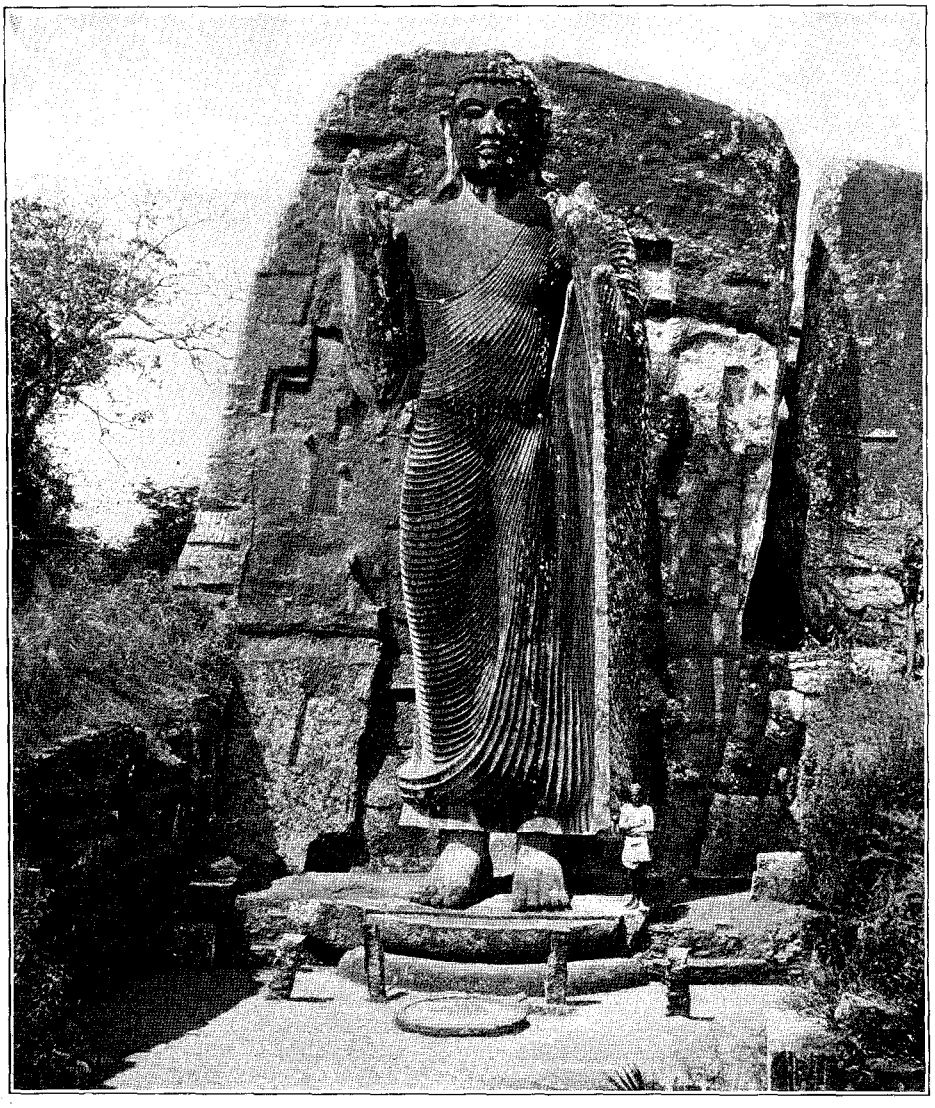

This statue is only attached to the bowlder before which it stands by a narrow strip down the back.

considerably in different parts of the balustrade, and beautifully wrought in an open-work section of the balustrade at the top of the eastern stairway. The figures of dwarfs on the retaining wall are pointing suggestively at a tree whose roots have forced their way between the stones, and the lion on one of the misplaced stones regards the roots with an expression of resentment and disgust.

Adjoining the Wata Dage are the ruins of the "Mura-ge," the ancient guard-house of this temple; and near these are a number of pillars which were doubtless part of the many noble buildings which the native chronicle describes as having been near this temple, for it enumerates eight stately houses built for the priests, and for the chief priest a mansion of great splendor. Besides these there were also seventy image houses as well as a number of lesser halls and libraries.

Among the most interesting discoveries at Polonnarua is a huge monolith twenty-eight feet long by six feet wide and two feet five inches thick, which is known as the Galpota, book of stone, because it resembles a volume of olas or palmyra leaves, and bears an inscription recording the great deeds and virtues of King Nissanga, who reigned from

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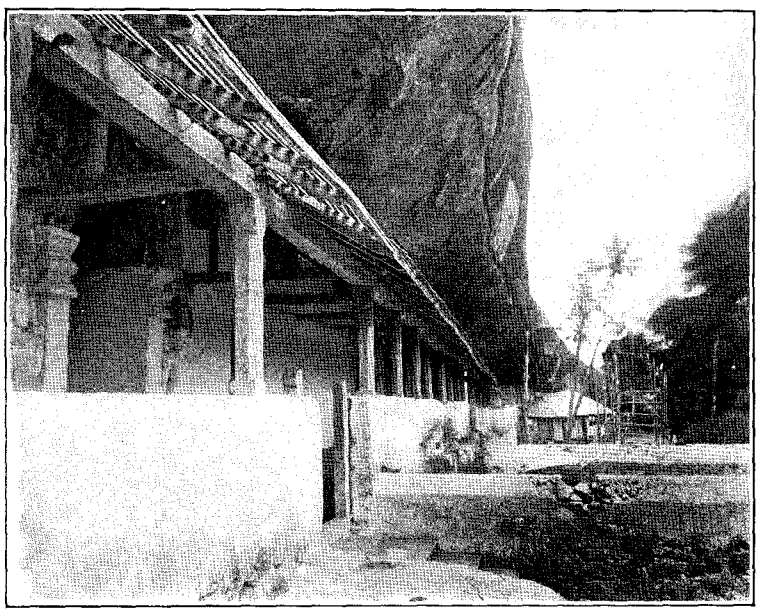
A. D. 1192 to 1201. This recounts how his Majesty, wearing his crown and royal robes, caused himself, his queens, his son, and his daughter to be weighed each year in a balance and then bestowed five times their combined weight of goods upon the priests and the poor.

This generous practice is stated to have insured the happiness of his household and to have caused a constant supply of rain. The inscription also tells how the state elephant on seeing the king trumpeted triumphantly and raised him to his back, and when the king traversed a dry desert and wished for water, a cloud appeared in the clear sky and poured down an abundant supply. Finally it states that the stone was, at the instance of the minister of King Nissanga, brought by strong men from Mount Mahintale, more than eighty miles. A moulding ornamented by geese surrounds the inscription.

But the most imposing ruin of all is the Jetawanarama, a temple at whose entrance stand two polygonal turrets. It is entered by means of an elaborately carved flight of stone steps, each of which is twenty feet long. The part of the walls still standing is eighty feet high and is ornately decorated in the style of the Hindus. There is a small row of windows near the floor which must have admitted very little light and heightened the effect on superstitious minds of the rays which, Tennent conjectures, fell, through a window situated above the entrance to the inner shrine (and invisible from below), upon the face of a gigantic brickwork figure of Buddha sixty feet high which still stands in the inner shrine.

Nearly all the temples in Polonnarua were built in honor of Buddha, but near the old city wall and moat the ruins of a granite temple to Vishnu have been discovered. Its small size suggests that there were not many adherents to the Hindu faith.



Entrance to the great caves at Dambulla.

Near the Jetawanarama there is a small dome-shaped temple surmounted by a square tee and a circular spire, called Kiri, or milk, Vihara, on account of the white chunam with which it was covered. This composition, which was so popular with the Sinhalese, was sometimes put on four inches thick, and formed an excellent surface out of which to carve ornaments in relief or on which to lay paint. Near the jungle-wood ladder by which one may climb to the top are the remains of two small chapels. The four walls of the square tee which surmount the dome of the Kiri Vihara are ornamented with the familiar post and rail design so often

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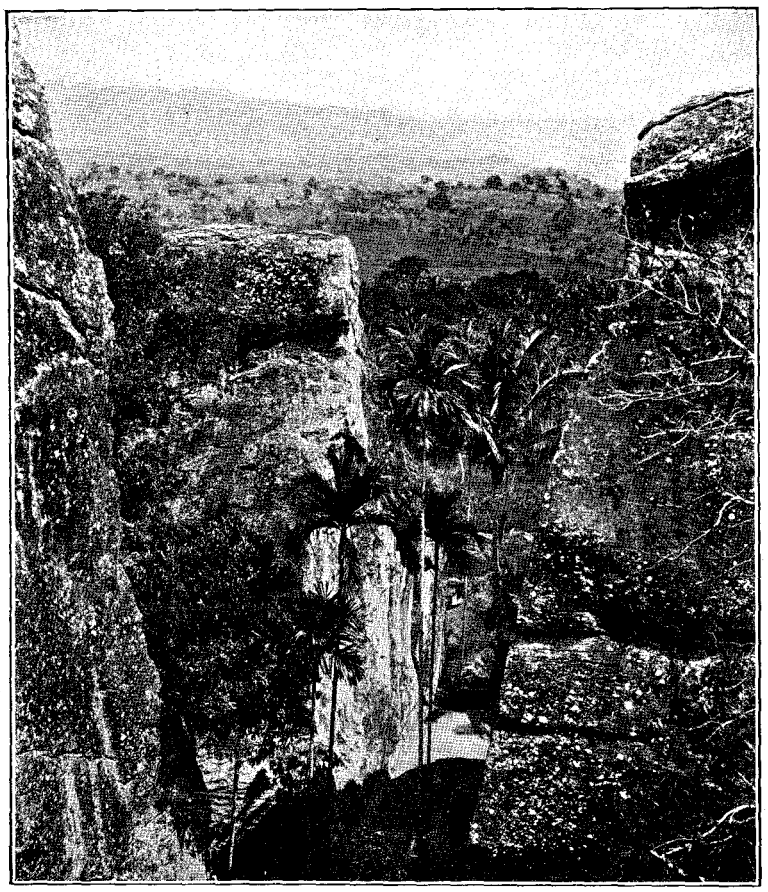

The Aluvihara cave temples

seen in Buddhist architecture, and in the centre of each is the chakra or wheel emblem. This dagoba forms an interesting comparison with the dagoba at Sanchi in India, called the "Sanchi tope," and spoken of as "the great"; for that is only forty-two feet high, and the Kiri Vihara has a height of one hundred feet. There is another by the side of which the "great Sanchi tope" is small indeed; for the Rangot or golden spire dagoba, built in 1154 by the queen of King Parakrama, rises proudly two hundred feet above the surrounding plain.

The Gal Vihara, or stone temple, which lies farther north than the Kiri Vihara, is one of the most interesting of the many shrines erected by Parakrama and consists of three figures of gigantic size hewn out of a granite bowlder. One is a conventional seated figure of Buddha with a most unconventional background. From the squares of the pilasters dragon heads project and from their mouths issue small lions. Above these are representations of Hindu pagodas.

There is a statue of Ananda, the favorite disciple of Buddha, standing on a circular pedestal bedecked with lotus leaves and grieving for his loss in the translation of his master.

The reclining figure of Buddha is forty-six feet long; the drapery is well carved and the depression in the pillow made by the head, which rests on the upturned palm, gives to the stone a suggestion of softness which is remarkable. On the face there is an expression of perfect peace, and the relaxation and repose of the figure give one a realizing sense of Nirvana.

A mile and a half southeast of the city and standing with his back turned toward it is a figure of King Parakrama twelve feet high sculptured in high relief on the face of

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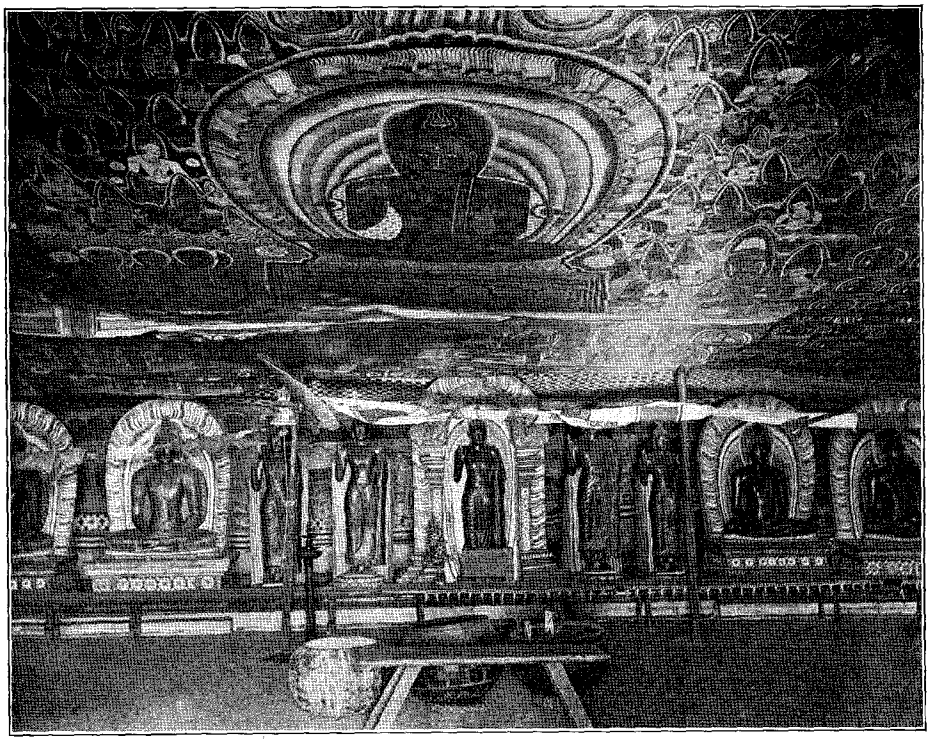

Interior of Dambulla caves, showing the principal shrine.

a granite bowlder. The beard and mustache are interesting because this is the only instance in which a statue has been found wearing them; and it is no doubt a portrait statue, for there is a great deal of individuality in the pride, thoughtfulness, and strength of the face even as it now is. He holds in his hands a "book of the law," which suggests that it was neither as warrior, architect, nor king that he found his greatest happiness, but in earnest study of the great truths of Buddhism.

Much farther south than Polonnarua, but also in the North Central Province of Ceylon, are five remarkable caves which formed for many years a safe refuge for King Walagam Bahu, who was forced by the Tamils to flee from Anuradhapura about 103 B. C. For fifteen years he was a wanderer without a retinue and was often forced to hide for long periods in dens and caves. On regaining his throne he caused many of the caves to be made into temples. The most famous are those at Dambulla and those at Aluvihara still farther to the south. The latter are very interesting from a literary standpoint, for about 90 B. C. the king assembled there the most learned Buddhist monks and caused them to write in Pali and thus make permanent the teachings of Buddha, which had been preserved orally until that time.

The Aluvihara caves are situated under towering bowlders, in the midst of a wonderfully beautiful landscape, and the outer walls are frescoed with crude pictures of future punishment which remind one oddly enough of early Italian paintings. The Buddhist books, which are preserved with the greatest care, are made of a number of long, narrow strips of palm-leaf on which characters have been written with a stylus. These are fastened together with a thong through the ends. Each book is wrapped in a piece of silk, which is in turn enveloped in some stouter material and laid in a long, narrow wooden box which is protected by being wrapped in a closely woven piece of goods shaped like a large handkerchief. Each book has its own niche and only certain priests are allowed to handle them.

The Aluvihara and Dambulla caves are both still in daily use as places of worship.

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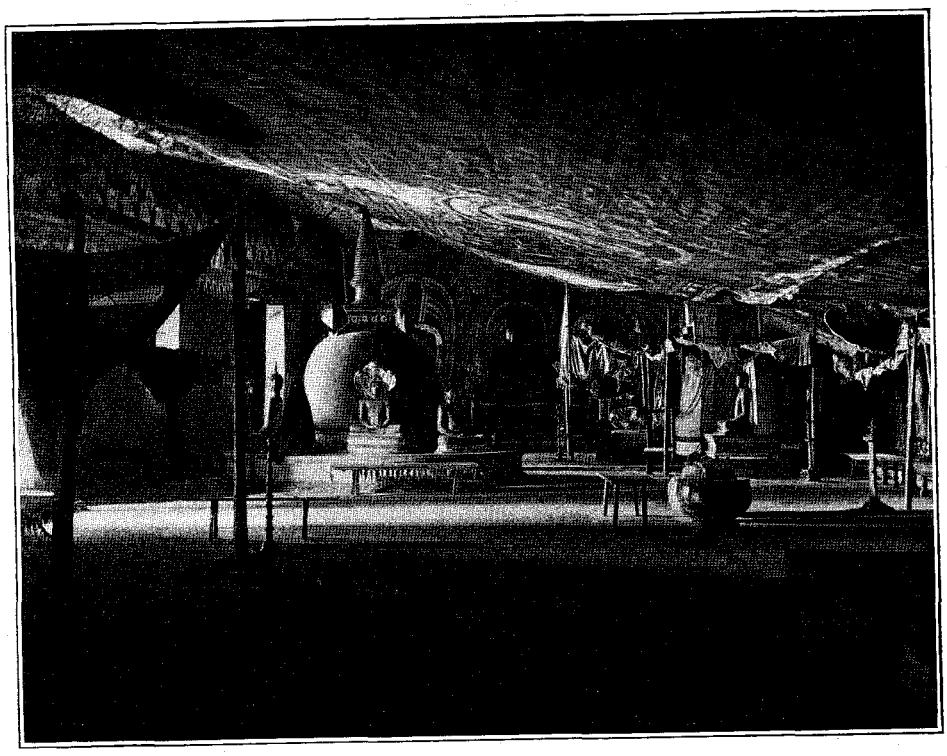

A side view of the interior of one of the Dambulla cave temples, where Buddha has been worshipped for 1,900 years.

The latter are situated near the summit of a great rock and a tiny path leads to them from the road below. Directly after passing a *pasada* or priest's residence a steep ascent begins, partly up the bare rock and partly up a picturesque stairway, until a large gateway, called the *murage*, or guard-house, terminates the ascent and forms the entrance to the rock platform in front of the temples. The entrance to these caves is very much spoiled by the modern roofing. The *katare*, a ledge cut to keep off the drip of the rain, is plainly to be seen. On the edge of this there is an inscription in the oldest form of cave character. The entrance to the first cave is ornamented with a *makara torana*, or elaborate arch supported by figures. The temple in this cave is dedicated to the god Vishnu and the statue of him here is held in peculiar reverence, and even to the present day an oath taken under an ordeal by hot oil is practised before it.

The next cave is the finest and largest of the five and on entering it the coolness, the gloom, the silent circle of Buddhas, and the great stillness produce a very striking effect. This chamber measures 160 x 50 feet; its greatest height is twenty-three feet, but toward the back of the cave the roof is so sloping that the rear wall is only four feet high. In the centre of the ceiling is a painting of Buddha in glory worshipped by priests, kings, and gods. There is a marked variety in the attitudes of adoration, and the colors are magnificently brilliant. The unevenness of the cave roof gives the ceiling decoration the appearance of being painted on a tremendous canvas, but in reality the colors are laid directly on the stone, which was prepared to receive them by a method which is now a lost art. There are a number of painters in a near-by native village whose business it is to keep the temple frescoes in repair, and this they skilfully do through art secrets which are carefully guarded and which have been handed down from father to son through many generations; but they cannot do original work which compares with these old frescoes in durability.

On other parts of the ceiling are depicted the assault on Buddha by the powers of evil and his conflict with demons. Behind the statues are curious frescoes of a procession of priests. On the side walls are frescoes of

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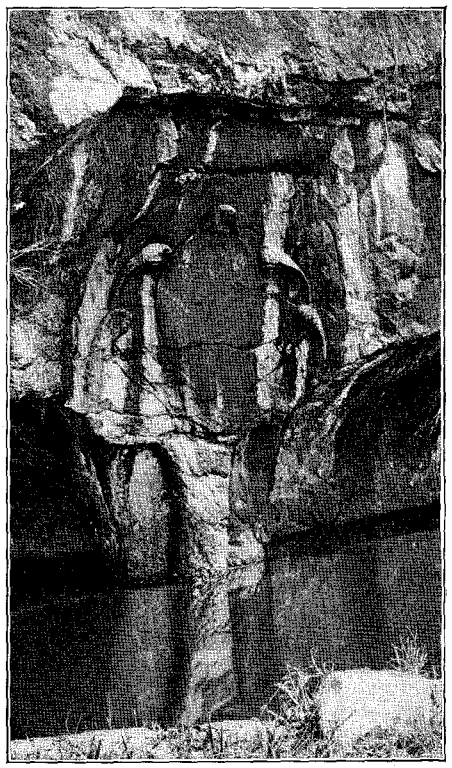
Sinhalese history. In one of these the swords carried by the soldiers are exactly like one recently dug up at Lake Kalawewa and very different from those now used by the Sinhalese.

Adjoining this cave is a very small recess covered with historical paintings; in one of these the fish swimming in the sea are larger than the king's ship! In another a queen is shown riding on a war-horse and cutting off with ease and dexterity the heads of her enemies. In the middle of the roof is a fissure in the rock through which drips the water which is used in the temple. The fissure is appropriately decorated with paintings of fish.



A weird serpent rising mysteriously above the dark waters of a lonely pool.

In the centre of the cave is a well-proportioned dagoba surrounded by seated Buddhas, one of which is veiled and another has three hooded cobras behind his head in recognition of the service this serpent, according to the legends, rendered Prince Gautama. One day the future Buddha was sitting in contemplation, and regardless of himself sat where the rays of the sun fell scorchingly upon him. Noticing this, a friendly and solicitous cobra crawled behind him and raised its hood to protect him from the sun.

The glorified cobra with three or five, seven, or even nine heads is often found in Buddhist sculpture and has been accepted in the Hindu pantheon as well. A circular house for sacred snakes has been excavated in Polonnarua and one often finds unexpectedly on bowlders or smaller wayside shrines an elaborately carved many-headed cobra. No Sinhalese or Hindu would under any consideration kill one of these reptiles.

The decoration of the side walls with Buddhas of different heights is very ingenious and the pedestals are exquisitely and intricately inlaid. There is an unusual degree of animation in the standing figures with arms raised in an attitude of teaching which stand facing the entrance. Gayly colored curtains hang in front of many of these and are raised by the priests at the request of worshippers.

The quaint lantern on one side of the central shrine is supported by a reed-like wand and is carried in processions. The temple drum is very large, its resounding tones calling the faithful to prayer; and the many large jars filled with incense ashes show how ready is the response.

Another cave contains a recumbent figure of Buddha thirty feet long. The Master is represented as sleeping with his head on his hand, and lotus flowers ornament the soles of his feet. This attitude is that seen most infrequently in statues of Buddha and this statue is one of the finest examples of its type. It is exceeded in size, however, by that at the Gal Vihare at Polonnarua and some of the standing statues, of which one, a figure in an attitude of teaching, sculptured in high relief from the vertical face of a huge bowlder, measures thirty-six feet in height.

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THE GREEN ISLE

FIFTH REBECCA STORY

By Kate Douglas Wiggin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

"MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night and night and day,
Drifting on his weary way."

. . . . .

Ay! many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide agony.

—*Shelley.*

I

REBECCA came into the sitting-room with the flushed face and embarrassed mien that always foreshadowed a request. Requests were more commonly answered in the negative than in the affirmative at the brick house, a fact that accounted for the slight confusion in her demeanor.

"Aunt Miranda," she began, "the fish man says that Clara Belle Simpson wants to see me very much, but Mrs. Fogg can't spare her long at a time, you know, on account of the baby being no better; but Clara Belle could walk a mile up, and I a mile down the road, and we could meet at the pink house, half way. Then we could rest and talk an hour or so, and both be back in time for our suppers. I've fed the cat; she had no appetite, as it's only two o'clock; but she'll go back to her saucer, and it's off my mind. I could go down cellar now and bring up the bean-pot and the pie and doughnuts before I start. Aunt Jane saw no objection; but we thought I'd better ask you so as to run no risks."

Miranda Sawyer, who had been patiently waiting for the end of this speech, laid down her knitting and raised her eyes with a half-resigned expression that meant: "Is there anything in heaven or earth or the waters under the earth that this child does not want to do? Will she ever settle down to plain, comprehensible Sawyer ways, or will she to the end make these sudden and radical propositions, suggesting at every turn the irresponsible Randall ancestry?

"You know well enough, Rebecca, that I don't like you to be intimate with Abner Simpson's young ones," she said decisively. "They ain't fit company for anybody that's got Sawyer blood in their veins, if it's ever so little. I don't know, I'm sure, how you're goin' to turn out! The fish peddler seems to be your best friend, without it's Abijah Flagg, that you're everlastingly talkin' to lately. I should think you'd rather read some improvin' book than to be chatterin' with Squire Bean's choreboy!"

"He isn't always going to be a choreboy," explained Rebecca, "and that's what we're considering. It's his career we talk about, and he hasn't got any father or mother to advise him. Besides, Clara Belle kind of belongs to the village now that she lives with Mrs. Fogg; and she's the best behaved of all the girls, either in school or Sunday-school. Children can't help having fathers!"

"Everybody says Abner is turning over a new leaf, and if so, the family'd ought to be encouraged every possible way," said Miss Jane, entering the room with her mending basket in hand.

"If Abner Simpson is turnin' over a leaf, or anythin' else in creation, it's only to see what's on the under side!" remarked Miss Miranda promptly. "Don't talk to me about new leaves! You can't change that kind of a man; he is what he is, and you can't make him no different!"

"The grace of God can do consid'rable," observed Jane piously.

"I ain't sayin' but it can if it sets out, but it has to begin early and stay late on a man like Simpson."

"Now, Mirandy, Abner ain't more'n forty! I don't know what the average age for repentance is in men-folks, but when you think of what an awful sight of 'em leaves it to their death-beds, forty seems real kind of

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young. Not that I've heard Abner has experienced religion, but everybody's surprised at the good way he's conductin' this fall."

"They'll be surprised the other way round when they come to miss their firewood and apples and potatoes again," affirmed Miranda.

"Clara Belle don't seem to have inherited from her father," Jane ventured again, timidly. "No wonder Mrs. Fogg sets such store by the girl. If it hadn't been for her, the baby would have been dead by now."

"Perhaps tryin' to save it was interferin' with the Lord's will," was Miranda's retort.

"Folks can't stop to figure out just what's the Lord's will when a child has upset a kettle of scalding water on to himself," and as she spoke Jane darned more excitedly. "Mrs. Fogg knows well enough she hadn't ought to have left that baby alone in the kitchen with the stove, even if she did see Clara Belle comin' across lots. She'd ought to have waited before drivin' off; but of course she was afraid of missin' the train, and she's too good a woman to be held accountable."

"The minister's wife says Clara Belle is a real—I can't think of the word!" chimed in Rebecca. "What's the female of hero? Whatever it is, that's what Mrs. Baxter called her!"

"Clara Belle's the female of Simpson; that's what she is," Miss Miranda asserted; "but she's been brought up to use her wits, and I ain't sayin' but she used 'em."

"I should say she did!" exclaimed Miss Jane. "To put that screaming, suffering child in the baby-carriage and run all the way to the doctor's when there wasn't a soul on hand to advise her! Two or three more such actions would make the Simpson name sound consid'rable sweeter in this neighborhood."

"Simpson will always sound like Simpson to me!" vouchsafed the elder sister, "but we've talked enough about 'em an' to spare. You can go along, Rebecca; but remember that a child is known by the company she keeps."

"All right, Aunt Miranda; thank you!" cried Rebecca, leaping from the chair on which she had been twisting nervously for five minutes. "And how does this strike you? Would you be in favor of my taking Clara Belle a company tart?"

"Don't Mrs. Fogg feed the young one, now she's taken her right into the family?"

"Oh, yes," Rebecca answered, "she has lovely things to eat, and Mrs. Fogg won't even let her drink skim milk; but taking a present lets the person know you've been thinking about them and are extra glad to see them. Besides, unless we have company soon, those tarts will have to be eaten by the family, and a new batch made; you remember the one I had when I was rewarding myself last week? That was queer—but nice," she added hastily.

"Mebbe you could think of something of your own you could give away without taking my tarts!" responded Miranda tersely, the joints of her armor having been pierced by the fatally keen tongue of her niece, who had insinuated that company tarts lasted a long time in the brick house. This was a fact; indeed, the company tart was so named not from any idea that it would ever be eaten by guests, but because it was too good for everyday use.

Rebecca's face crimsoned with shame that she had drifted into an impolite, and, what was worse, an apparently ungrateful speech.

"I didn't mean to say anything not nice, Aunt Miranda," she stammered. "Truly the tart was splendid, but not exactly like new, that's all. And oh! I know what I can take Clara Belle! A few chocolate drops out of the box Mr. Ladd gave me on my birthday."

"You go down cellar and get that tart, same as I told you," commanded Miranda, "and when you fill it don't uncover a new tumbler of jelly; there's some dried apple preserves open that'll do. Wear your rubbers and your thick jacket. After runnin' all the way down there—for your legs never seem to be rigged for walkin'—you'll set down on some damp stone or other and ketch your death o' cold an' your Aunt Jane 'n' I'll be kep' up nights nursin' you."

Here Miranda leaned her head against the back of her rocking-chair, dropped her knitting and closed her eyes wearily; for when the immovable body is opposed by the irresistible force there is a certain amount of jar and disturbance involved in the operation.

Rebecca moved toward the side-door, shooting a questioning glance at Aunt Jane as she passed. The look was full of mys-

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terious suggestion and was accompanied by an almost imperceptible gesture. Miss Jane knew that certain articles were kept in the entry closet, and by this time she had become sufficiently expert in telegraphy to know that Rebecca's unspoken query meant: "*Could you permit the hat with the red wings, it being Saturday, fine settled weather, and a pleasure excursion?*"

These confidential requests, though fraught with embarrassment when Miranda was in the room, gave Jane much secret joy; there was something about them that stirred her spinster heart—they were so gay, so appealing, so un-Sawyer, un-Riverboro like.

There was frost in the air, but a bright, cheery sun, as Rebecca walked decorously out of the brick-house yard. Emma Jane Perkins had been away for some time on a visit to a cousin in Moderation; Alice Robinson was having measles; the opening of the fall term at Wareham had taken away the older boys and girls, and Riverboro was very quiet. Still life was seldom anything but a gay adventure to Rebecca, and she started afresh every morning to its conquest. She was not exacting! the Asmodean feat of spinning a sand heap into twine was, poetically speaking, always in her power, so the mile walk to the pink-house gate, and the tryst with freckled, red-haired Clara Belle Simpson (whose face Miss Miranda said looked like a raw pie in a brick oven); these commonplace incidents were sufficiently exhilarating to brighten her eye and quicken her step. As the great, bare horse-chestnut near the pink-house gate loomed into view, the red linsey-woolsey speck going down the road spied the blue linsey-woolsey speck coming up, and both specks flew over the intervening distance and, meeting, embraced each other ardently, somewhat to the injury of the company tart.

"Didn't it come out splendidly?" exclaimed Rebecca. "I was so afraid the fish man wouldn't tell you to start exactly at two, or that one of us would walk faster than the other; but we met at the very spot!"

"And what do you think?" asked Clara Belle proudly. "Look at this! Mrs. Fogg lent me her watch to come home by!"

"Oh, Clara Belle, how wonderful! Mrs. Fogg gets kinder and kinder to you, doesn't she? You're not homesick any more, are you?"

"No-o; not really; only when I remember there's only little Susan to manage the twins: though they're getting on real well without me. But I kind of think, Rebecca, that I'm going to be given away to the Foggs for good."

"Do you mean adopted?"

"Yes; I think father's going to sign papers. You see we can't tell how many years it'll be before the poor baby outgrows its burns, and Mrs. Fogg'll never be the same again, and she must have somebody to help her."

"You'll be their real daughter, then, won't you, Clara Belle? And Mr. Fogg is a deacon, and a selectman, and a road commissioner, and everything splendid."

"Yes; I'll have board, and clothes, and school, and be named Fogg and" (here her voice sank to an awed whisper) "the upper farm if I should ever get married; Miss Dearborn told me that herself when she was persuading me not to mind being given away."

"Clara Belle Simpson!" exclaimed Rebecca in a transport. "Who'd have thought you'd be a female hero and an heiress besides? It's just like a book story, and it happened in Riverboro. I'll make Uncle Jerry Cobb allow there *can* be Riverboro stories, you see if I don't."

"Of course I know it's all right," Clara Belle replied soberly. "I'll have a good home, and father can't keep us all; but it's kind of dreadful to be given away, like a watch and chain."

Rebecca's hand went out to Clara Belle's freckled paw sympathetically. Suddenly her own face clouded and she whispered:

"I'm not sure, Clara Belle, but I'm given away too—do you s'pose I am? I thought I came away from Sunnybrook to get an education and then help pay off the mortgage; but mother doesn't say anything about my coming back, and our family's one of those too-big ones, you know, just like yours."

"Did your mother sign papers to your aunts?"

"If she did I never heard anything about it; but there's something pinned on to the mortgage that mother keeps in the drawer of the bookcase."

"You'd know it if 'twas adoption papers; I guess you're just lent," Clara Belle said cheeringly. "I don't believe anybody'd ever give *you* away! And, oh! Rebecca, father's getting on so well! He works on Daly's farm, where they raise lots of horses and cattle, too,

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and he breaks all the young colts and trains them and swaps off the poor ones, and drives all over the country. Daly told Mr. Fogg he was splendid with stock, and father says it's just like play. He's sent home money three Saturday nights."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Rebecca sympathetically. "Now your mother'll have a good time and a black silk dress, won't she?"

"I don't know," sighed Clara Belle, and her voice was grave. "Ever since I can remember she's just washed and cried and cried and washed. Miss Dearborn has been spending her vacation up to Acreville, you know, and she came yesterday to board next door to Mrs. Fogg's. I heard them talking last night when I was getting the baby to sleep—I couldn't help it, they were so close—and Miss Dearborn said mother didn't like Acreville; she said nobody takes any notice of her, and they don't give her any more work. Mrs. Fogg said, well, they were dreadful stiff and particular up that way and they liked women to have wedding-rings."

"Hasn't your mother got a wedding-ring?" asked Rebecca, astonished. "Why, I thought everybody *had* to have them, just as they do sofas and chairs."

"I never noticed she didn't have one, but when they spoke I remembered mother's hands washing and wringing, and she doesn't wear one I know. She hasn't got any jewelry, not even a breast-pin."

"Well," and Rebecca's tone was somewhat censorious, "your father's been so poor perhaps he couldn't afford breast-pins, but I should have thought he'd have given your mother a wedding-ring when they were married; that's the time to do it, right at the very first."

"They didn't have any real dress-wedding," explained Clara Belle extenuatingly. "You see the first mother, mine, had the big boys and me, and then she died when we were little. Then after a while this mother came to housekeep, and she stayed, and by and by she was Mrs. Simpson, and Susan and the twins are hers, and she and father didn't have time for a regular wedding in church. They don't have veils and bridesmaids and refreshments around here like Miss Dearborn's sister did."

"Do they cost a great deal—wedding rings?" asked Rebecca thoughtfully. "They're solid gold, so I s'pose they do. If they were cheap we might buy one. I've got seventy-four cents saved up; how much have you?"

"Fifty-three," Clara Belle responded in a depressing tone; "and anyway there are no stores nearer than Milltown. We'd have to buy it secretly, for I wouldn't make father angry, or shame his pride, now he's got steady work! and mother would know I had spent all my savings."

Rebecca looked nonplussed. "I declare," she said, "I think the Acreville people must be perfectly horrid not to call on your mother only because she hasn't got any jewelry. You wouldn't dare tell your father what Miss Dearborn heard, so he'd save up and buy the ring?"

"No; I certainly would not!" and Clara Belle's lips closed tightly and decisively.

Rebecca sat quietly for a few moments, then she exclaimed jubilantly: "I know where we could get it! From Mr. Aladdin, and then I needn't tell him who it's for! He's coming to stay over to-morrow with his aunt, and I'll ask him to buy a ring for us in Boston. I won't explain anything, you know; I'll just say I need a wedding-ring."

"That would be perfectly lovely," replied Clara Belle, a look of hope dawning in her eyes; "and we can think afterwards how to get it over to mother. Perhaps you could send it to father instead, but I wouldn't dare to do it myself. You won't tell anybody, Rebecca?"

"Cross my heart!" Rebecca exclaimed dramatically; and then with a reproachful look, "you know I couldn't repeat a sacred secret like that! Shall we meet next Saturday afternoon, and I tell you what's happened?——Why, Clara Belle, isn't that Mr. Ladd watering his horse at the foot of the hill this very minute? It is; and he's driven up from Milltown 'stead of coming on the train from Boston to Edgewood. He's all alone, and I can ride home with him and ask him about the ring right away!"

Clara Belle kissed Rebecca fervently, and started on her homeward walk, while Rebecca waited at the top of the long hill, fluttering her handkerchief as a signal.

"Mr. Aladdin! Mr. Aladdin!" she cried as the horse and wagon came nearer.

Adam Ladd drew up quickly at the sound of the eager young voice.

"Well, well; here is Rebecca Rowena

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fluttering along the high road like a red-winged blackbird! Are you going to fly home, or drive with me?"

Rebecca clambered into the carriage, laughing and blushing with delight at his nonsense and with joy at seeing him again.

"Clara Belle and I were just talking about you this minute, and I'm so glad you came this way, for there's something very important to ask you about," she began, rather breathlessly.

"No doubt," laughed Adam Ladd, who had become, in the course of his acquaintance with Rebecca, a sort of high court of appeals; "I hope the premium banquet lamp doesn't smoke."

"Now, Mr. Aladdin, you *will* not remember nicely. Mr. Simpson swapped off the banquet lamp when he was moving the family to Acreville; it's not that; but once, when you were here last time, you said you'd make up your mind what you were going to give me for Christmas."

"I do remember that much quite nicely."

"Well, is it bought?"

"No, I never buy Christmas presents before Thanksgiving."

"Then, *dear* Mr. Aladdin, would you buy me something different, something that I want to give away, and buy it a little sooner than Christmas?"

"That depends. I don't relish having my Christmas presents given away. I like to have them kept forever in little girls' bureau drawers, all wrapped in pink tissue paper; but explain the matter and perhaps I'll change my mind. What is it you want?"

"I need a wedding-ring dreadfully," said Rebecca, "but it's a sacred secret."

Adam Ladd's eyes flashed with surprise and he chuckled to himself with pleasure. Had he on his list of acquaintances, he asked himself, a person of any age or sex so altogether irresistible and unique as this child? Then he turned to face her with the merry, teasing look that made him so delightful to young people.

"I thought it was perfectly understood between us," he said, "that if you could ever contrive to grow up, and I were willing to wait, that I was to ride up to the brick house on my snow-white——"

"Coal-black," corrected Rebecca, with a warning finger.

"Coal-black charger; put a golden circlet on your lily-white finger, draw you up behind me on my pillion——"

"And Emma Jane, too," Rebecca interrupted.

"I think I didn't mention Emma Jane," argued Mr. Aladdin. "Three on a pillion is very uncomfortable. I think Emma Jane leaps on the back of a prancing chestnut, and we all go off to my castle in the forest."

"Emma Jane never leaps, and she'd be afraid of a prancing chestnut," objected Rebecca.

"Then she shall have a gentle, cream-colored pony; but now, without any explanation, you ask me to buy you a wedding-ring, which shows plainly that you are planning to ride off on a snow-white—I mean coal-black—charger with somebody else."

Rebecca dimpled and laughed with joy at the nonsense. In her prosaic world no one but Adam Ladd played the game and answered the fool according to his folly. Nobody else talked delicious fairy-story twaddle but Mr. Aladdin.

"The ring isn't for *me!*" she explained carefully. "You know very well that Emma Jane nor I can't be married till we're through Quackenbos's Grammar, Greenleaf's Arithmetic, and big enough to wear long trails and run a sewing machine. The ring is for a friend."

"Why doesn't the groom give it to the bride himself?"

"Because he's poor and kind of thoughtless, and anyway she isn't a bride any more; she has three step and three other kind of children."

Adam Ladd put the whip back in the socket thoughtfully, and then stooped to tuck in the rug over Rebecca's feet and his own. When he raised his head again he asked: "Why not tell me a little more, Rebecca? I'm safe!"

Rebecca looked at him, feeling his wisdom and strength, and above all his sympathy. Then she said hesitatingly: "Mr. Simpson, Clara Belle's father, has always been very poor, and not always very good—a little bit thievish, you know—but oh, so pleasant and nice to talk to! and now he's turning over a new leaf. And everybody in Riverboro liked Mrs. Simpson when she came here a stranger, because they were sorry for her and she was so patient, and such a hard worker, and so kind to the children. But where she lives now they're not polite to her and don't give her scrub-

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bing and washing; and Clara Belle heard our teacher say to Mrs. Fogg that the Acreville people were stiff, and despised her because she didn't wear a wedding-ring, like all the rest. And Clara Belle and I thought if they were so mean as that, we'd love to give her one, and then she'd be happier and have more work; and perhaps Mr. Simpson if he gets along better will buy her a breast-pin and earrings, and she'll be fitted out like the others. I know Mrs. Peter Meserve is looked up to by everybody in Edgewood on account of her gold bracelets and moss-agate necklace."

Adam turned again to meet the luminous, innocent eyes that glowed under the delicate brows and long lashes, feeling as he had more than once felt before, as if his worldly-wise, grown-up thoughts had been bathed in some purifying spring.

"How shall you send the ring to Mrs. Simpson?" he asked with interest.

"We haven't settled yet; Clara Belle's afraid to do it, and thinks I could manage better. Will the ring cost much? because, of course, if it does, I must ask Aunt Jane. There are things I have to ask Aunt Miranda, and others that belong to Aunt Jane."

"It costs the merest trifle. I'll buy one and bring it to you, and we'll consult about it, but I think as you're great friends with Mr. Simpson you'd better send it to him in a letter; letters being your strong point! It's a present a man ought to give his own wife, but it's worth trying, Rebecca. You and Clara Belle can manage it between you, and I'll stay in the background where nobody will see me."

II

MEANTIME in these frosty autumn days life was crowded with events in the lonely Simpson house at Acreville.

The tumble-down dwelling stood on the edge of Pliny's Pond; so called because old Colonel Richardson left his lands to be divided in five equal parts, each share to be chosen in turn by one of his five sons, Pliny, the eldest, having priority of choice.

Pliny Richardson, having little taste for farming, and being ardently fond of fishing, rowing, and swimming, acted up to his reputation of being "a little mite odd," and took his whole twenty acres in water —hence Pliny's Pond.

The eldest Simpson boy had been working on a farm in Cumberland County for two years. Samuel, generally dubbed "See-saw," had now found a humble place in a shingle mill and was partially self-supporting. Clara Belle had been adopted by the Foggs; thus there were only three mouths to fill, the capacious ones of Elijah and Elisha, the twin boys, and of lisping, nine-year old Susan, the capable houseworker and mother's assistant.

There was no doubt that the erratic father of the family had turned over a new leaf. Exactly when he began, or how, or why, or how long he would continue the praiseworthy process—in a word whether there would be more leaves turned as the months went on—Mrs. Simpson did not know, and it is doubtful if any authority lower than that of Mr. Simpson's Maker could have decided the matter. He had stolen articles for swapping purposes for a long time, but had often avoided detection, and always escaped punishment until the last few years. Two fines imposed for small offences were followed by several arrests and two imprisonments for brief periods, and he found himself wholly out of sympathy with the wages of sin. Sin itself he did not especially mind, but the wages thereof were decidedly unpleasant and irksome to him. He also minded very much the isolated position in the community which had lately become his; for he was a social being and would *almost* rather not steal from a neighbor than have him find it out and cease intercourse! This feeling was working in him and rendering him unaccountably irritable and depressed when he took his daughter over to Riverboro at the time of the great flag-raising.

There are seasons of refreshment as well as seasons of drought, in the spiritual as in the natural world, and in some way or other dews and rains of grace fell upon Abner Simpson's heart during that brief journey. Perhaps the giving away of a child that he could not support had made the soil of his heart a little softer and readier for planting than usual; but when he stole the new flag off Mrs. Peter Meserve's doorsteps, under the impression that the cotton-covered bundle contained clean clothes from the "wash," he unconsciously set certain forces in operation.

It will be remembered that Rebecca saw

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an inch of red bunting peeping from the back of his wagon, and asked the pleasure of a drive with him; she was no daughter of the regiment, but she proposed to follow the flag. When she diplomatically requested the return of the sacred object which was to be the glory of the "raising" next day, and he thus discovered his mistake, he was furious with himself for having slipped into a disagreeable predicament; and later, when he unexpectedly faced a detachment of Riverboro society at the cross-roads, and met not only their wrath and scorn, but the reproachful, disappointed glance of Rebecca's eyes, he felt degraded as never before.

The night at the Center Tavern did not help matters, nor the jolly patriotic meeting of the three villages at the flag-raising next morning. He would have enjoyed being at the head and front of the festive preparations, but as he had cut himself off from all such friendly gatherings, he intended at any rate to sit in his wagon on the very outskirts of the assembled crowd and see some of the gayety; for, heaven knows, he had little enough, he who loved talk, and song, and story, and laughter, and excitement.

The flag was raised, the crowd cheered, the little girl to whom he had lied, the girl who was impersonating the State of Maine, was on the platform "speaking her piece," and he could just distinguish some of the words she was saying:

"For it's your star, my star, all our stars together
That makes the dear old banner proud
To float in the bright fall weather."

Then suddenly there was a clarion voice cleaving the air, and he saw a tall man standing in the centre of the stage and heard him crying: "*Three cheers for the girl that saved the flag from the hands of the enemy!*"

He was sore and bitter enough already; lonely, isolated enough; with no lot nor share in the honest community life; no hand to shake, no neighbor's meal to share; and this unexpected public arraignment smote him between the eyes. With resentment newly kindled, pride wounded, vanity bleeding, he flung a curse at the joyous throng and drove toward home, the home where he would find his ragged children, and meet the timid eyes of a woman who had been the loyal partner of his poverty and disgraces.

It is probable that even then his (extremely light) hand was already on the "new leaf." The angels, doubtless, were not especially proud of the matter and manner of his reformation, but I daresay they were glad to count him theirs on any terms, so difficult is the reformation of this blind and foolish world! They must have been; for they immediately flung into his very lap a profitable, and what is more to the point, an interesting and agreeable situation where money could be earned by doing the very things his nature craved. There were feats of daring to be performed in sight of admiring and applauding stable boys; the horses he loved were his companions; he was *obliged* to "swap," for Daly, his employer, counted on him to get rid of all undesirable stock; power and responsibility of a sort were given him freely, for Daly was no Puritan, and felt himself amply capable of managing any number of Simpsons; so here were numberless advantages within the man's grasp, and wages besides! Abner positively felt no temptation to steal; his soul expanded with pride, and the admiration and astonishment with which he regarded his virtuous present was only equalled by the disgust with which he contemplated his past; not so much a vicious past, in his own generous estimation of it, as a "thunderin' foolish" one.

Mrs. Simpson took the same view of Abner's new leaf as the angels. She was thankful for even a brief season of honesty, coupled with the Saturday night remittance; and if she still washed and cried and cried and washed, as Clara Belle had always seen her, it was either because of some hidden sorrow, or because her poor strength seemed all at once to have deserted her.

Just when employment and good fortune had come to the "steps" and her own children were better fed and clothed than ever before, the pain that had always lurked, constant but dull, near her tired heart, grew fierce and triumphantly strong, clutching her in its talons, biting, gnawing, worrying, leaving her each week with slighter powers of resistance. Still hope was in the air and a greater content than had ever been hers was in her eyes; a content that came near to happiness when the doctor ordered her to keep her bed and sent for Clara Belle. She could not wash any longer, but there was the ever-new miracle of the Saturday night remittance for household expenses.

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"Is your pain bad to-day, mother?" asked Clara Belle, who, only lately given away, was merely borrowed from Mrs. Fogg for what was thought to be a brief emergency.

"Well, there, I can't hardly tell, Clara Belle," Mrs. Simpson replied with a faint smile. "I can't seem to remember the pain these days without it's extra bad. The neighbors are so good; Mrs. Little has sent me canned mustard greens, and Mrs. Carll chocolate ice cream and mince pie; there's the doctor's drops to make me sleep, and these blankets and that great box of eatables from Mr. Ladd; and you here to keep me comp'ny! I declare I'm kind o' dazed with comforts. I never expected to see sherry wine in this house. I ain't never drawed the cork; it does me good enough jest to look at Mr. Ladd's bottle settin' on the mantelpiece with the fire shinin' on the brown glass."

Mr. Simpson had come to see his wife and had met the doctor just as he was leaving the house.

"She looks awful bad to me. Is she goin' to pull through all right, same as the last time?" he asked the doctor nervously.

"She's going to pull right through into the other world," the doctor answered bluntly, "and as there don't seem to be anybody else to take the bull by the horns, I'd advise you, having made the woman's life about as hard and miserable as you could, to try and help her to die easy!"

Abner, surprised and crushed by the weight of this verbal chastisement, sat down on the doorstep, his head in his hands, and thought a while solemnly. Thought was not an operation he was wont to indulge in, and when he opened the gate a few minutes later and walked slowly toward the barn for his horse, he looked pale and unnerved. (It is uncommonly startling, first to see yourself in another man's scornful eyes, and then, clearly, in your own.)

Two days later he came again, and this time it was decreed that he should find Parson Carll tying his piebald mare at the post.

Clara Belle's quick eye had observed the minister as he alighted from his buggy, and, warning her mother, she hastily smoothed the bedclothes, arranged the medicine bottles, and swept the hearth.

"Oh! don't let him in!" wailed Mrs. Simpson, all of a flutter at the prospect of such a visitor. "Oh, dear! they must think over to the village that I'm dreadful sick, or the minister wouldn't never think of callin'! Don't let him in, Clara Belle! I'm afraid he will say hard words to me, or pray to me; and I ain't never been prayed to since I was a child! Is his wife with him?"

"No; he's alone; but father's just drove up and is hitching at the shed door."

"That's worse than all!" and Mrs. Simpson raised herself feebly on her pillows and clasped her hands in despair. "You mustn't let them two meet, Clara Belle, and you must send Mr. Carll away; your father wouldn't have a minister in the house, nor speak to one, for a thousand dollars!"

"Be quiet, mother! Lie down! It'll be all right! You'll only fret yourself into a spell! The minister's just a good man; he won't say anything to frighten you. Father's talking with him real pleasant, and pointing the way to the front door."

The parson knocked and was admitted by the excited Clara Belle, who ushered him tremblingly into the sick room, and then betook herself to the kitchen with the children, as he gently requested her.

Abner Simpson, left alone in the shed, fumbled in his vest pocket and took out an envelope which held a sheet of paper and a tiny packet wrapped in tissue paper. The letter had been read once before and ran as follows:

DEAR MR. SIMPSON:

This is a secret letter. I heard that the Acreville people weren't nice to Mrs. Simpson because she didn't have any wedding-ring like all the others. I know you've always been poor, dear Mr. Simpson, and troubled with a large family like ours at the farm; but you really ought to have given Mrs. Simpson a ring when you were married to her, right at the very first; for then it would have been over and done with, as they are solid gold and last forever. And probably she wouldn't feel like asking you for one, because ladies are just like girls, only grown up, and I know I'd be ashamed to beg for jewelry when just board and clothes cost so much. So I send you a nice, new wedding-ring to save your buying, thinking you might get Mrs. Simpson a bracelet or eardrops for Christmas. It did not cost me anything, as it was a secret present from a friend. I hear Mrs. Simpson is sick, and it would be a great comfort to her while she is in bed and has so much time to look at it. When I had the measles Emma Jane Perkins lent me her mother's garnet ring, and it helped me very much to put my wasted hand outside the bedclothes and see the ring sparkling.

"Please don't be angry with me, dear Mr. Simpson, because I like you so much and am so glad you are happy with the horses and colts; and I believe now perhaps you *did* think the flag was a bundle of washing when you took it that day; so no more from your

Trusted friend, REBECCA RANDALL.

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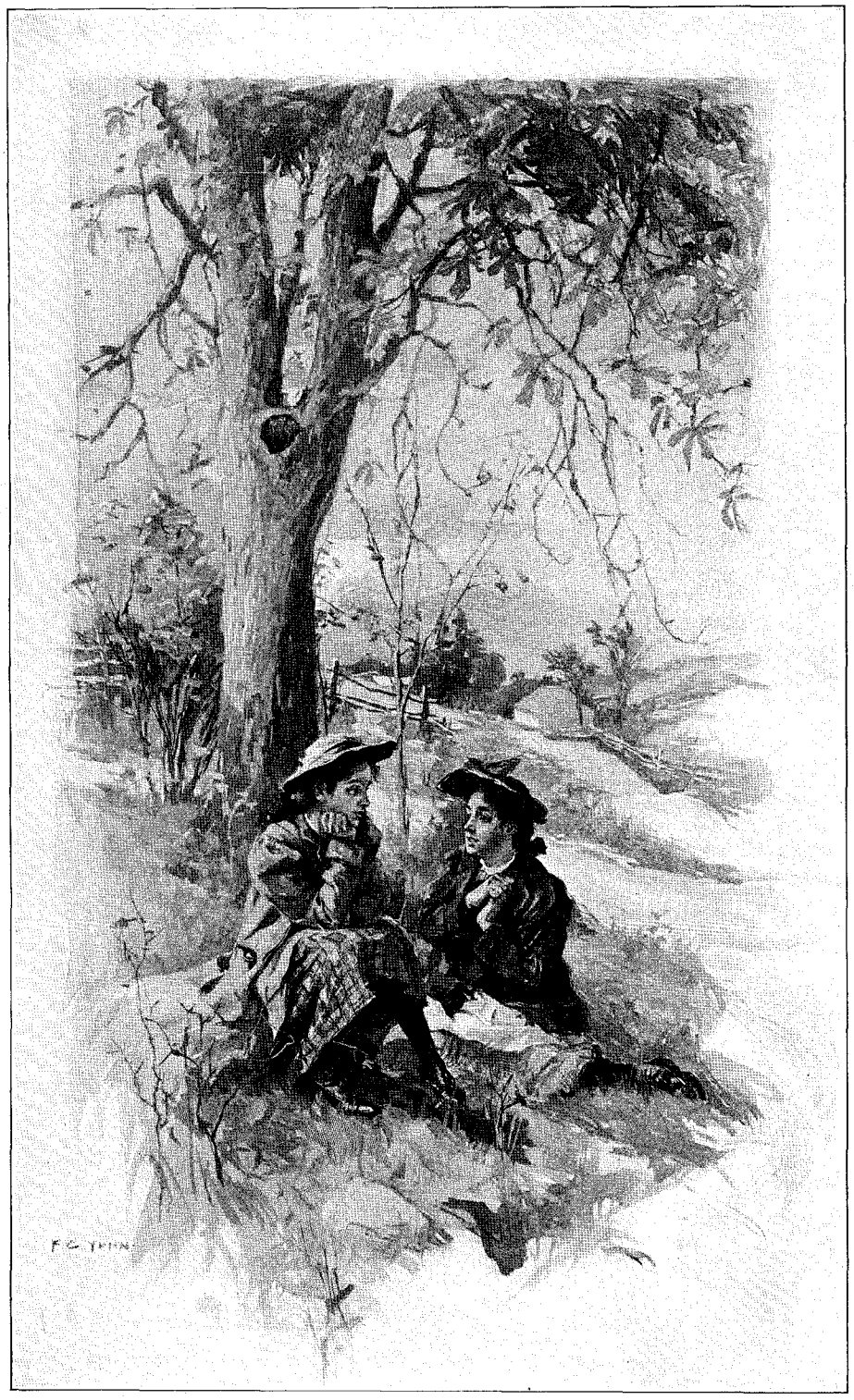

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"I'll just say I need a wedding-ring."—Page 40.

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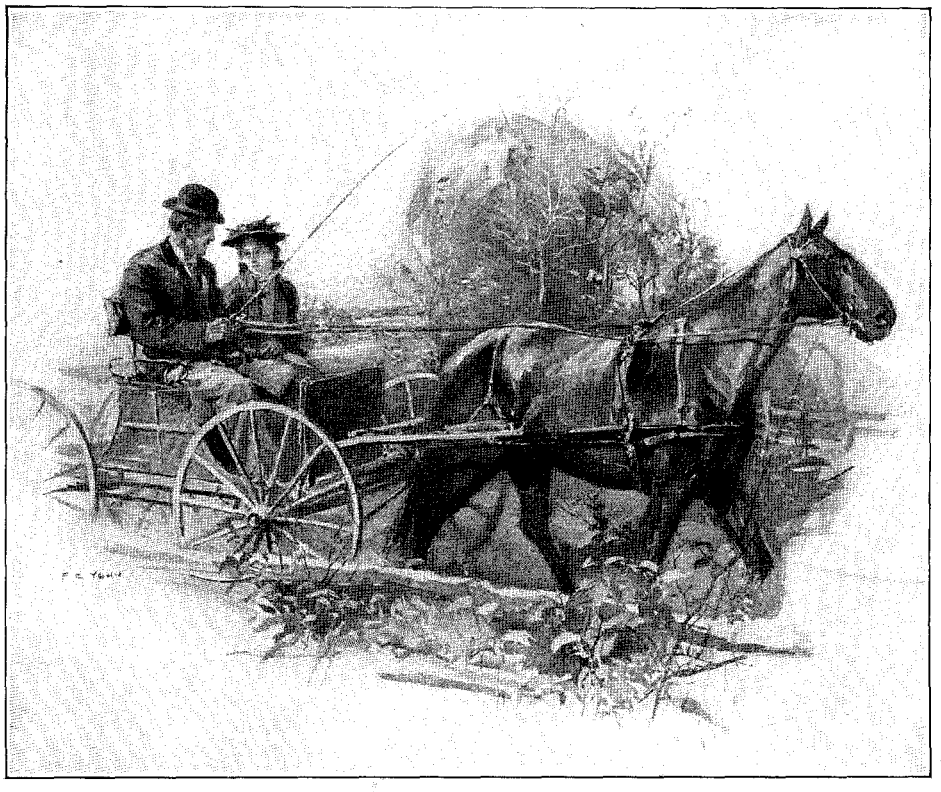

"The ring isn't for *me!*" she explained carefully.—Page 41.

Simpson tore the letter slowly and quietly into fragments and scattered the bits on the woodpile, took off his hat and smoothed his hair, pulled his moustaches thoughtfully, straightened his shoulders and then, holding the tiny packet in the palm of his hand, he went round to the front door, and having entered the house stood outside the sick room for an instant, then turned the knob and walked softly in.

Then at last the angels might have enjoyed a moment of unmixed joy, for in that brief walk from shed to house, Abner Simpson's conscience waked to life and attained sufficient strength to prick and sting, to provoke remorse, to incite penitence, to do all sorts of divine and beautiful things it was meant for, but had never been allowed to do.

Clara Belle went about the kitchen quietly making preparations for the children's supper. She had left Riverboro in haste, as the change for the worse in Mrs. Simpson had been very sudden, but since she had come she had thought more than once of the wedding-ring. She had wondered whether Mr. Ladd had bought it for Rebecca, and whether Rebecca would find means to send it to Acreville; but her cares had been so many and varied, that the subject had now finally retired to the background of her mind.

The hands of the clock crept on and she kept hushing the strident tones of Elijah and Elisha, opening and shutting the oven door to look at the corn bread, advising Susan as to her dishes, and marvelling that the minister stayed so long.

At last she heard a door open and close, and saw the old parson come out, wiping his spectacles, and step into the buggy for his drive to the village.

Then there was another period of suspense, during which the house was as silent as the grave, and presently her father came into the kitchen, greeted the twins and Susan, and said to Clara Belle: "Don't go in there yet! (jerking his thumb towards Mrs. Simpson's room), she's all beat out and she's just droppin' off to sleep. I'll send some

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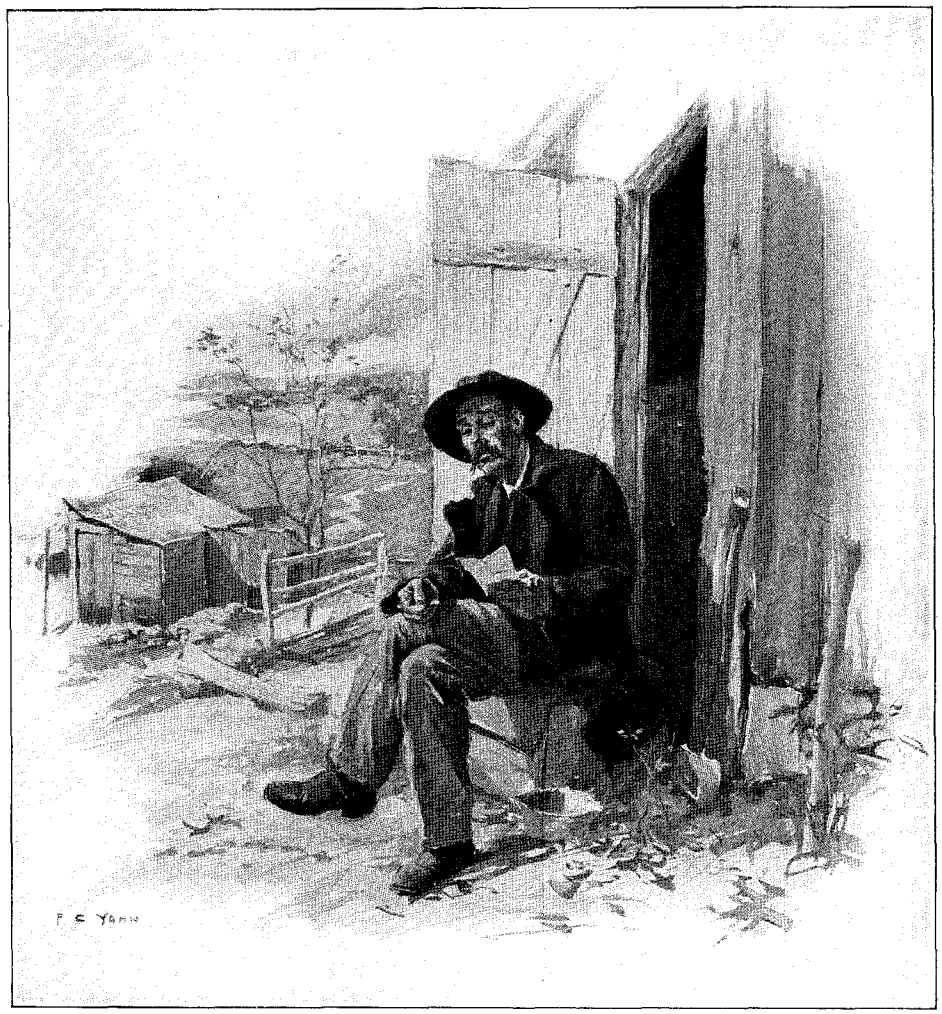
groceries up from the store as I go along; is the doctor comin' again to-night?"

"Yes; he'll be here pretty soon, now," Clara Belle answered, looking at the clock.

"All right. I'll be here again to-morrow soon as it's light, and if she ain't picked up any I'll send word back to Daly, and stop here with you for a spell till she's better."



"This is a secret letter."—Page 44.

It was true; Mrs. Simpson was "all beat out." It had been a time of excitement and stress, and the poor, fluttered creature was dropping off into the strangest sleep—a sleep made up of waking dreams. Her pain, that had encompassed her heart like a band of steel, lessened its cruel pressure, and finally left her so completely that she seemed to see it floating above her head; only that it looked no longer like a band of steel, but a golden circle.

The frail bark in which she had sailed her life-voyage had been rocking on a rough and tossing ocean, and now it floated, floated slowly into smoother waters. As long as she could remember, her boat had been flung about in storm and tempest, lashed by angry winds, borne against rocks, beaten, torn, buffeted. Now the waves had subsided; the sky was clear; the sea was warm and tranquil; the sunshine dried the

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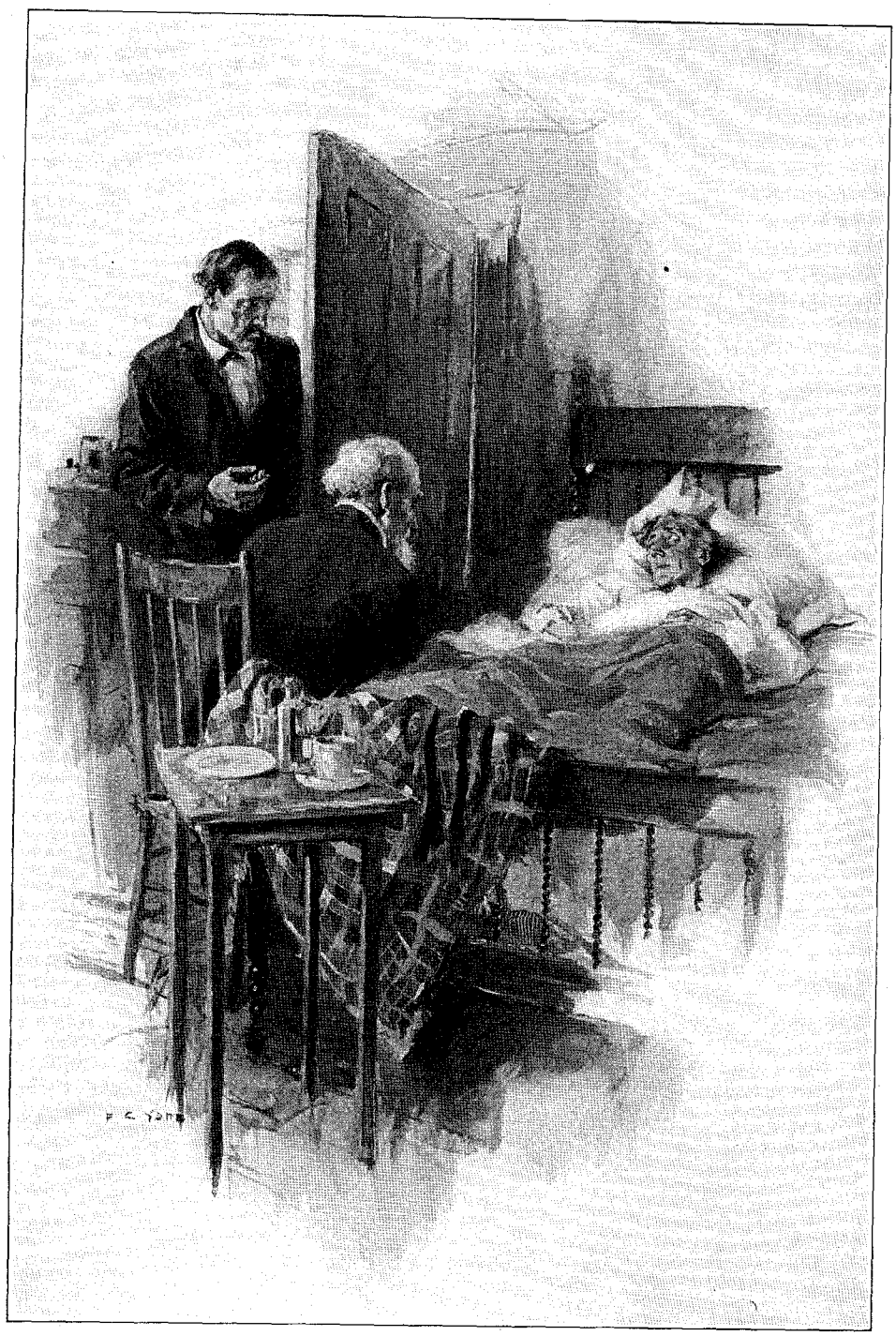

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Turned the knob and walked softly in.—Page 46.

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tattered sails; the air was soft and balmy. And now, for sleep plays strange tricks, the bark disappeared from the dream, and it was she, herself, who was floating, floating farther and farther away; whither she neither knew nor cared; it was enough to be at rest, lulled by the lapping of the cool waves. Then there appeared a green isle rising from the sea; an isle so radiant and fairy-like that her famished eyes could hardly believe its reality; but it was real, for she sailed nearer and nearer to its shores, and at last her feet skimmed the shining sands and she floated through the air as disembodied spirits float, till she sank softly at the foot of a spreading tree.

Then she saw that the green isle was a flowering isle. Every shrub and bush was blooming; the trees were hung with rosy garlands, and even the earth was carpeted with tiny flowers. The rare fragrances, the bird songs, soft and musical, the ravishment of color, all bore down upon her swimming senses at once, taking them captive so completely that she remembered no past, was conscious of no present, looked forward to no future. She seemed to leave the body and the sad, heavy things of the body. The humming in her ears ceased, the light faded, the birds' song grew fainter and more distant, the golden circle of pain receded farther and farther until it was lost to view; even the flowering island gently drifted away, and all was peace and silence.

It was time for the doctor now, and Clara Belle, too anxious to wait longer, softly turned the knob of her mother's door and entered the room. The glow of the open fire illumined the darkest side of the poor chamber. There were no trees near the house, and a full November moon streamed in at the unblinded, uncurtained windows, lighting up the bare interior—the unpainted floor, the gray plastered walls, and the white counterpane.

Her mother lay quite still, her head turned and drooping a little on the pillow. Her left hand was folded softly up against her breast, the fingers of the right partly covering it, as if protecting something precious.

Was it the moonlight that made the patient brow so white, and where were the lines of anxiety and pain? The face of the mother that had washed and cried and cried and washed was as radiant as if the closed eyes were beholding heavenly visions.

"Something must have cured her!" thought Clara Belle, awed and almost frightened by the whiteness and the silence.

She tiptoed across the floor to look more closely at the still, smiling shape, and bending over it saw, under the shadow of the caressing right hand, a narrow gold band gleaming on the work-stained finger.

"Oh, the ring came, after all!" she said in a glad whisper, "and perhaps it was that that made her better!"

She put her hand on her mother's gently. A terrified shiver, a warning shudder, shook the girl from head to foot at the chilling touch. A dread presence she had never met before suddenly took shape. It filled the room; stifled the cry on her lips; froze her steps to the floor; stopped the beating of her heart.

Just then the door opened.

"Oh, doctor! come quick!" she sobbed, stretching out her hands for help, and then covering her eyes. "Come close! Look at mother! Is she better—or is she dead?"

The doctor put one hand on the shoulder of the shrinking child, and touched the woman with the other.

"She is better!" he said gently; "and she is dead."

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AT LAST

By Don Marquis

EACH race has died and lived and fought for the "true" gods of that poor race,
Unconsciously, divinest thought of each race gilding its god's face.
And every race that lives and dies shall make itself some other gods;
Shall build, with mingled truth and lies, new icons from the world-old clods.
Through all the tangled creeds and dreams and shifting shibboleths men hold
The false and true, inwoven, gleams: a matted mass of dross and gold.
Prove, then, thy gods in thine own soul; all others' gods, for thee, are vain;
Nor swerved be, struggling for the goal, by bribe of joy nor threat of pain.

As skulls grow broader, so do faiths—as old tongues die, old gods die, too,
And only ghosts of gods and wraiths may meet the backward gazer's view.
Where, where the faiths of yesterday? Ah, whither vanished, whither gone?
Say, what Apollos drive to-day adown the flaming slopes of dawn?
Oh, does the blank past hide from view forgotten Christs to be reborn,
The future tremble where some new Messiah-Memnon sings the morn?
Of all the worlds, say any earth, like dust wind-harried to and fro,
Shall give the next Prometheus birth; but say—at last—you do not know.

How should I know what dawn may gleam beyond the gates of darkness there—
Which god of all the gods men dream? Why should I whip myself to care?
Whichever over all hath place hath shaped and made me what I am;
Hath made me strong to front His face, to dare to question though He damn!
Mayhap to cringe and cower and bring a shrine a forced and faithless faith
Is worse than to strip glove and fling it, laughing, in the teeth of Death.
For, writhe or whirl in dervish rout, they are not flattered there on high;
Or sham belief to hide a doubt—no gods are mine that love a lie!
Nor gods that beg belief on earth with portents that some seer foretells—
Is life itself not wonder-worth that we must cry for miracles?
Is it not strange enough we breathe? Does everything not God reveal?
Or must we ever weave and wreathe some creed that shall His face conceal?
Some creed of which its prophets cry it holds the secret's all in all;
Some creed which ever by and by doth crumble, totter, to its fall!
Say any dream of all the dreams that shift and darkle, drift and glow,
Holds most of truth within its gleams; but say—at last—you do not know.

Oh, say the soul, from star to star, with victory winged, leap on through space
And scale the bastioned nights that bar the secret's inner dwelling-place;
Or say it ever roam dim glades where pallid wraiths of long-dead moons
Flit like blown feathers through the shades, borne on the breath of sobbing tunes;
Say any tide of any time, of all the tides that ebb and flow,
Shall buoy us on toward any clime; but say—at last—you do not know!

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THE BLACK HAWTHORN JAR

By Winfield Scott Moody

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL J. MEYLAN

THERE is a far-travelled legend to the effect that many hundreds of years ago a certain Chinese emperor effectually reformed the bad commercial morals of his time by making a law that a man who did not pay up his debts by the New Year should have his head neatly and ceremoniously shaved off just above his shoulders. Such has been the active force in heredity of that simple regulation, that to this day an instinct to be honest in money matters is born in a Chinese, even though the severity of his legal code is now relaxed, and though he cannot fail to perceive that even the fortunate merchants in enlightened Christian countries sometimes transgress the universal law of honesty. This is not to say that every Chinese is always honest. It merely indicates that one is quite as apt to find the truth spoken in a Chinese shop as anywhere else.

Some such ideas had lodged in the mind of Mr. Peter Wyckoff in the course of his travels among the curio dealers, and may have led his feet on this particular April afternoon to the shop of the discreet and affable Mr. Tom Sing Low, an old Chinese merchant whose wits had suggested to him that the Fifth Avenue market for porcelains, carvings, silks, and curios of every kind and all grades of value, except the very cheapest, was more profitable than the opportunities of the Chinese quarter. Sundry other Chinese merchants, moved by the same idea, had invaded the "uptown" field, but Peter found Mr. Low's shop the pleasantest to browse in, and its proprietor had come to know him as an occasional buyer who possessed the real "feeling" for Oriental art.

As Peter approached Mr. Low's shop from the direction of the newspaper office where he passed his days, another man was approaching from the other direction, and the two met at the door. Peter had a pleasant acquaintance with this man, Mr. Otis Danvers, art critic, traveller and essayist, white-haired and bright-eyed, trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, and member of half the clubs in town. With a mutual and indulgent grin at each other's failing for things Chinese, they entered the shop together.

They found Mr. Low fortifying himself with tea, which he had made in a queer little white-and-green teapot with spout and handle in the form of two red lizards with ferocious countenances and sinuous tails. They refused to interrupt him, so, with a low bow, the old man turned them over to his assistant, a younger Chinese of American education in whom the colors of Western civilization played against the inscrutable background of Eastern character. He led them through the succession of formal, squarely furnished rooms in which a Chinese shop is inevitably arranged, into the remotest inner fastness, where the few choicest selections from his wares were posed upon two or three small, slender-legged rectangular tables, and in a carved and gilded cabinet more like a shrine than a showcase.

A little pair of soft, paste beakers, scarcely more than eight inches high, brought Danvers to a halt. The salesman pointed out their excellences—genuine specimens of the period of Ki'en Lung, with the full six marks on the bottom, and the conventional, dignified decoration of sweet-flag leaves, perfect in form, surface, and deep blue and clear white color.

Peter asked the price.

"They are marked $100," was the answer. "They are very cheap, because the cost was small. I think Mr. Low could get more, but he says, 'No, this price for them.' But they are very fine."

Although no expert, Peter could imagine that the man was telling the exact truth, for among other curious idiosyncrasies, the Chinese merchant will often be stubbornly content with, say, five hundred per cent. profit upon a work of art, even though he could be pretty sure of getting twice as much by waiting, and beguiling, and misrepresenting.

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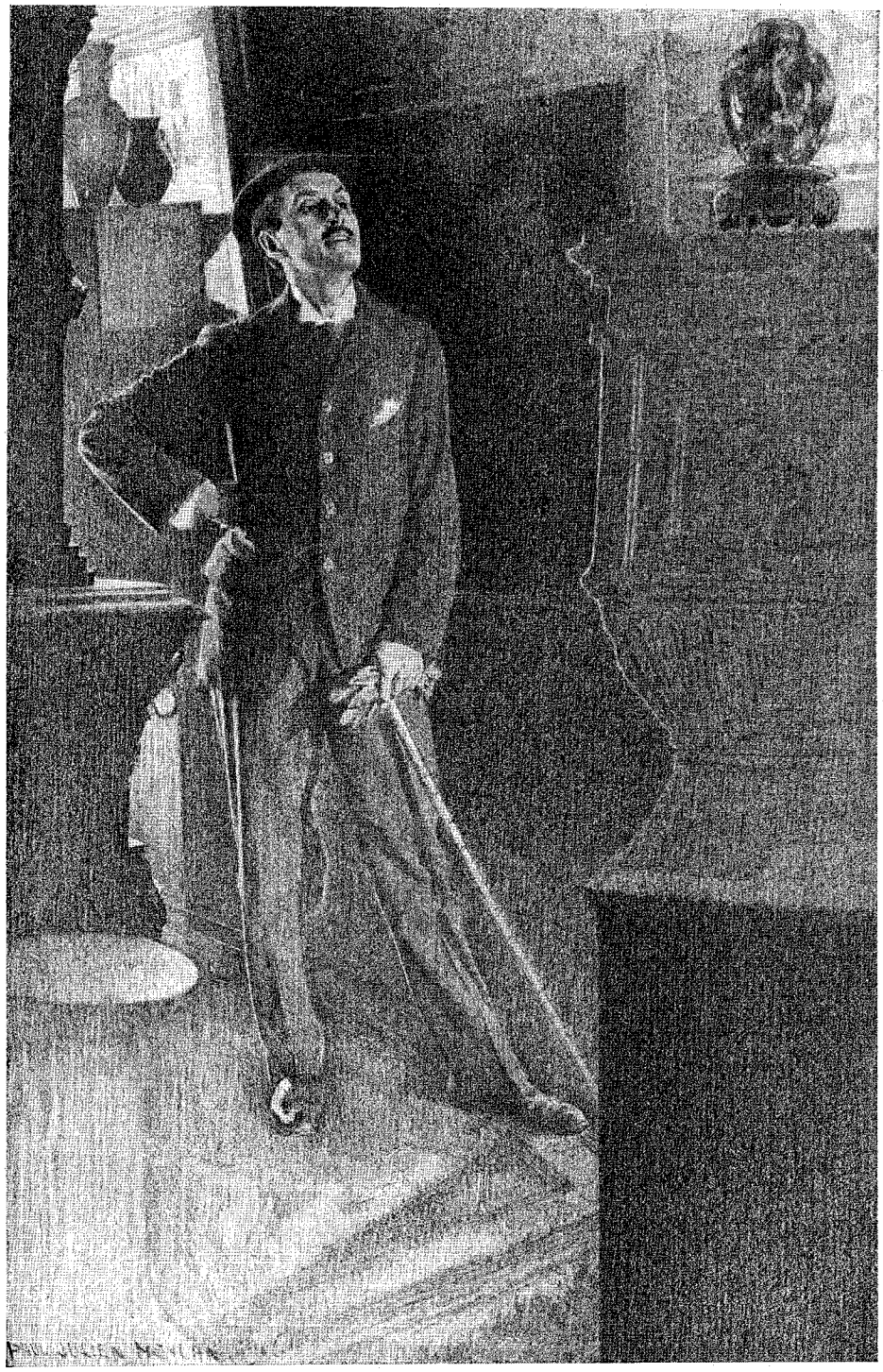

Drawn by Paul J. Meylan.

He would speak to the jar. "How are you!" he said.—Page 57.

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Danvers held one of the beakers in his hand and stroked its formal outline admiringly. "Mighty good," he said; "good every way you look at it!"

As they turned away from the sedate little vases, they met Mr. Low accompanying a spare, sandy man with a thin head that bulged out over his eyebrows and a figure which suggested a rigid, slender tree with a tight, hard bark. This gentleman nodded to Peter, and bowed stiffly to Danvers.

"Ah, treasure-hunting again, Mr. Wyckoff?" he said in a high, heady voice, curiously irritating, and with an air of patronage as offensive as it was unconscious. "What do you find?"

"I was looking at those beakers, Mr. Bowman," replied Peter. "What do you think of them?"

Mr. Low lifted one of the vases in his pointed, pale, old fingers. "Nice color," he said. "You like?"

Mr. Bowman touched the porcelain with the tip of his cool gray eyesight. "Oh, good enough," he said. "Modern, eh?"

Oriental politeness and courtesy showed no signs of failing as the old man spoke of the value and interest of the beakers in the face of Mr. Bowman's open incredulity. And when the price was named he turned with an obtrusive wink to Peter.

"No—guess I won't take 'em to-day." His laugh dried up any trickle of human sympathy which might have survived the acrid tones of his voice. "Shouldn't wonder if they'd be here when I come in again."

They walked back through the rooms, and Mr. Bowman's interest was not aroused by anything he saw. As they reached the little office at the front of the shop, Otis Danvers paused by the table where Mr. Low had left his teapot. He lifted it in both hands.

"This for sale, Mr. Low?" he asked. "Rather like this."

The merchant smiled and shook his head. "I keep that one," he said. "You don't want."

"But this is pretty old," said Danvers, as he noted all its details. It was cylindrical in form, and the cream-colored surface was finely crackled. Besides the strong colors in the lizards that formed the spout and handle, the body of the teapot was entirely covered with landscapes and domestic scenes drawn with a good deal of skill in reds and blues and greens, all glistening with the inimitable patina of time.

"Don't get this kind any more," admitted Mr. Low. "This not topside old—not old like blue vases, but maybe five emperor old. Not hard porcelain—you call, pottery. You see green color—this what Japanese make like, call Kutani ware. You und'stand?"

"I see," said Danvers. "I know it's not porcelain, but I like it. You'd better sell it to me before you break it. Give you five dollars for it."

The old Chinese laughed. "That price enough—but I keep it," he said. "Maybe break it; but I like, too."

Mr. Bowman stood by in unconcealed disdain. "I fear I shall have to leave you," he said. "I must get uptown. A business man, you know, becomes—a—morbid about wasting time. Good-day to you." And with this tactful adieu Mr. Bowman departed, his narrow head erect.

Danvers and Peter smiled at each other in delighted appreciation. "God made him to diffuse a sense of thankfulness among his fellow-men," remarked Danvers piously. "And that's not pharisaical, either. He's part of the great scheme of light and shade in the world. Do you know him pretty well? I've met him a few times, and heard things about him. I believe he's a big steel man, somewhere downtown."

"Yes; he's an officer in the Transappalachian," said Peter. "I have had to go to see him for the paper two or three times, and I've run across him occasionally in places like this. He's a queer bird. Your taste in teapots was too much for him."

"Evidently," said Danvers. "But since I can't have the teapot, I don't want to look at anything else to-day." He turned to the quiet old Chinese. "Good-by, Mr. Low. If you ever change your mind, let me know."

"Which way?" asked Peter as they left the shop.

"I've got to go away down to Union Square," answered Danvers. "You walking that way?"

"It's my shortest road home," said Peter in great contentment. "I can't understand about Bowman," he reverted, as they went along. "He's grown very rich within a few years, and he has the reputation of getting more coal or iron for a dollar than anybody else can, but when it comes to porcelain, he seems to want to pay a good deal for what

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he buys. He doesn't really know anything about porcelain—at least, I judge so——"

"—So do I," said Danvers.

"—But his conceit about it is wonderful. I should think the dealers would love him."

"Oh, they do!" agreed Danvers. "And that's another thing. There is a class of dealers here, now, who simply hypnotize people. They have their shops arranged as carefully as any stage scene you ever saw —all sorts of tricks to beguile people out of themselves and get them afloat on the current of 'suggestion,' or whatever the doctors call it. And then, how they do turn their customers' pockets inside out! I can think of two or three such places. Yes, Bowman must endear himself very much to those gentlemen. And as you say, Wyckoff, the spectacle of his self-complacency is marvellous. I know it's one of the few joys of my embittered life!"

Peter laughed. "You must get pretty tired of the cocksure amateur," he reflected. "I suppose you have to see a lot of 'em."

"O Lord!" said Danvers; "and you never know where they'll break out. It used to be only pictures, but now they go in for everything, from old spoons to Roman ruins by the shipload. The number of people who 'have collections' nowadays is surprising, and the quantity of rubbish they get together is unbelievable. Take this simple matter of Chinese porcelains. I suppose there are five hundred collections in New York to-day, each of which has cost its owner a good deal of money, and very few of them have any excuse for themselves. Of course, Mr. Sunderland's collection is famous. Mr. Wortendyke's is very fine; so is Mr. Blooker's and Mr. Astley's. Mr. Cippolini has some good things, so has Mr. Rothstein, so have maybe a dozen others. But since Chinese porcelain has, in a way, become the fashion, a lot of uninformed people go to auctions and buy whatever is offered, or they go to the dealers and pay whatever is asked—the higher the price the better they like it. Bowman is only a good type of about the most trying class of all—those men who believe every piece in their own collections is a treasure because it has cost them a lot of money."

"Then those are the people who buy only the outlandish things—like Ten Eyck," suggested Peter. "Rare enough, perhaps, but most of them so ugly."

"Yes," assented Danvers; "he's the sort of man who would buy a mummy's foot, like the fellow in the French story. But, on the other hand, there are a few rich men who have a sense of the real things, who buy the actual treasures; and I'm glad to say some of 'em are generous to the Museum. We've just had a splendid gift from such a man—a most magnificent old black hawthorn vase, about forty inches high—a superb piece. You know we're pretty strong on old Chinese porcelain up there; but this holds its own with anything we've got. I understand Mr. Sunderland, our benefactor, paid $7,000 for it."

"That's quite a piece of money, as my office-boy says," remarked Peter.

"Of course," said Danvers; "but the value seems to be there, in this case. Pieces of that size and importance in that decoration are simply almost non-existent now. It's the chance of a dozen men's lifetimes to find them. Of course, such values are all relative and somewhat arbitrary; but an example like that confers a distinction on any collection, and we feel very fortunate. And, by the way, you might like to make a few notes about the gift for the paper. You would? All right. If you'll come up to my place to-night I'll give you the whole story. Suppose you'd rather have all the facts and use your own judgment about how much you'll write. Oh, is this where you turn off? Very well; see you this evening."

He found Danvers among his bachelor penates a few hours later, and with the notes for his paragraph in his pocket, Peter idled delightedly and listened to the stream of brilliant talk which sparkled from his host. Men and letters, art, customs, and all manner of "manifestations," from Rome and Cairo to Hong-Kong, made up the broad web of their conversation, with the bright sparkle of Danvers's wit and delicate appreciation flashing back and forth, carrying the thread of his own vivid human interest through it all, so that the precious little Tekke rug on the library table, fine as a shawl, and glowing in its minute patterns with the richest colorings, was no more lovely a fabric.

As Peter rose to go, at last, his eye was caught by a black jar standing on the floor, almost hidden by a table.

"Hallo!" he said: "what's that? Have you got a piece of black hawthorn of your own?"

Danvers set it on the table.

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"That," he said, regarding it sternly, as a monk might gaze upon fleshly lusts successfully resisted, "is a very sinful piece of porcelain. It's mine, but I'm not going to keep it. It's going back to the place where I got it."

Peter approached the jar wondering if a wicked spirit would issue from it in smoke, as once happened in Arabia. It was of the shape called a "ginger jar," about eight inches in largest diameter, and it stood ten or twelve inches high, with its flat cover. The porcelain showed a ground of deep, lustrous "mirror black," thickly overlaid with a pattern of pink and white hawthorn blossoms, with soft yellows in the flower centres, and a brilliant offsetting of little green stems and twigs. A peculiarity in the decoration at one place attracted his attention; two green twigs crossed each other in such a way as to look like the Arabic numerals 42, though the resemblance was rather fanciful. The same peculiarity was to be seen in one spot on the cover, and only twice upon the whole piece. Danvers had already noted the point. "Oh, there's not much about this jar I don't know," he said grimly.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" asked Peter at last. "*I* think it's beautiful."

"So it is," returned Danvers; "but it's a cheat. It was a magnificent jar once; but it has been smashed to pieces; it has no value, though it looks so fine."

"It's wonderfully mended!" commented Peter, as he examined the jar closely. "I can't see any signs of a single break."

"Ah, that's the trouble," he sighed. "Let me tell you—that piece has a bit of a history. I bought it from a man I know very well—Joe Whitman, the architect."

"Why, I was in college with him," said Peter. "He's all right."

"Of course," said Danvers. "But when I saw it in his office it didn't look like this. It had been mended less skilfully, and it showed some of the joints. He didn't ask much for it, and I bought it because I liked the colors. But when I got it home, I couldn't keep my hands off it—felt like a child that wants to see the inside of his drum. I couldn't rest till I had pulled it apart to see how badly it was broken. Well—it was in about twenty pieces, and after I had soaked 'em all apart, I felt satisfied. Then I gave it to Lefroy to put together again. Ever see any of his work before?"

"No," replied Peter. "He's the crack china-mender in all New York, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes," returned Danvers. "He used to be with Delatour, in Paris—fellow who makes the reproductions for all the museums, you know. Lefroy's far and away the most skilful man in town. And when he brought that jar back to me, I assure you, Wyckoff, I was amazed—well, you can see it for yourself. It hasn't a suggestion of being broken. There was a slight chip on the cover—he had filled that up with a black glaze that matched the body color so exactly it was uncanny. And he covered the bottom of the jar, where three pieces were patched together, with a smooth coat of bluish-white glaze that hardened perfectly; he must have fired it, somehow. I don't begin to know the tricks of his trade. Oh, it's a splendid job, and if I didn't happen to know, I shouldn't suspect it wasn't sound. See—no dulness of color at the mended spots, no difference to the touch, no flatness in the ring"—Danvers struck it with his knuckles—"literally, no flaw!"

"So good you're afraid of it, eh?" laughed Peter.

"Actually," assented Danvers. "It has begun to haunt me. It's such an infernally good cheat. It has deceived some of my friends, and I began to be tempted to accept it and think of it at its face value. Now it's getting on my nerves, worse every day, and I'm going to send it back to Whitman. He said he'd take it back if I found I didn't want it. I only gave him twenty dollars for it, to begin with, but it cost twenty more to mend; still, I wouldn't have it around for a hundred."

Peter nodded. "I see what you mean," he said. "It *is* a sinful thing—just as you particularly hate to see a bad woman made up to look like a good one. And very likely to fool somebody, too!"

Peter's work at the office kept him unusually close for several weeks thereafter, and May was warm in the streets before he saw Danvers again, at an exhibition of pictures to be sold at auction, following the collapse of their owner on the Stock Exchange. Neither of them found the exhibition interesting, and they turned to the door together. Suddenly Danvers broke out:

"Oh, do you remember our talking, a while ago, about some of those hypnotic curio dealers? Well, how'd you like to go

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and see one of 'em now, with me? He's got a very interesting lot of things, and you might enjoy looking through them. And the old man—Benjamin Hayward's his name—he's a study, all by himself. Occasionally the museum buys something from him, and he pesters me a good deal with invitations to come and see his wonders. He's got hold of a lot of old Italian altar lace now, and wants me to look at it before he shows it to the general public, he says. So if you like, we'll go there."

They walked up the Avenue together, between the rows of shop-windows that smirked from out the faded pride of old houses which once were dignified, past the brawling rapids of Forty-second Street, and up through the strong, swift channel where the eager, darting fishes, big and little together, swim upstream once a day to the cool hollows of the park, to feed for an hour a blind instinct stronger even than their appetite for money.

"It's just around here that we have to go," said Danvers, as they wheeled into one of the cross-streets above the cathedral, and he piloted Peter up the steps of a brownstone house exactly like all the others in the block.

The door was opened by such a man as Mr. Dombey's relative, Mrs. Skewton, would have called "a Native," dressed in ordinary dark-colored clothing except for a big turban. In the drawing-room they were met by an elderly man with soft blue eyes and as bland a countenance as Peter had ever seen. Crisp white hair framed a face of mild benevolence. He seemed to diffuse it, as when a friendly physician comes smiling to a patient.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Hayward," said Danvers. "I have brought my friend, Mr. Wyckoff, to see some of your treasures."

Mr. Hayward's old-fashioned bow matched his loose gray clothes and unaffected manner. "Glad to see you, sir," he said. "Like to look around?"

They walked slowly down the fine old drawing-room, with its high ceiling, which ran the full depth of the house. Heavy rugs covered the floor; not too much light came from the draped windows. The air in the room was a trifle cool, and curiously fragrant. They passed a huge cinnabar screen, full of elaborate detail, and another of carved teak in which were set at regular intervals some twenty large tablets in old blue-and-white porcelain; there were great carved pieces of jade and rock-crystal, dark bronzes half hidden in gilded shrines, heavy old bowls of Sung *cloisonné*, ivory carvings cased in tarnished silver frames with backgrounds of wonderful embroidery in the most brilliant blue, like a lining of cut sapphires in a casket. And everywhere was a strange, faint scent which made Peter think of sandalwood and opium and fire-crackers, all at once—a blending of indefinable odors, a whiff of which sometimes comes to one passing an old doorway in Gloucester or Newburyport, if the "best room" in the dead sea-captain's house chance to be open.

Two fireplaces were set at one side of the long room, and over one hung an old Italian painting, over the other a picture from Barbizon; an enormous mirror of Venetian colored glass stood like an arched doorway midway in the wall. Mr. Hayward paused beside it, and lifted the carved top of an ancient Dutch chest in blackened oak. In both arms he brought out a big triangular piece of heavy linen splintered into wonderful designs of lacework.

"This is the best piece," he said to Danvers. "Fifteen foot on the long edge. The priest I got it from—up on the big hill at Ravello, 'twas—had to give the old man who owned it a free ticket straight to heaven before he'd sell it. It had been in the old man's family chapel for three hundred years. It's all fine, but this 'un is somethin' extry. I never saw such a piece before. And I heard the old man had lots o' sins to forgive, but this was wuth 'em all," added Mr. Hayward reverently.

Now there was a blind spot in Peter's æsthetic sense; he had never learned to comprehend the beauty of old lace. As Danvers and the dealer laid their heads together over the great, three-cornered altar-piece, Peter sauntered down the room, glancing at cabinets holding feathery pieces of Bombay silver filigree-work, a mummy-case, a pile of glittering old Persian tiles, a Chinese cabinet in old black lacquer, its slender framework covered with faded gilt figures. Across the end of the long room, on a raised platform, stood a Florentine dower chest seven or eight feet long, with painted panels, and over its top was folded a pall of dark crimson velvet, such as is still used at funerals of the nobility beside the

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Arno. And in the centre, upon a finely carved teak stand fully six inches high, stood a black hawthorn covered jar.

He stood stock still. It was like meeting a person suddenly whom he preferred not to recognize. The whimsical fancy took him to make the best of a bad situation. He would speak to the jar. "How are you!" he said, nodding cheerfully.

Danvers and the dealer, hearing him speak, walked toward him. "What did you say, Wyckoff?" asked his friend.

Peter pointed to the jar. "I thought I recognized an old acquaintance," he replied, "but I may be mistaken."

Danvers stared up at the black hawthorn. After a moment's scrutiny he turned with a twinkling eye to the old man standing placidly at his side. "Where'd you get that, Mr. Hayward?" he asked. "Looks like a fine piece."

The dealer hesitated a fraction of a second and looked curiously at both his visitors. "I don't know much about that piece, Mr. Danvers," he admitted. "But it's a good color, ain't it?"

"Let's have it down," said Danvers brusquely.

The old man climbed upon a stool and lifted the jar from its elaborate stand.

"I wasn't thinkin' o' showin' you this, Mr. Danvers," he said with sweet frankness. "Guess you've got all the Chinese porcelain you need, already. But I liked the decoration o' that piece, and thought it was cheap, so I bought it."

Danvers and Peter were examining the jar. There was no mistake about it. There on the side, among all the lustrous beauty of the pale pink leaves against the black porcelain, two little green twigs crossed each other in a peculiar way. There were the fanciful figures, 42, and in only one place. They looked at the cover. There was the same twisting of green stems. It was Joe Whitman's jar.

Danvers looked sharply at the old dealer, but his face radiated only benevolence and humble pride.

"Look here, Mr. Hayward," he said, "do you know that jar has been broken and mended?"

"That's what the man said that sold it to me," replied Mr. Hayward; "and I don't s'pose he'd ha' said so if it wasn't. But it's a mighty good job o' mendin'. I think it would ha' fooled me. And"—in what a tone of childlike simplicity came the words!—"how do you happen to know, Mr. Danvers?"

"Because I soaked it apart myself and then had it put together again," he replied. He told the story in a few words to the dealer and added: "It's altogether *too* good a job of mending. But Mr. Whitman told you it was imperfect, of course."

"Oh, yes," returned the dealer gently. "But I liked the colors, so I took it just's it was. But I guess I'll put it down here where it won't show quite so much," he added, as he found a place for it on a table in a corner. "You'll think about that lace, Mr. Danvers?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I'm not likely to forget such a piece as that big one. I'll bear it in mind, but ten thousand dollars is a lot of money. The old Italian must have been a very wicked man."

Mr. Hayward looked more like a country bank president than ever as he walked back through the long room with them. "Come in just when you feel like it, Mr. Wyckoff," he said. "I sh'll always be glad to see a friend o' Mr. Danvers."

The Native opened the door for them, and as they walked to the corner of the Avenue, Danvers hummed a little song to himself. "Wonderful piece of lace—wonderful!" he said; "worth anything he might choose to ask, perhaps. But the man is such a slick customer that I'm always on my guard, instinctively. Hasn't he got a melodramatic shop, Wyckoff? The 'atmosphere' is so thick it gets in your eyes. I'm afraid some Western patron of the arts will pay him ten times twenty dollars for that jar. But it's not on *my* conscience, anyhow."

The summer which followed was of the sort known as "dry" in the newspaper offices. Politics was dull; no highly gifted criminals performed startling misdeeds; even Nature forebore to stimulate commercial ingenuity by shortening the crops; the stock market became as commonplace as the weather reports. General prosperity ravaged the country, and so, for lack of more active occupation, Satan took up his knitting-work of inspiring the professional reformers. Investigations of sundry commercial enterprises were launched by individuals interested in other enterprises, or in none at all; questionable practices were alleged against mayors and boards of alder-

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men; the outsiders everywhere rallied to the assault upon the insiders; labor unions became restless without grievances, and straightway invented them; and thus it came about by the autumn, without any very evident cause, that every industry carried a chip on its shoulder and looked for a fight. Naturally and inevitably, fights grew out of the empty air. Railroad was divided against railroad, and steel mill against coal mine; directors began to watch their presidents, and stockholders cried aloud for they knew not what; so great a matter can be kindled by the little fire of the professional reformer, fanned by sundry ingenious, greedy, and conscienceless newspapers upon whose appetites a daily diet of wholesome decency has long since palled.

The newspaper which Peter Wyckoff served was not one of the mischief-makers, but news is news, and even in the office of the *Elector* it was the staff of its life. The quarrel between two of the coal railroads had grown very bitter, and now the situation was acute. Much depended upon a directors' meeting to be held in Pittsburg, but there came to the managing editor—he actually did not know whence, out of the air, as secrets of finance and diplomacy always seem to come—a hint that even more depended on the result of a conference between three men in an office at 00 Broadway. The managing editor sent the railroad reporter to the office, but that astute specialist was turned away empty. Casting about for a different avenue of approach, the managing editor called Peter.

"Mr. Wyckoff," he said, "you know Hiram W. Bowman, do you not?"

"I've seen him several times," said Peter. "I got the other side's story from him in the Open Hearth Merger business, and once I went to see him about some detail of the coal strike. Another time he sent for me to tell me a piece of news about a row in the art museum in Pittsburg. Besides, I have happened to meet him occasionally in the bric-a-brac shops. I suppose he may remember my name."

"All right," said the managing editor. "Now, it comes pretty straight to us that the Northern Delta Coal and Iron Company is about to be gobbled up by the Transappalachian—that's Bowman's concern—he's chairman of the finance committee of the board. The formal vote won't come for a week yet, but the plan is to deliver the goods at Bowman's office day after to-morrow." Then followed a mass of details. "Now, all this is the working plans of both sides, but *we* want to know if Bowman has got his proxies. He's refused all information to everybody, so I don't think you'll make much headway, but it's worth a hard try. If you can get it, we shall beat everybody in town, for one thing. . . If he's dead sure, possibly he might tell you, for I think he likes to be a little spectacular. Well—see him to-day."

Peter's name seemed to be good for something in the inner office at 00 Broadway, for it gained him admission to the private room of the man he wanted to see. Mr. Bowman greeted him cordially, and listened to his questions. Then he laughed at him.

"My dear Mr. Wyckoff," he said, "you know how glad I should be to oblige you, but I couldn't give you the information you ask if you were my own brother."

Peter remembered having heard that Bowman's brother was his deadliest enemy, in business, so he refrained from any expression of surprise.

Mr. Bowman allowed his refusal to be driven home by an interval of silence. Then he cocked his head over on one side and bestowed a smile of such complacency on Peter as he usually reserved for directors' meetings, when he advised the board of some new masterstroke of his policy.

"Can't possibly say anything else just now," he said; "but I *have* got a piece of news for you which is—a—I may say—not without interest to the public. If you'll come up to my house this evening at nine o'clock, you shall have it. Good-day to you," and in two minutes Peter was walking up Broadway chopfallen and puzzled. "Well, I won't go to the office until after I've seen him to-night," he reflected. "What a self-satisfied ass he is! But if he will only tell me something, it will be more than anybody else has got out of him."

At nine o'clock Mr. Bowman's butler admitted Peter to a house which seemed to him almost as magnificent as the office of a life insurance company. In the library, behind a broad mahogany table upon which business from his office often overflowed, Mr. Bowman sat in his evening black, two or three typewritten pages in his hand.

"I'm all ready for you," he said with

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enormous self-contentment. "I have prepared a little article which I think you may wish to print just as it stands. I don't go into very great detail, but merely give enough to lead up to my present action."

Peter bowed. Whatever his preconceived ideas of Mr. Bowman's powers of composition, there could be nothing gained by interrupting his talk.

"You may possibly not be informed, Mr. Wyckoff," went on Mr. Bowman, condescending from the hidden heights of his knowledge, "that several months ago the Metropolitan Museum received by gift of Mr. Sunderland—the lawyer who has such a wonderful collection of Chinese porcelain, you know"—Mr. Bowman's indulgence to Peter in outer darkness was most gentle—"the museum received from him a magnificent vase, valued at $7,000. It was of the black hawthorn variety, which is, at present, I may say, the rarest and most sought for decoration."

Mr. Bowman scarcely stopped for breath and Peter's wonder grew. What had black hawthorn to do with the election in Transappalachian?

"That incident, Mr. Wyckoff, gave me just the hint I needed. Ever since I've been collecting old porcelain, do you know, I've felt the lack of something special—something really worth while, don't you see, to keep before my mind as an objective point. I do that in my business, and I find it gives me a keener interest, I may say, in the work as I go along. So, with this suggestion from the Sunderland vase, I kept my eye out for a fine piece of black hawthorn, and at last I found it."

Archimedes himself could have spoken the words with no profounder feeling. The typewritten pages in his hands trembled slightly; that brain which shaped the destiny of Transappalachian flashed its fire through the usually cool gray eye. He waited for the full gravity of his announcement to impress his listener, and Peter felt his wonder chilling down into foreboding. He proceeded:

"I found this remarkable piece of porcelain in the house of a man who has, for years, been a collector of the rarest and most valuable art treasures. Of late, he has been disposing of his collection in a nice sort of way, you understand—doesn't keep an ordinary shop, at all, but sends out invitations to—a—to people of means who really know something about art, and can appreciate, I may say, objects of the very best class. I feel myself very fortunate to have been able to acquire it, and I propose to signalize my achievement, if I may say so, by presenting it to the Metropolitan Museum. I shall feel quite repaid for all my expenditure of time and money in the thought that the Sunderland vase will be—I would not say matched, but at least attended by, the Bowman jar."

With this modest peroration, Mr. Bowman turned a switch in the wall, and illuminated the end of the room, until now in shadow, where stood a large cabinet containing his treasures of porcelain—literally, pieces of great price. And on a table in front of the cabinet, in isolated grandeur, Peter beheld a black hawthorn jar.

He stood silent in the disappointment of the newspaper man balked of his "story." It was perfectly clear that Bowman had asked him to come that evening not to give him any news about Transappalachian, but simply to procure an advertisement for his own pet vanity. But through the wave of angry disgust which swept over him Peter's mind saw a vivid streak of light. He still had a chance to get his news.

Mr. Bowman had lifted the jar reverently and set it upon the table between them, and in that instant Peter's eye had caught the fanciful figures, 42, in the twisted green stems of the decoration. What Bowman had said about the place his jar had come from tallied perfectly with Peter's memory of Hayward's house, though Hayward's name had not been mentioned. It flashed upon him that he held the highest card, and the game was in his own hands.

Bowman held out the typewritten sheets. "I have made a few remarks about my collection, as introduction to the presentation of this piece to the museum," he said complacently; "I think you will find you need not change a word."

Peter's plan grew distinct in his mind as he accepted the sheets with a bow. Then he laid them on the table and looked squarely into Bowman's cool eyes.

"Mr. Bowman," he said, "you have known me some time, and I believe you have found me square and fairly intelligent. Is this so?"

Mr. Bowman stared. "Why, certainly, Mr. Wyckoff. But what do you mean?"

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Peter returned a question. "Will you let me make a brief statement to you, and give me a chance to prove it, without being offended? I will make it concise as I can."

Mr. Bowman continued to stare. Then he leaned back and smiled indulgently. "Go on, Mr. Wyckoff," he said. "I'll agree to hear you out."

"All right," rejoined Peter. "Now, to begin with, I'm going to give you a token that I know something which you do not. You bought that jar from an old man named Benjamin Hayward——"

Bowman sat up. Peter held out his hand, and went on:

"And I know you have been cheated. If I prove this to you, and save you from a still further mortifying mistake, will you tell me whether you have got your proxies in the Transappalachian matter?"

Bowman flew into a rage of wounded vanity, but Peter held him to the point. "If I prove what I say, will you give me my news?"

"But you can't prove it!" cried Bowman, pale with anger. "Do you suppose I am a fool? Don't you think I know something about porcelain? Do you suppose Hayward would dare to play tricks on me? Besides—I don't know what you're talking about. What's the matter with the jar?"

"Mr. Bowman," said Peter. "You promised to keep your temper. *I* know exactly what I'm talking about, and so does Mr. Otis Danvers. He will tell you the same story about that jar that I can tell, if you'll let me. Or would you rather hear it from him?"

"Oh, Danvers be d——d!" screamed the connoisseur; "I don't want to hear his name. What does *he* know about old porcelains? Why, don't you remember, Wyckoff, I met you and him in that Chinese shop last spring, and he wanted to buy a trumpery little teapot for five dollars? A man who will look twice at such stuff—what sort of judgment has *he* got? Don't say Danvers to me, I beg."

"Well, I shall be glad to place my information at your service, Mr. Bowman, and prove its accuracy, if you wish me to do so, and will, in return, tell me what I want to know. Of course," added Peter, "I assume that you can tell me about your proxies, if you choose, without risking the success of your business enterprise."

Bowman's sandy eyebrows were puckered into a knot. It was perfectly true, he reflected, that his only reason for refusing Peter the information he sought was his unwillingness to tell any business secret whatever in advance. The alternative rose before him: to offer the jar to the museum, where Danvers—Danvers!—was a trustee! And Wyckoff said Danvers knew the story, whatever it was!

"Very well, Mr. Wyckoff," he said, at last. "You're in the position of advantage. I accept your proposition. If you can tell me such a story as you indicate, and prove it, I'll tell you what you want to know."

Peter tingled with delight. He would not have to "fall down on his story," after all. "It's a bargain," he agreed, and as quickly as he could speak he detailed the whole story—Danvers's experience with the jar, its consummate mending by Lefroy, their discovery of it, together, at Hayward's house, and the full acknowledgment by Hayward of its imperfection, induced by his desire to stand well in the eyes of a trustee of the museum, with whom he hoped to do business. He pointed out the twisted green stems in the decoration, to make the identification complete.

"But look at it!" snapped Bowman. "It's perfect! How do I know that Danvers wasn't lying? And you—what—why——"

The chairman of Transappalachian's finance committee had never been so moved by any business situation in the history of the board room. He turned upon Peter as the nearest scapegoat for his wrath.

Peter stood up. "If there's any doubt in your mind," he said, "you can settle it in five minutes by putting that jar into a tub of hot water. Test it for yourself."

Bowman groaned. "But if it *should* come to pieces—why, I paid that old devil fifteen hundred dollars for that jar!"

It was Peter's turn to stare. "Lord, what a thief!" he said under his breath. "And he paid Joe Whitman twenty for it!"

But Bowman's raging fit had passed again, and now he was sitting quietly, his gray eyes quite blank of expression. His associates had learned to know that this vacant look indicated pretty lively thinking. He pulled himself together, and sat up straight.

"Mr. Wyckoff," he said very gently, "thanks to you, I think I can take charge of this matter now. But I must ask you to

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give me about half an hour longer." He turned to the telephone which stood on his desk and called for a number. Then, in tones dripping with butter and honey:

"This Mr. Hayward's house—this you, Mr. Hayward? This is Mr. Bowman—yes. Would you mind doing me the favor to come up to my house—yes, now—it's not very late. I want to consult you to-night, if you would be so good. You'll come? Thank you, I shall appreciate it very much."

He hung up the receiver. "Mr. Hayward only has a few blocks to walk, and when he comes, I shall prefer to talk to him myself. Would you mind—a—sitting in the next room for a few minutes?" Bowman's tone was as quiet as his manner. Peter assented, with perfect gravity.

In less than ten minutes they heard the door bell. Peter stepped into the adjoining room, and not until he was well out of Bowman's sight did he permit himself an appreciative smile.

Mr. Hayward's old-fashioned figure entered the library, and Mr. Bowman greeted him softly.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Hayward," he said. "I have asked you to come here to-night to consult your judgment as to what I had better do with this hawthorn jar."

He waved his hand toward the sinful object. Mr. Hayward held his peace, his mild blue eyes very alert.

"You will remember that I bought this jar from you for fifteen hundred dollars some time ago. I did not tell you, at that time, that my purpose was to present it to the Metropolitan Museum, but such was my intention. I believe I may call myself a good judge of porcelain, Mr. Hayward?"

"None better, I sh'd say," returned the old man, blinking blandly.

"Well, on making a very careful examination of the jar, I have become dissatisfied with it. I have discovered, Mr. Hayward"—Bowman's tone was righteously severe—"that it is not a perfect piece. It has been broken and mended, though so skilfully that I know scarcely anybody in this country, except perhaps Lefroy, who could have made so fine a restoration. But—I am dissatisfied; I will not say more. I have sent for you to decide my perplexity for me."

The dealer sat in dead silence, waiting for him to go on. His eyes never left Bowman's face.

"There are three courses open to me," proceeded Bowman. "I can sue you for fraud, and prove my case with a tub of hot water. This, I prefer not to do. Two other courses remain. I can carry out my original design, and offer it to the Museum. Of course, I should take pleasure in saying where I got the jar, and how highly you appreciated it. Or—since it is my property, I can offer it for sale, plainly stating its imperfection. Which course do you advise?"

The old man sat very still. Turning the situation over in his mind, he saw himself and his reputation wholly at Bowman's mercy. He decided quickly.

"Oh, if you're dissatisfied, Mr. Bowman," he said, mildly, "that's all there is to it. I'll take the jar back, of course."

"I don't quite understand you," returned the other, crisply. "I bought it of you, and paid for it. That transaction is closed. I now offer it for sale, in its broken condition. The price is two thousand dollars. Do you wish to buy it?"

Mr. Hayward shot one look against Bowman's eye. It glanced off. He hitched his chair closer to the table, wrote a check, and handed it over without a word.

"Will you take it with you, Mr. Hayward, or shall I send it down?" asked Bowman.

"I'll take it along right now, I guess," said Mr. Hayward, in as quaint an idiom as any rural squire. "Good-night, Mr. Bowman."

"Good-night, Mr. Hayward."

As the butler closed the door upon the departed one: "Come in here, Wyckoff!" sang out Bowman. He sat rubbing his hands, radiating self-complacency. "Now, having sold my hawthorn jar for five hundred dollars more than I paid for it, suppose we take up that Transappalachian matter," he said.

The two men smiled at each other—each from his own point of view.

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THE FALL OF THE OAK

By William Hervey Woods

With front majestic o'er his fellows lifted,
Three hundred years he watched the dawn come in,
Turn its long lances on the night-mists drifted,
And slope by slope the world to daylight win.

The gaunt gray figure at his vitals striking
Seems but an infant to the ancient tree
Whose youth looked down on grandsons of the Viking
And rough newcomers from an unknown sea.

He saw Winonah's wigwams careless cluster
Where now the corn-shocks camp in ordered files,
And heard low thunders of the bisons' muster
Where clouds of sheep now fleck the fertile miles.

Much, much has passed him down the ages ranging,
Old names of men, old towns and states and wars—
The fields, the ways, the very earth went changing—
He only stood—he and the steadfast stars.

And now, alas! low, low behind him wheeling
Sinks the red sun he shall not see go down,
And his own crest, in strangest ruin reeling,
Droops not the slowlier for its long renown.

The woods look on in silent grief attending,
The winds no mourning make around his stem—
Too weak their wailing for a giant's ending—
The oak's own downfall is his requiem,

And now begins; his great heart-strings are breaking;
His branches tremble; now his mighty head
He stoops, and then, the hillside round him shaking,
With whirlwind roar falls crashing prone and dead.

And watched afar by many a frowning column
The woodman homeward moves while shadows run,
And leaves behind him in the twilight solemn
Three hundred years of life and work undone.

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THE ALMANACH DE GOTHA

By Francis Gribble

THE *Almanach de Gotha* is more than an Almanac. It is an institution. Bravely arrayed in red and gold, it lies on the table of every diplomatist, is in constant request in the newspaper offices of all countries, and makes a wider and more international appeal than any other annual of reference in the world. It is to Europe what Burke and Debrett and the other Peerages are to the British Isles, and it is also the lineal ancestor and model of such topical encyclopædias as our "Whittaker," our "Hazell," and our "Stateman's Year-book." A political and social history of the world for the last one hundred and fifty years could be written from its back numbers if these were readily accessible to students. But they are not. The *Almanach de Gotha* began to appear in 1763, but the purchasers did not file it for reference. The earliest numbers in the British Museum are those for 1774 and 1783; and a complete set can be consulted nowhere except in the editorial office in Friederich's Allee in the little Thuringian capital, whence the 141st issue was lately published. Probably not one in ten thousand of those who currently use the Almanac has any knowledge of its interesting history.

It had, of course, its predecessors. The bibliographies of Almanacs are ponderous tomes, and the middle of the eighteenth century was the golden age of this kind of literature. In Paris alone, as many as seventy-three Almanacs were published in the year 1760, including a Royal Almanac, an Almanac for Merchants, an Almanac for Freemasons, an Almanac of Beasts, an Almanac of Badinage, etc., etc., etc. The city of Gotha itself had its own Almanac from a still earlier date, in the shape of an "Improved Gotha Genealogical and Writing Calendar," the origin of which is lost in the mist of antiquity, though a copy dated 1740 survives. In 1763, however, the new and more ambitious enterprise was inaugurated; the close of the Seven Years' War seeming to give the opening for it. It was decided that French was the proper language for the work—or, at all events, that a French as well as a German edition ought to be issued—not only because French was the language of diplomacy, but also because Voltaire's recent visit to Gotha had made France and the French popular at that court. So, in 1763, there appeared the "Gotha Genealogical and Writers' Calendar," priced at three shillings of our currency—the annual which has never since ceased to appear, but has grown into the *Almanach de Gotha*, as we now know it—under the joint auspices of Wilhelm von Rotberg, Grand Master of the Court and President of the Cabinet, and Emmanuel Christopher Klupfel, who had been tutor to the Crown Prince of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg during his stay in Paris from 1747 to 1750. The title *Almanach de Gotha, contenant diverses connoissances curieuses et utiles* was first assumed in 1764.

Nowadays the *Almanach de Gotha* has more than twelve hundred pages. Then it had only about one hundred, and their contents, printed in rude Gothic type, were *jejune*. The distinctive feature is the "Genealogical List of Existing High Persons in Europe," setting forth the names and birthdays of reigning princes and their nearest relatives, and mirroring in the most interesting manner the feudal *régime* of the days when Voltaire, in the *Siècle de Louis XIV*, admired the "German phlegm" which enabled a system including "sixty free cities, about as many secular sovereigns, nearly forty princes of the Church, either abbots or bishops" to work harmoniously under the supreme direction of the Emperor. But there are other features also: lists of saints' days, changes of the moon, and weather forecasts; a bewilderingly long table of foreign moneys (for the most insignificant rulers clung to their cherished right of coinage); a Postal Guide for Gotha, showing the days of arrival and departure of "riders"; interest and multiplication tables; and blank leaves on which

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gamblers were invited to record their gains and losses at the card-table. Such were the humble beginnings of the great diplomatic annual.

By slow degrees the Almanac developed. On the one hand the meagre details of princely families were expanded into elaborate genealogies, mostly supplied by the princes themselves. On the other hand, the miscellaneous contents of the Almanac received multifarious additions on what may perhaps be described, in journalistic jargon, as "magazine page" lines. Short popular articles were admitted on all imaginable topics: on "The Aurora Borealis," on "The Influence of Music on Animals," on "Cock Fights," on "Antediluvian Monsters," on "The Beverages of Different Countries," on "Trotting Races in Holland," on "The Police of the Harem among the Turks." There was also, in 1799, a prescription for a remedy for sea-sickness; and lists of prices of various commodities of the most diverse character were included from time to time. "Smoked meats," "exotic birds," playing-cards, precious stones, beds (single and double), suites of furniture, crockery, and sweetmeats are among the articles thus enumerated, with the result that some of the back numbers of the Almanac suggest an excerpt from the catalogue of some eighteenth century Army and Navy Stores.

At first the Almanac had no illustrations. These were introduced, however, in 1768, and since that date there have been copper-plate engravings in every issue. The earlier subjects were exclusively mythological and allegorical. Presently, however, fashion plates began to appear—towering coiffures and flowing "Directoire" draperies—and then we are given sets of illustrations to popular plays and romances. In 1786 there were drawings illustrating Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro"—the pregnant satire which helped to prepare the way for the impending Revolution. In other years there were illustrations of scenes in Wieland's "Oberon," in "Gil Blas," in "Caroline de Lichtfelt," and in "Kenilworth." Then we come to views of palaces and portraits of celebrities mentioned in the annual. Since 1832 all the illustrations have been portraits; the first portrait—that of Francis II, Emperor of Germany—appearing in 1793, in the midst of the revolutionary turmoil.

The attitude of the editor of the Almanac toward the French Revolution was like that of the powers of Europe toward the present King Peter of Servia. He simply did not recognize it. For him Louis XVI continues to be King of France after his deposition, and his unfortunate son, Louis XVII, is represented as sitting on the throne at a time when he was really imprisoned in the Temple; while he even inclined to the same ostrich-like policy in 1848. Napoleon, however, who remodelled the map of Europe, and refashioned the German Empire, deposing Austria from its leadership, could not be similarly ignored, and mere recognition was not enough to satisfy that Man of Destiny. In 1808 his iron hand made itself felt in the editorial chair, his grievances being twofold. In the first place, as he himself was only an "ancestor," he refused to allow the enumeration of other princes' pedigrees. In the second place, he insisted that the list of royal houses should begin with Napoleon, and not, as the established alphabetical order required, with Anhalt. He called in the 1808 edition, therefore, and had another edition, prepared in Paris, substituted for it. Consequently, for that year, there are two editions for the collectors, one of them being very rare indeed.

Napoleon's orders were observed as long as his star was in the ascendant. The section dealing with ruling families was then headed "Births and Marriages of Princes and Princesses," and a rigid censorship was exercised over the Almanac until 1814, when the oppressor fell. He had no time to revive that censorship during the "hundred days," and the genealogical section resumed its ancient title after the resettlement of Europe on a reactionary basis by the Congress of Vienna; while the serial itself speedily assumed its existing form. The germs of the statistical section had appeared long before, estimates of the area, population, etc., of the powers of Europe being sandwiched between a "History of Snuffers" and a bird's-eye view of French fashions. The first list of ambassadors had been given as early as 1802. In 1824 the ultra-Conservative direction at last took cognizance of the United States; and it now takes cognizance of every government in the world, from the British Empire to the Republic of Hayti. The minute vol-

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The editor in his sanctum.

ume of 1763 had grown to 1,079 duodecimo pages in 1884; while the edition for 1905 contains more than 1,200 pages in small octavo. . . . There are nowadays two editions—one in German, and the other in a language which the hypercritical Larousse says is not exactly French, though it is a painstaking imitation of that polished tongue, not easily to be distinguished from it by an English reader.

A glance at the contents of the Almanac reveals many anomalies and strange survivals. It embraces two distinct and, indeed, divergent sections, which must ultimately be issued as separate volumes. The first section is purely genealogical, and affords convincing proof of the persistence of that caste feeling which was imported into Europe by our Indo-German ancestors. It is divided into three subsections, of which the first sets forth all the members of the sovereign houses of Europe, together with those which have lost thrones since 1815. Some of these are clans, rather than families, for every scion transmits his rank, and the streams of royal and non-royal blood are presumed to run in different channels. In this way the ramifications of the house of Hapsburg fill eight pages of the Almanac, and those of the Bourbon family are still more complicated. There are three distinct branches of the house, requiring eleven pages for the enumeration of their members. On the other hand, the imperial Bonapartes are represented by two bachelors, the younger of whom is nearly forty; the representatives of the elder branch of the family—the descendants of Lucien Bonaparte, who refused to accept a kingdom from his brother—are relegated to the less dignified pages of the work. In the royal section we find mention, side by side, of the King of England, who rules over one-fifth of the surface of the globe and more than a quarter of its population, of the Prince of Monaco, who rules over 15,180 subjects and less than a square mile of territory, and of the Prince of Liechtenstein, whose dominions extend over ninety-three square miles, but whose subjects only number 9,477.

Part II of the Almanac is devoted to fifty-six "mediatized families." These houses, by the Treaty of Pressburg, lost their "immediate" jurisdiction, but have retained their estates, and were given equal-

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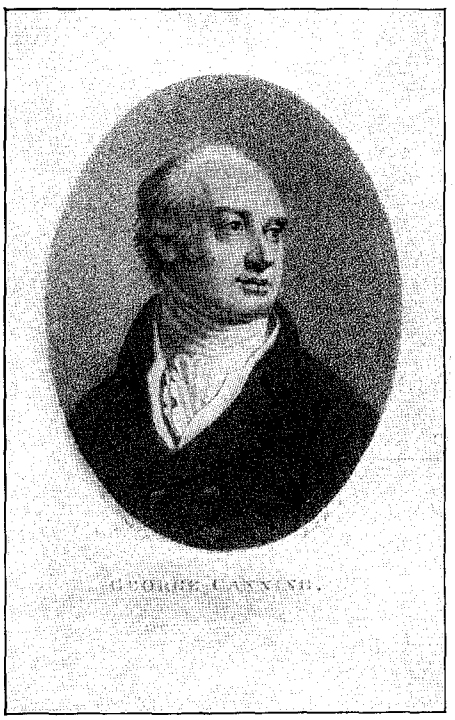
ity of birth with reigning houses by resolutions of the German Diet in 1825 and 1829. Those of them who were princes of the Holy Roman Empire are now Serene Highnesses (Durchlaught), while the representatives of counts of the empire are dignified as Most Illustrious (Erlaucht). In theory therefore, the heir to the throne of Great Britain may, without derogation, marry the descendant of a mediæval Rothschild or a Vienna court favorite; whereas the humblest scion of the lowliest mediatized stock cannot intermarry with the oldest British nobility without what, in the Fatherland, is regarded as a *mésalliance*. Such unions, in fact, can only be contracted "morganatically," and the children of them cannot inherit either the titles or the real estates of their ancestors. Seeing how insignificant these German princelets are, it is amazing that daughters of the English aristocracy—or of free and independent American citizens either, for that matter—should condescend to become their "left-handed" wives; but one has only to turn over the pages of the Almanac to see how frequently it happens.



An illustration from the Almanac in 1824.

The third section is devoted to the non-royal aristocracy of princely or ducal rank, counts and barons being enumerated in separate but similar handbooks issued (in the German language only) from the same press. Inclusion in this section is not, however, as in the other cases, automatically obtained. The editor makes no advances, but waits for claimants to apply—a thing which many families of indubitable nobility have never troubled to do. Their proper course is, however, if they desire admission, to write to Herr Hofrat Wendelmath, who has ably filled the editorial chair for the last eight years, enclosing their letters patent, an historical account of their family, a description of its arms, and a drawing heraldically colored, and a list of all surviving members. This done, Herr Hofrat Wendelmath will sit in solemn and impartial judgment on their claims. Endeavors, of course, have been made from time to time by parvenus to purchase his favorable verdict by financial considerations; but it is only necessary to look through the Almanac to see that these attempts have failed. Even Peter Karageorgevitch and his house were kept out of the Almanac until the murder, or, as the Almanac puts it, the "extinction of the dynasty" of his predecessor on the Servian throne. The editor, in fact, is more royalist than the kings, and more exclusive than the most blue-blooded of the aristocrats. It is probably a great pain to him to look through the pages of his own annual, and note the evidence which it supplies of the ubiquity of the American heiress. She has enriched the noblest blood of Europe, but there are certain rights which she has yet to conquer, as a characteristic story shows.

One of these brand-new princesses from across the Atlantic once asked her husband whether their daughters might not be received into a "noble chapter" which exists for virgins of uncertain age and more than sixteen quarterings. "Alas!" sighed his Serene Highness, "you have shut the doors of all the noble chapters in our faces." "Yes," was the lady's spirited reply, "and I've shut the workhouse door, too."

We next come to the "Diplomatic and

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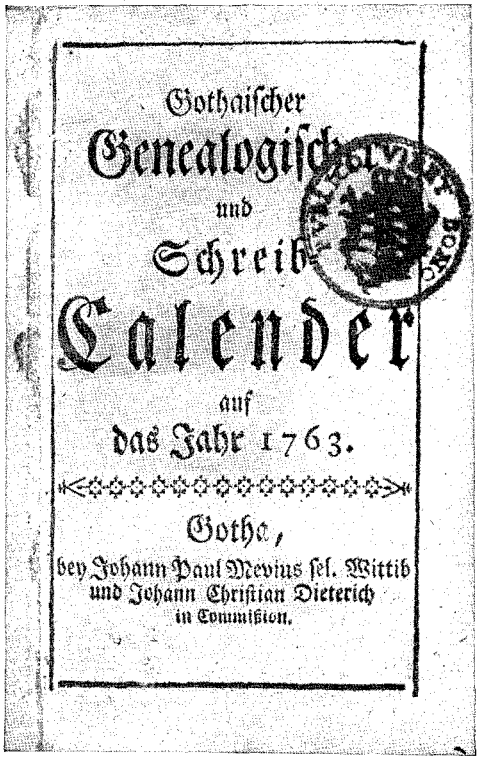
Illustrations from the Almanac in 1824.

Statistical Annual," which occupies nearly two-thirds of the Almanac. It is a directory of the high officials of every land, and an epitome of the military, naval, and commercial resources of each. No one who is engaged in making history or aspires to do so can afford to neglect this all-important section, which has often been imitated but never superseded. Its production naturally entails a huge amount of labor and responsibility; and the methods of the editorial sanctum


Gothaischer
Genealogisch
und
Schreib
Calender
auf
das Jahr 1763.
Gotha,
bey Johann Paul Mevius sel. Wittib
und Johann Christian Dieterich
in Commission.

Title page (reduced) of the first issue.

were lately described to the present writer for the purpose of this article.

Since 1817 the Almanac has been managed by the firm of Justus Perthes, which has had charge of the commercial details since 1786. The present head, fourth in descent from the founder, is Herr Hofrat Bernhard Perthes, who also directs the greatest geographical institute in the world. The editor of the Almanac, Herr Hofrat Wendelmath, whom our photograph shows at work in his sanc-

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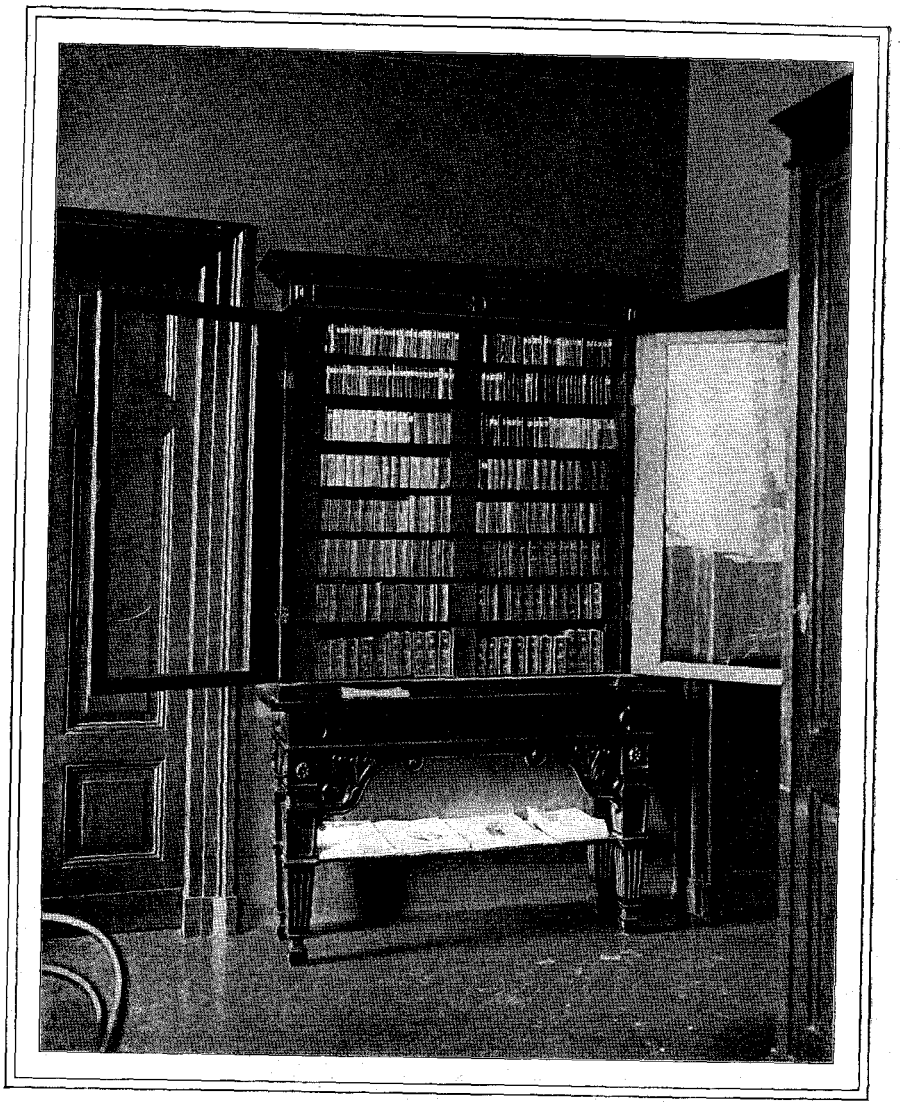

A complete series of the Almanac.
The German edition occupies the left of the bookcase.

tum, is deeply skilled in heraldry, genealogy, and statistics. His method of compilation is characterized by Teutonic thoroughness. The procedure is as follows:

First of all, proofs of each page are pasted in a huge volume with ample margins. Then, in July of each year, proofs of the innumerable entries are sent to every person or department concerned. In the genealogical section these go to the heads of the royal and noble families, and to members of those families who are personally known to the editor. The results are tallied with entries in the Peerages and other annuals, but these are by no means relied upon. Information required for the Diplomatic Annual is gleaned from official publications, which are received in exchange for copies of the Almanac. But these, like Peerages, are often untrustworthy guides. Proofs are therefore sent out to the heads of departments in every country, and to German ambassadors accredited to the several courts; and the utmost pains are taken to ensure the accuracy for which the Almanac is famous. For instance, the list of

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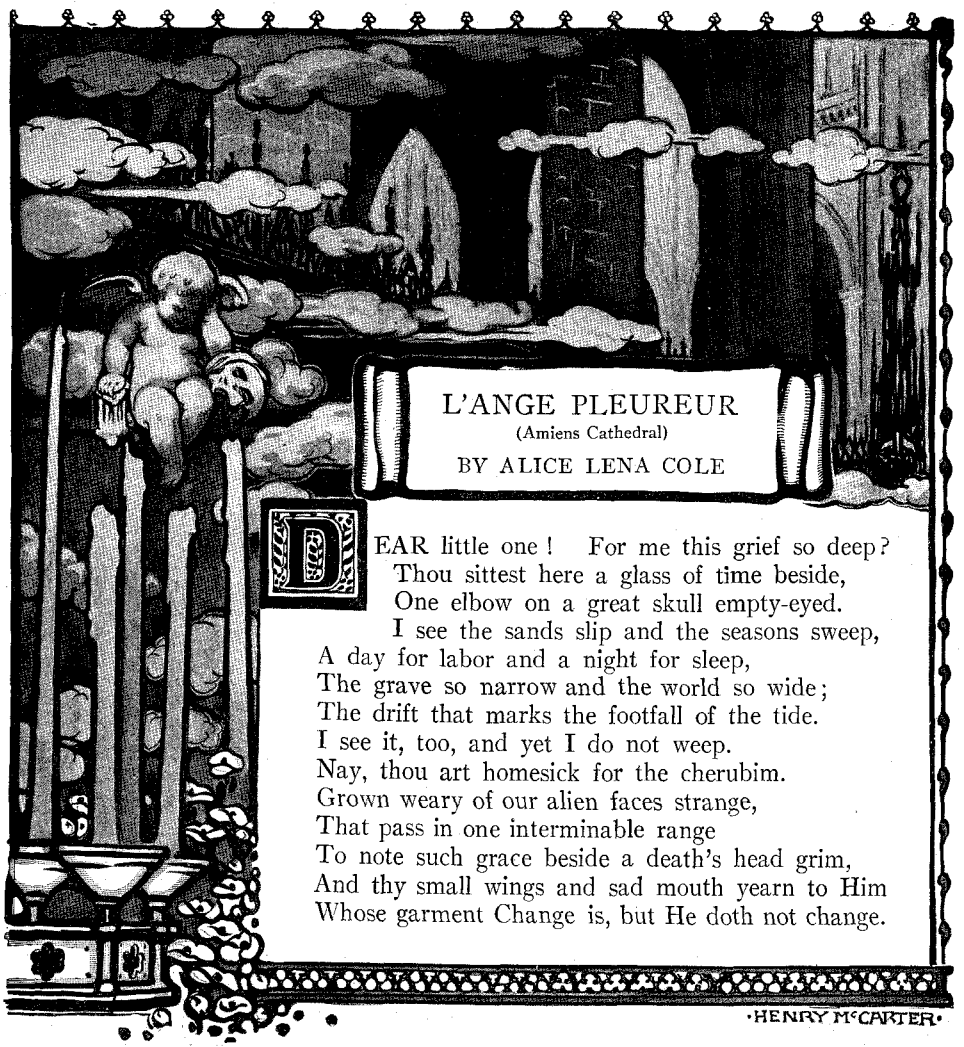
Danish consuls in British possessions, as received from our Foreign Office, is corrected by King Christian's ambassador in London. Nor is this all. Second proofs are sent in due course to the host of willing co-adjutors. The Almanac is published in the first week in December, and no alterations are admitted after November 15th. The system of record keeping is equally punctilious. Every country, colony, and family has its folio volume, in which communications regarding its affairs are pasted when received, so that the editor can verify any required fact in the course of a few minutes.

Such is the *Almanach de Gotha:* a strange mixture of the old and the new, a mirror of obsolescent feudalism, and a record of the material progress evolved by the struggle for existence between modern communities. It is not the oldest of the existing almanacs. The French *Almanach National* (formerly styled the *Almanach Imperial*, and at a still earlier date the *Almanach Royal*) is older. But, in its historical interest and cosmopolitan importance, it is unique. There was a time when it had a rival—the *Almanach de Goettingen*, started by one of its retiring editors. This competitor, however, failed, and the *Almanach de Gotha* has, for the last century, held the field unchallenged.



L'ANGE PLEUREUR

(Amiens Cathedral)

BY ALICE LENA COLE

DEAR little one! For me this grief so deep?
Thou sittest here a glass of time beside,
One elbow on a great skull empty-eyed.
I see the sands slip and the seasons sweep,
A day for labor and a night for sleep,
The grave so narrow and the world so wide;
The drift that marks the footfall of the tide.
I see it, too, and yet I do not weep.
Nay, thou art homesick for the cherubim.
Grown weary of our alien faces strange,
That pass in one interminable range
To note such grace beside a death's head grim,
And thy small wings and sad mouth yearn to Him
Whose garment Change is, but He doth not change.

HENRY McCARTER

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EVERYMAN'S RIDDLE

By Charles Belmont Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

OURS was the second train to arrive after the accident, and while the towering mass of wreckage had remained untouched, most of the human suffering had been fairly well put under cover. The killed had either been carried into the section house or covered with blankets, and the doctors who had arrived a short time before us were looking after the more seriously injured in one of the coaches of their special. It was about five o'clock when our train slowed up and the brakeman ran down the aisle of the smoking-car and with his big fist broke in the glass door of the tool-case. Naturally when he jumped off the platform we followed him, and away ahead of us we could see the two engines smashed and bent, but erect and holding each other up like two great, brutal, fighting animals standing on their hind legs, too tired to strike out and finish the battle. The day coaches and the sleeping-cars were piled about like a lot of children's blocks in a nursery. It was early in June, and the sky was quite cloudless and a deep blue and the turf was a marshy green and yielding; the air was full of the smell of wild flowers and little birds were hopping about and chirping all over the place. It was a day that would suggest anything else in the world before death, and there it was—death and worse than death on every side of us.

I looked about for a while in the hope of helping someone, but we were too late to be of any real service; it was a case for the doctors, in most instances, and how can a stranger comfort a man who has just seen his wife and children mangled out of recognition and wiped out of his life forever? Of course, there were some of them that were hysterical to the point of danger, and there were others that sat about their dead, dry-eyed and looking out across the fields as if the setting of the sun was the only thing that was of any real interest to them in the world. I picked my way across a stream that ran by the road-bed and climbed up a little hill overlooking the wreck. The hill was thick with pine-trees and the ground, slippery with brown needles, was strewn with pieces of painted wood from the cars and glistening, twisted bits of machinery from the two engines. There were a good many odd pieces of men's and women's clothing, too, lying about and quite a number of broken hats and some pieces of trunks and suit-cases. Half-way up the hill a little group of passengers had gathered about a young man who was sitting on the ground, his back against a pine-tree. He had evidently been placed there until the doctors could carry him away on one of their improvised stretchers. The little circle who stood about him must have annoyed him, for as I approached I saw him half raise his arm and motion them away. It was a feeble effort at best, but I suppose they knew what he meant, for the party suddenly broke up into couples and wandered back to the wreck. At the moment I was standing perhaps twenty feet away and a little back of him, so he probably believed that he was quite alone. He was a young man, perhaps twenty-eight or thirty—neither good nor bad looking, I should think, but it was difficult to tell exactly, as his face was gray as putty and all screwed up with the pain. He was smooth-shaven and he had red hair and was dressed as a man would in good circumstances. When the circle about him had broken up and the men had started down the hill, I noticed that a look of great relief seemed to come into his face. His head still resting against the tree, he looked up for a moment through the straight branches of the pines to the patches of blue sky above. I could see his face more clearly then, and during that moment I am sure that the pain had left him, that his mind was clear, and that he had asked his last favor on this earth. For a moment he closed his eyes, and when he opened them again it was evident that he saw the little group of men who were coming toward him with the stretcher. And then I saw him raise his arm with great difficulty and take from the inside pocket of his coat a folded piece of a newspaper. This he spread out upon his knees, but after one brief glance he crumpled it in both hands and threw it as far away from him as his feeble strength allowed.

They carried him away down the little

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hill over the soft carpet of pine-needles, glowing like copper in the broad shafts of the evening sun. As they reached the creek I saw the arm of the young man, which had been resting over his eyes, suddenly fall to his side. For a moment the little procession halted; one of the physicians knelt at the side of the litter and looked searchingly into the face of the young man. Then the doctor pulled himself to his feet again and nodded in the direction of the section house, and they carried him on very slowly and very silently, with their hats in their hands. As I started down the hill I saw the crumpled piece of paper which the young man had thrown away, lying but a few feet from me. For a moment I hesitated, and then I went over to where it lay and picked it up. It was half a page torn from the Saturday illustrated supplement of a New York evening paper. At the first glance it looked dull enough, but I felt sure that somewhere it contained at least a minor story in the life of the young man; so I carefully folded the torn, crumpled sheet and put it away in my pocket. Then I walked down to the section house where the young man had already been identified by some letters and his visiting-cards. His name was Hugh Musgrove and the address given was "Editorial Rooms—*The Evening* ——, New York."

It was some hours later, when our train had started on a long circuitous route to New York, that I again looked at the torn piece of newspaper that Musgrove had thrown away just previous to his death. On one side there was a description of a recent flood in the Far West and some illustrations showing the damage it had done; the other side was part of the dramatic department of the paper and the letter-press was devoted to a description of several theatrical attractions which were to open in New York the following Monday. In addition to the letter-press there were three pictures—all of women. The centre and largest picture of the three was a big, handsome woman, dressed in the robes of Brunhilde. The caption under the picture read—"Madame Carlotta Helma, who gives her farewell song recital Thursday afternoon at Carnegie Hall." On the right side of this there was a picture of a very young woman with a slight girlish figure and a face remarkable for a wonderful purity and sweetness of expression. She was dressed in a very simple evening dress and was posed as if about to begin playing the violin. Under this picture was the line, "Miss Agnes Beach, who makes her *début* Wednesday night with the Philharmonic Society orchestra at Chickering Hall." The third picture was that of a young woman, remarkable at least for her figure and a wealth of hair, which may or may not have been a wig. She had big eyes, clean-cut features, and although she was undoubtedly heavily made up when the original photograph had been taken, her beauty was easily evident. The caption read: "Miss Deane Kimball, in the Cockatoo chorus of 'The Belle and the Bandit,' which opens Monday night at the Casino."

Perhaps it was from mere curiosity, or perhaps there was an underlying hope of doing a kindly act in telling one of the three women the last incident in the life of Musgrove, but whatever the motive, when I returned to New York I wrote a letter to each of the three. The addresses of Madame Helma and Miss Beach I learned through a musical agency. The letter to Miss Kimball I mailed to the Casino. This is what I wrote in each letter:

> DEAR MADAM: Following the recent terrible railroad accident at Mill's Crossing it was my misfortune to be present at the death of a young man whom, I believe, you numbered among your friends. As it is purely a private matter, I am tempted to ask you to permit me to call on you personally, rather than to write you concerning the incident. Believe me,
>
> Yours truly, etc.

For several days after the accident I carefully read the newspapers to obtain, if possible, some information concerning Hugh Musgrove. In the revised lists of the dead he was referred to as either the assistant musical, or assistant dramatic critic of *The Evening* ——, or merely as a journalist. Not a word about his home or his family, and the last I saw about him in the papers was a paragraph to the effect that he had been buried from an Eighth Avenue undertaker's shop.

Within forty-eight hours after I had mailed my letters I received an answer from each of the three women. Madame Helma asked me to call the following evening at half past six o'clock at the Cambridge Hotel; Miss Beach, who answered me through her father, said that she could see me any evening after eight o'clock at her home on Clinton Place; Miss Kimball sent me as her address The Barclay, on West Forty-third Street, and

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said that she could usually be found at home between five and seven-thirty in the evening. None of them mentioned Musgrove's name, but that did not surprise me, as I had refrained from writing it myself, and in a wreck of such proportions as the one at Mill's Crossing, it was possible for almost everyone to have numbered one or more friends in the list of the killed.

With the torn piece of newspaper in my coat pocket I presented myself the next evening at the Cambridge and was shown to Madame Helma's apartment. Of the woman I knew but little beyond the fact that she was born in America and that she was recognized as one of the greatest dramatic sopranos in the world. In a vague way I rather imagined I had heard that she had been married to an Austrian officer of title. I did not for a moment believe that she was the one of the three women who had interested the ill-fated Musgrove, but it was part of my general plan to call on all three of them. and the appointment which she had made for me was the first to find me at leisure. Madame occupied a suite on the third floor of the hotel at the corner overlooking Fifth Avenue. Her Austrian husband, with a small, tawny pointed mustache and a tawny pointed beard, met me at the door and showed me with much manner into the drawing-room. For a few moments we chatted on purely impersonal subjects, looked at large, fiercely autographed photographs of other opera singers which stood about on the mantel-shelf and piano, and then the portières opened and Madame Helma herself appeared. She was a very big, fine-looking woman, and in the little *salon* and by the side of her husband, she really appeared quite heroic in size. She was evidently on her way to dinner, and her dress and opera-cloak as well as her jewels were really regal. Her manner to me, in a general way, might be described as gracious, but it was the graciousness of the truly condescending and, like the few other opera singers I have known, her belief in herself was so great that she appeared as two women—the great artist standing quite apart, the other, the female worshipper, ready to admire at any distance. Madame Helma threw her cloak over one of the deep red velvet chairs, sank majestically into another, and with a move of her ample arm, consigned me to a small brocade and gold affair with very slight spindle legs. The Austrian husband stood by the fireplace and alternately puffed at a cigarette and twisted the ends of his beard and tawny mustache.

Madame preferred to dispense with all preliminary formalities. "Your note said," she began, "that you wished to see me on a matter of a more or less personal nature."

The husband glanced up and took a step toward the door, but madame, with a barely perceptible movement of the wrist, waved him back to the hearth. The husband clicked his heels and bowed to us in turn. "It is more than possible," I said, "that I have made a serious mistake, Madame Helma, and that this visit may prove but an unnecessary annoyance to you."

The eyebrows of madame became somewhat pointed and I saw the husband stealthily pull out his watch.

"I am coming to the point at once," I said. "Did you by any chance ever know a young newspaper man by the name of Hugh Musgrove?" Madame Helma slowly and deliberately bowed her assent. She evidently did not wish to have the young man regarded as one of her intimates.

"I know him but slightly," she said thoughtfully. "You remember him, Louis, surely—the young man that came to interview me after the 'Traviata' matinée, when the draperies caught fire on the stage at the Metropolitan and I saved, oh, so many lives? He also came to tea one day later when we had some other newspaper men."

"I know him well, very well," said the husband. "He was most charming, gracious, and, my dear, how he admired you! What is the matter with the young man?"

"Oh," I said, "you don't know?" Madame Helma was arranging a piece of lace on her corsage, but the husband shook his head.

"He was killed," I said, "in a railroad wreck at Mill's Crossing."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the husband; "what *do* you think of that! He was so young, and how he loved my Carlotta!"

Madame Helma looked up at her husband questioningly. "I wonder, Louis, if he really did love me—the poor boy! He was young and not bad looking. I can almost see him now. He sat where you are sitting—it was but very recently—almost the other day. And when he talked of my art he really seemed inspired."

"*Vraiment,*" interrupted the husband,

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"When he talked of my art he really seemed inspired."—Page 72.

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"his love for you, as you say, was inspired. *Le pauvre garçon!*"

"I don't think he loved me at all," Madame Helma interrupted. "True, he told me how he admired me for having withstood all the temptations with which every great artist is beset. We are very temperamental, you know, of course, very temperamental. Many of my sisters in art have succumbed to their artistic environment, but I have happily remained saturated in the very essence of temperament and yet withstood its entanglements."

The virtues of Madame Helma seemed to fairly swell within her and her magnificent physique to fill the red plush chair even more amply than before.

"I think it was for this," she went on, "and for my position in the social world that Mr. Musgrove really admired me. Don't you remember, Louis, when he told us how he used to go to all my performances and watch the people and their enthusiasm? He spoke particularly of my rendering of 'Dich theure Halle,' and how the audience rose and cheered me." For a moment Madame Helma became almost human. "I remember he said that that represented to him the very pinnacle of fame; that while the author and the artist might know a more enduring success, the reward came slowly—often after death—while the great opera singer could herself feel the tremendous effect on her audience and receive their homage at almost the same moment. I think it was just fame that that young man craved—fame and glory and the notoriety that goes with it. It was natural, after all, because he really, I suppose, had no fame at all, did he? Louis, you had better send some flowers to his funeral."

"It's too late, I fear," I answered, rising. "The young man was buried yesterday, and, as you suggest, without ever having obtained to any great degree of fame. He was buried from an undertaker's shop on Eighth Avenue."

My mission was at an end. Of the three women whose portraits appeared in the paper, which I still had in my inside pocket, Madame Helma's was the last which I should have imagined would have occupied a young man's thoughts, with death staring him in the face. Nothing, however, would have induced me to show the torn newspaper to Madame Helma, or to have told her how and why it came into my possession. As I reached the door of the apartment, however, it seemed incumbent upon me to say something, which would answer as an apology for my visit.

"I fear, Madame Helma," I said, "that I have intruded upon you needlessly—I knew Hugh Musgrove very slightly, but from an incident in his life I imagined that he was a friend of yours rather than an acquaintance. I was with him when he died, and I thought that you might care to hear more of his end. I must ask your pardon for my error."

Madame Helma was being helped into her mantle by her Austrian husband. We all three bowed somewhat stiffly—I fear I had made them a little late for their dinner. The large presence of Madame Helma had overpowered me and its spell was still upon me as I wandered down the ill-lit hallway and rang for the elevator. At least, in one thing, she was wise. Musgrove did not love her—in his eyes she stood for fame. And so it seemed his last thoughts were of her, the last face he looked upon was that of Madame Helma—and the face of Madame Helma was to him the sweetest face in all the world, because it was the face of fame and because her lips had never touched his.

I confess that I was glad to reach the sidewalk and breathe the fresh air again. I turned down Thirty-third Street, and before I had walked a block my feelings, which had been badly ruffled by Madame Helma and her miserable little husband, were pretty well under control. I did not know Hugh Musgrove, but I was really annoyed that any man should have died with the thought of that woman in his brain. As I turned into Broadway, I noticed the clock over the Dime Savings Bank. It was a quarter to seven. "Why not?" I mumbled, and jumped on a north-bound surface car.

I found The Barclay to be like most of the other modern apartment houses that lie north of Forty-second Street and west of Fifth Avenue. On the office floor there was the usual luxurious display of varicolored marble, frescoes, brass railings and large mirrors, but as the elevator shot upward, the colored marble and frescoes gave way to burlap, and at the tenth floor, on which Miss Deane Kimball had her apartment, the walls could boast of but the cheapest kind of wall-paper. As I entered the sitting-room Miss Kimball rose from the

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"I should say I did know Hugh Musgrove."—Page 76.

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table at which she had been eating her dinner. The meal seemed to have been a somewhat frugal one and was served on a napkin-covered tin tray. Miss Kimball nodded to me cheerfully, removed a large cup of coffee from the tray and covered the remnants of her dinner with her napkin.

"You must excuse the condition of the room," she said, "but I have been lying about all day and the girl has had no time to fix it up." She spoke in the low-pitched, drawling voice of the Virginia bred.

Under the circumstances, it seemed obligatory upon me to cast one glance about before I could protest that the condition of the room was all that it should be. I found the walls were decorated with many photographs of Miss Kimball, and, I believe, Miss Kimball only, although the costumes in which she had posed were many and varied. There was a tiny desk, a few lounging chairs, and a cozy-corner strewn with copies of the evening newspapers. In the general tidiness of her appearance Miss Kimball scarcely rose superior to that of her surroundings. She wore a black silk underskirt, a pink dressing-sack covered with much imitation lace, and her great mass of red hair was sadly dishevelled. She was one of the very few women I had ever seen whose physical attractions, judged from a purely material standpoint, admitted of no discussion. Her color was as clear, her eyes as bright, her figure as lithe, every move of her arms and body as supple as that of an athlete. Her dress may have been careless, but her condition was superb.

"Won't you sit down?" she said. "I'll have to go to the theatre pretty soon." She walked over to the fireplace and looked at herself in the glass. She ran the white tapering fingers of both hands through the heavy mass of hair. "I'm a sight," she said, but as she said it, I looked into the mirror and saw her smiling at her own beauty.

She returned to the table, and still standing, raised with both hands the heavy china cup of coffee to her lips and sipped at it slowly. Her manner seemed to me to be more casual than familiar. It was as if I had known her always and had dropped in to discuss our party of the night previous. If she had ever understood that I had called on her with a definite purpose in view, such an idea was apparently wholly foreign to her now. But the time was short, and so I came to the point at once.

"Miss Kimball," I said, "did you ever know Hugh Musgrove?" She turned her big smiling eyes on me over the rim of the cup, and took a particularly long sip of coffee.

"I certainly did," she said. "I should say I did know Hugh Musgrove. He was killed in that wreck the other day. I'd have gone to his funeral only I thought there would probably be a lot of newspaper boys there and they might feature me. I wasn't looking for that kind of ad. He'd have got all the advertising he wanted when my divorce comes up next month. Now he's gone, they probably won't mention his name at the trial at all. If I'd gone to the funeral that might all have come out, mightn't it? I sent him a pillow of roses without a card, or a motto, or anything on it. I heard the tributes were all right."

The door opened and a girl walked in. Her dark, glossy hair was heavily marcelled and she wore a black cloth coat and a closely fitting white flannel skirt. She stopped at the doorway while she stuck a hat-pin through the crown of a broad black hat. Miss Kimball introduced her as "My friend from the end of the hall—Miss Wilmot." The girl nodded to me, walked over to the window, and looked out on the brick court. She had heavy, handsome features and an olive complexion and her face seemed incapable of showing any emotion whatever.

"Hurry up, Deane," she said; "it's time to start for the theatre."

"The bubble's not here yet," answered Miss Kimball, sitting down at the table, "and I've only got to change my skirt. I'm not going out after the show. This gentleman knew Hugh."

"I did not know him very well, but I happened to be with him when he died," I said half apologetically, although an apology seemed rather superfluous.

Miss Wilmot continued to look out on the court and beat a slow tattoo on the window-pane. "He was a good boy," she said. "He liked Deane."

Miss Kimball intertwined her fingers behind her head and gazed up at the chandelier. "Yes, he liked me all right," she said reflectively. "You see, he used to come up here and sit of an afternoon when he was tired after the office. It was a sort of home to him. He could smoke a cigarette and play the piano if he wanted to. Why, I'd known Hugh Musgrove all my life. We

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used to play together in Richmond when we were kids. He lived right around our corner. His folks were splendid people—no better in Richmond. We used to spin tops and jump rope together, and prisoners' base it was we used to play."

"That's why he didn't like getting mixed up in the divorce," Miss Wilmot interrupted. "Did you know that, Deane? Sure as you're born, that's what he told me."

"What?"

"Why, that no gentleman ought to ever be mixed up in a divorce suit with a girl he'd spun tops with. He said it was worse than cheating at cards."

Miss Kimball stretched her well-rounded arms in front of her on the table. "He did, eh? Now what do you think of that? He *was* a queer kid. He was sort of cheap, and yet, in his way, he was all right. He was a comfortable sort of person to have around."

The telephone bell rang and Miss Wilmot crossed the room and took off the receiver. "It's the electric, Deane," she said. "Hurry up; we're late now!"

Miss Kimball sat unmoved, her pink arms in front of her. Then she turned questioningly to me. "You didn't know him well, you said?"

I nodded.

"Well, now, I'll tell you. He was the kind of a man if you needed money and sent out a hurry call or a circular letter, you could always depend on him. Not much—but a five or ten—and the friends that could give up a yellow-back and not feel it would forget you. You know what I mean?"

Miss Kimball pulled herself together and glanced up at the scowling face of Miss Wilmot. "You want to go—don't you, May?" "Can't we drop you some place?" she added, turning to me.

"You're very good," I said; "but I'm not going far."

"No? Hughey was very fond of the bubble—anything with soft cushions and that came easy. He was a bit of a loafer, Hughey. Was there anything else you wanted to know about him?" Miss Kimball got up from the table and held out her hand. "Glad to have met you. Don't make yourself strange. I suppose you come to the theatre sometimes?"

"Yes, I shall come even more often now," I said. I shook her slim, well-cared-for hand, bowed to Miss Wilmot, and took my leave.

As I again passed through the marble hallway of The Barclay I could not, even had I wished it, throw off completely the spell of the woman upstairs; the low purr of her voice, the wonderful animal beauty of her face and hair, and, above all, the indolent grace of her, were just as evident to me then as they were when I was in the same room with her. I saw her often afterward on the stage, which seemed, after all, to be the niche which nature had carved out for her. It was not easy to conceive, for instance, the dimpled arms pushing a perambulator or the high, silk-clad instep working the pedal of a sewing-machine. As a picture framed by a proscenium arch and lit by a row of footlights, Miss Deane Kimball was a superb, vital force, and if the last thoughts of the somewhat human Mr. Musgrove harked back to the days of her *régime* it is for each one to censure or praise as the case may be.

It was just eight o'clock the next night when I got off a Broadway car at Eighth Street and walked slowly west toward Sixth Avenue, looking up at the dingy doorways for the number of the house of Miss Agnes Beach. I found it at last—a fine example of the old New York home. Its faded brick front with brown-stone trimmings was flanked on one side by a cheap *table-d'hôte* restaurant and on the other by a delicatessen shop. With its polished windows and well-scrubbed steps, the old mansion seemed to hold a place of much dignity in that decayed and unkempt neighborhood. Isolated and forgotten, the very name of its street taken from it, the old place stood there protesting against the changes of the last fifty years and the squalor they had brought to its door. I climbed the steep, worn steps and pulled at the little bell, sunk deep in its round brass socket. An old man with white hair opened the door and stood bowing before me in the broad hallway. He wore a dressing-gown of quilted silk tied about his waist with a cord with tassels at the end of it. As I stepped into the hallway I looked beyond to a broad stairway and walls and curtains of faded red. It occurred to me, at the time, as the only background possible for the old man with the white hair and the quilted dressing-gown.

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"You are the gentlman, I presume," he said, "who wrote my niece in regard to that terrible disaster."

"Your niece is Miss Agnes Beach, then?" I asked.

The old man bowed. "She and her father have their apartments on the floor above. If you will kindly follow me——" The old man started slowly up the stairway, leaning heavily on the balustrade. Apparently, then, I was expected, and perhaps, after all, I had done well to make this third visit. I could easily understand that the members of this household were not accustomed to receive unusual letters from unknown young men, and that the visit of a stranger was, without question, an event of some moment. A single hanging gas-burner lit us on our way up the long stairway. Our shoes sunk noiselessly into the deep faded carpet and the complete silence of the place oppressed me. For a moment I halted on the stairway, listening for the rumble of a cart, the jangle of a car-bell, or the cry of a newsboy from the world outside, but through the heavy walls of the old house no sound reached me. Surely, then, I had found isolation itself and the most cruel loneliness of all—the loneliness of a great city.

The old man knocked gently at the door at the head of the landing, and his brother, in appearance and the courtesy of his manner, his very counterpart, bowed me graciously into the sitting-room. There was but little light—only a lamp on the centre-table, but as I entered I saw a girl rise from the shadow of a far corner and come to greet me. She was dressed in deep mourning, and even in the dim light I could see her drawn face and the heavy shadows under her eyes. When she reached the centre table she stopped and held out a white hand toward me. In the soft glow of the lamp I saw again the face of the girl with the violin. There was the same childish beauty, the same sincerity and sweetness, but added to all this there was a pathos, an unconscious plea for human pity.

"You were with Hugh when he died?" she asked.

"Yes," I said, "I was with him until the very end."

Through her clouded eyes she looked up at me as if, indeed, mine had been a great privilege.

"He—he didn't suffer much?" she whispered.

"No," I said. "I thought you would want to know that the end came very quickly and very peacefully." The dull-yellow glare from the lamp suddenly seemed to flare up before me and I saw a young man sitting with his back resting against a tree on a hillside. The whole place was bathed in yellow sunlight and the air was full of the smell of springtime, but through it all I saw the face of the young man, ashen and twisted. I felt the girl's hand loosen in my own, and so I grasped it tightly, and the contact of it brought me back to the lamp at my side and the girl in black and the old man standing silently at the door.

"You knew him before, then?" she asked.

"No," I said, "I never knew him before."

The girl looked up at me as if she could not quite understand how it was that everyone had not known Hugh Musgrove. "He was very good to know," she said. And then the very inadequacy of her words forced a smile to her pale lips. "And he was very fine," she added, "and true—and he was so very—so very good to dad and me."

"I wish I could have told you more," I said.

The girl nodded her head. "You told me what I wished most to know. I am so glad you came."

Her hand, nerveless and cold, dropped from my own and I bowed myself to the door. Her father closed the door softly behind us and led me down the broad stairway to his brother's apartment on the ground floor. With much courtesy my host asked me to be seated at a centre-table, about which three chairs had been placed. On the polished surface of the old mahogany there were three glasses, a decanter of port and some crackers in a silver cake-basket. The host poured out the wine and after raising our glasses we drank in silence. The father of Miss Beach leaned across the table and laid his hand gently on my arm.

"You must not be hurt if my daughter gave you but a scant welcome," he said. "Youth is always intolerant, you know, and she is very young. Her mother died when the girl was only a child, and this is her first

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tragedy. She cannot quite understand why it should have come to her." The old man hesitated for a moment and apparently unconsciously raised the glass to his lips.

"Perhaps you did not know," he went on, "that Hugh was engaged to my daughter—it was just about to be announced. If all went well they were to be married in the fall. He was her life—he and her music. They played together almost every night. I used to accompany her, but then Hugh came and she would allow only him to play for her, although I have been a music-teacher for many years, and he—well, he did not play very well. She was quite deaf to his mistakes—love, you know, they say, is blind, and I have thought it was often deaf, too. He really played, oh, so badly, but it was wonderful to see the lights in her eyes when she took the bow in her hand and waited for Hugh to play the first notes. And now she is so tired and frail and the color is gone—she is as white as us two old men." He stopped for a moment and with his elbow on the table rested his chin in the palm of his hand.

"But Hugh was of great help to her," he went on. "He knew many of the great musical people in town, and it was really through him that Agnes was to make her *dêbut* with the Philharmonic."

"And now?" I asked.

The old man looked up in much surprise at my question. "Now?" he repeated. "She says she will never play again. She says that her love for her violin died with him. But she is young, you know, and I think that in time she may find a certain consolation in her music. It was the same with me. I, too, put away my music, but the time came when our wants forced me to take it up again."

The old man raised his glass and looked down into the dark red-colored wine. "But I don't think the music was ever quite the same."

It seemed to me that Mr. Beach had said all that he had wished to say to me, and so I rose to go. It was at this moment that I remembered that the torn page from the supplement was still in my pocket.

"Do you think it would be possible," I asked, "to see your daughter again for a moment?"

"You will find that she is still in the sitting-room, I am sure," he said.

As I went up the stairway again, but this time alone, I took out the half-page of the newspaper and carefully tearing off the part containing the picture of Miss Beach, put the rest back in my pocket. I found her standing at the piano. As I entered she looked up at me, dry-eyed, and with almost a smile of welcome on her lips.

"I know you'll pardon me," I said, "but I had very nearly forgotten the real object of my visit. I wanted to give you this piece of paper. Just before his death I saw him take it from his pocket and look at it. It was the last face he ever saw—his last thoughts were of her."

The girl took the torn piece of paper from my hand, but she did not look at it. There was surely no doubt in her mind who was the original of the portrait.

I found the two old men waiting for me in the hallway downstairs. We saluted each other gravely and parted with proper ceremony. The door closed noiselessly behind me as I walked slowly down the steps and stopped irresolutely on the curbstone. Directly across the street there was a cheap French restaurant. Through the open window I saw two young men playing dominoes at a marble table and a waiter with a dirty apron leaning over the counter smiling at the woman cashier. Everything, after those two old men and the girl in black whom I had just left, seemed so soiled and unworthy. I took out of my pocket all there remained of the half-page of the supplement, tore it into small pieces, and threw it into the dirty street. So far as I was concerned, there was an end to it and I knew no more than I had two days before. Perhaps the young girl in the old house back of me was right, and there could only have been one thought in Musgrove's mind, and that was of her. But it may have been that he looked last at the portrait of Madame Helma, whose world-wide fame he envied so, or perhaps it was that of Miss Kimball, of the Cockatoo chorus, whose physical beauty he had evidently, too, admired very greatly. And as I started to retrace my steps along the dingy streets on my way back to the lights of Broadway, I wondered, too, whether he had thrown that paper away because he was ashamed to die with it, or was it out of thoughtfulness for the fair name of some woman.

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THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN

[JULY, 1861]

BY GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER

Of the Confederate Army

THE POINT OF VIEW*

THE *raison d'être* of the following pages is not at all to set forth the valor of Confederate arms nor the skill of Confederate generals. These are as they may be, and must here take their chances in an unpartisan narrative, written with an entirely different object. That object is the criticism of each campaign as one would criticise a game of chess, only to point out the good and bad plays on each side, and the moves which have influenced the result. It is far from being a grateful task, and the writer is, moreover, painfully conscious of his limitations in his effort to perform it adequately.

But it is of great importance that it should be attempted, even approximately, not only for the benefit of general history, but more particularly for that of military students and staff officers. These will find much of value and interest in the details, pointing out how or why the scale of battle was turned upon each occasion. It is only of recent years—since the publication by the War Department of the full Official Reports of both armies, in 135 large volumes—that it has become possible to write this story, even approximately. History meanwhile has been following the incomplete reports of the earlier days which, sometimes, as at Seven Pines (or Fair Oaks) have deliberately concealed the facts, and has always felt the need of the personal accounts covering the incidents of every march, skirmish and battle.

Only among these can be traced the beginnings, often obscure and accidental, of the most important events; and these must ever form an inexhaustible mine for the study by the staff officer of the practical working and details in every department of an army.

As to the causes of the war, it will of course be understood that every former Confederate repudiates all accusations of treason or rebellion in the war, and even of fighting to preserve the institution of slavery. The effort of the enemy to destroy it without compensation was practical robbery, which, of course, we resisted. The unanimity, and the desperation of our resistance—even to the refusal of Lincoln's suggested compensation at Fortress Monroe, after the destruction had already occurred—clearly shows our struggle to have been for that right of self-government which the Englishman has claimed, and fought for, as for nothing else, since the days of King John.

It has taken many years for these truths to gain acceptance against the prejudices left by the war, even though it has been notorious from the first that no legal accusation could be brought against anyone, even Mr. Davis. With the adoption of this view by leading English authorities, not to mention distinguished Northern and Republican authors, the South may be content to leave all such questions to the final verdict of history, admitting itself too close to the event to claim impartiality.

One thing remains to be said: The world has not stood still in the years since we took up arms for what we deemed our most invaluable right—that of self-government. We now enjoy the rare privilege of seeing what we fought for in the retrospect. It no longer seems desirable. It would now prove but a curse. We have good cause to thank God for our escape from it, not alone for our sake, but for that of the whole country and even of the world.

Had our cause succeeded divergent interests must soon have further separated the States into groups, and this continent would have been given over to divided nationalities, each weak and unable to command foreign credit. Since the days of Greece, confederacies have only held together against foreign enemies, and in times of peace have soon disintegrated. It is surely not necessary to contrast what would have been our prospects as citizens of such states, with our condition now as citizens of the

*This "Point of View" will form the general introduction to "Military Memoirs of a Confederate: A Critical Narrative," by General Alexander.

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strongest, richest, and—strange for us to say who once called ourselves "conquered" and our cause "lost"—the freest nation on earth.

The statistics of our commerce, our manufactures and our internal improvements are an object lesson of the truth of old Æsop's fable, pointing out the increased strength of the separate sticks when bound together into a faggot. That the whole civilized world shares with us in the far-reaching blessings and benefits of our civilization, wealth and political power is manifest in our building the Panama Canal, and again, in the Treaty of Peace between Russia and Japan, negotiated through the influence of our President. These are but the first fruits of what the future will develop, for our Union is not built to perish. Its bonds were not formed by peaceable agreements in conventions, but were forged in the white heat of battles, in a war fought out to the bitter end and are for eternity.

THE BATTLE

I ARRIVED in Richmond, Saturday night, June 1, reported for duty Monday morning, and received my commission as Captain of Engineers. Engineer officers were in demand, but Prest. Davis remembered my appearing with Major Myer before the Military Committee of the Senate, in connection with the system of signals, and I was first ordered to start in Richmond a little factory of signal apparatus, such as torches, poles and flags. I was told that I would soon be sent to install the system in some one of the small armies being collected at several points.

I was quickly ready, and anxious for orders which for some cause were delayed, but at last they came, and on July 2nd I arrived at Manassas, reported to Beauregard, was assigned to duty upon his staff, and ordered to install the system of signals for use in the coming battle. It was certain that a battle must be fought soon.

Federal armies were being collected in West Virginia under McClellan; on the upper Potomac threatening Winchester, under Patterson; at Alexandria under McDowell; and, at Fortress Monroe, under Butler. These armies were mostly raw troops, but among them were the 75,000 three months men, first called out in April, and they were now fairly well disciplined. Their terms of service would begin to expire soon after the middle of July, and it was sure that some use would be made of these troops before they were disbanded. For we were then less a military nation than ever before or since, and neither side recognized its own unpreparedness.

By June 24th McDowell had submitted a plan of aggressive operation, and July 8th had been named as the date of the proposed movement. General Scott had urged longer delay, and that the three months men should be allowed to go, and their places supplied with the three years men now being enlisted. Political necessities, however, overruled his objections. Fortunately for the Confederates, with all their resources the Federal forces were not able to move before the 16th, and, when they did move, they consumed four days more, from the 17th to the 20th, inclusive, in about twenty miles of marching, and in preliminaries. Battle was only delivered on July 21st, and the crisis of this battle occurred about 3:30 P. M.

We shall see that, not only every day of that delay, but even every hour of it, was essential to the Confederate victory which resulted.

So on my arrival at Manassas, July 2nd, there was really more time to install the signals than I expected, for "rumors of the foe's advance," now swelled upon almost every breeze. I had brought with me from Richmond all necessary equipment and I had only to select men and train them. I soon made acquaintances and got the names of some intelligent privates, who might later be promoted. I had these detailed, and put upon a course of instruction and practice. Meanwhile, I procured a horse, and between times began an exploration of the country to find what facilities it offered for lines of signals.

The topography was far from favorable. Our line of battle had been chosen behind the stream of Bull Run, about three miles north of Manassas, and the course of the stream was generally wooded and bordered with small fields and pastures, giving few open stretches. I was not sanguine of rendering any valuable service, but, fortunately, had time to examine the country, and, as will be seen, the line was found which disclosed the enemy's attack in time to defeat it.

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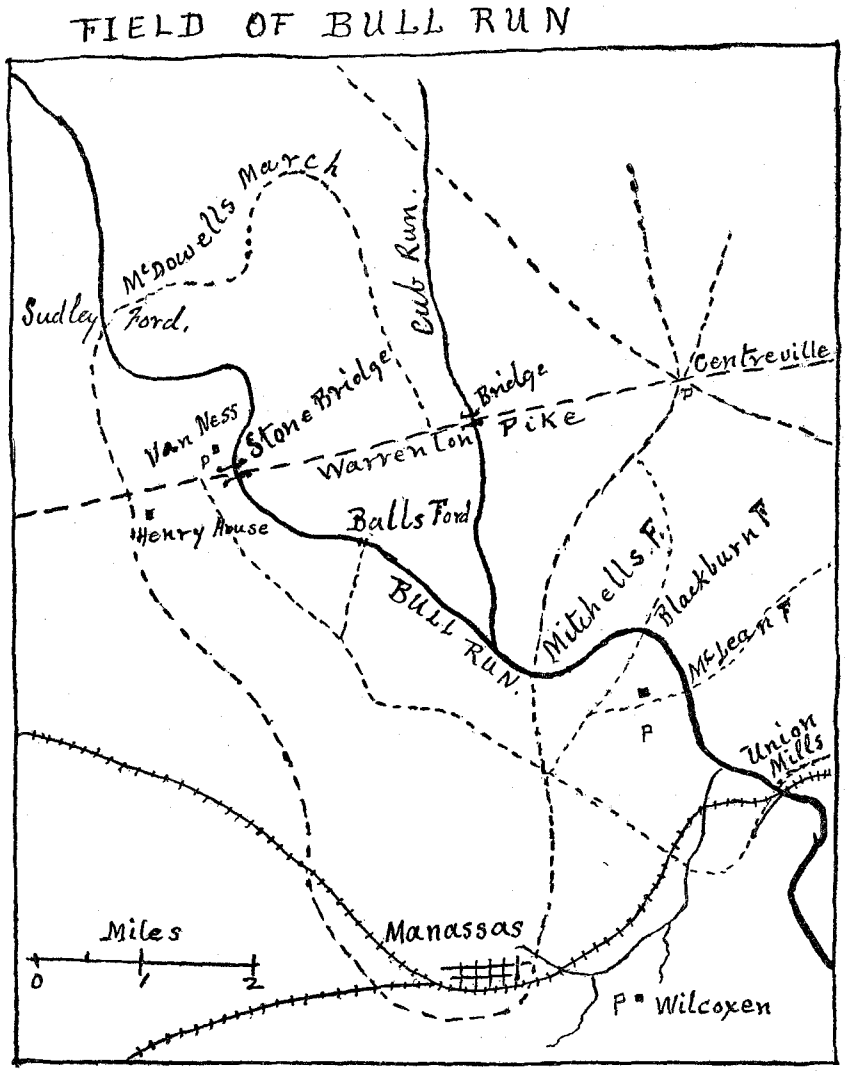
About a mile east of Manassas on the farm of a Mr. Wilcoxen, I found a high, rocky point having a good outlook over a valley to the north and west. I made this point a central station, and, by a little clear-



Sketch map of the battlefield by the author.

ing here and there, I got two straight six-mile ranges. One was northwest to a bluff over Bull Run valley on our extreme left, near the house of Van Ness, just above the Stone Bridge by which the Warrenton Turnpike crossed Bull Run. The other was North, to Centreville, about three miles beyond the Run, opposite our centre. A third station was found near the house of McLean, opposite our right centre, and a fourth near our Headquarters at Centreville. This was the utmost the topography permitted, and the men were encamped at the stations and set to practising by day and night.

Where the opponents have each two armies in the field, each party has the opportunity to combine his whole force upon his adversary.

This was now the situation in Northern Virginia. McDowell, at Alexandria with 35,000 men, and Patterson near Harper's Ferry, about fifty miles away, with 15,000, were opposed by Beauregard at Manassas

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with 22,000 and Johnston at Winchester with 11,000.

No effort was made by the Federal commander-in-chief to unite Patterson's force with McDowell's, but McDowell was assured that Patterson should threaten Johnston, and keep him in the Valley, so that McDowell would have Beauregard only to deal with. The Confederate armies, unfortunately, had no commander-in-chief.

In theory the power resides with the President, but his action is apt to be slow and comparatively inefficient. In the approaching battle this was well illustrated. Although the enemy was so slow as to allow amazing time, and the battle was saved, it was, as it were, "by the skin of our teeth" and without any of the fruits of victory.

Beauregard had proposed to the President, on June 12th, to take the aggressive and unite the two armies in an attack upon Alexandria. It was disapproved, but Beauregard did not let the matter drop.

On July 13th he sent Col. Chestnut, a staff officer, to Richmond to urge the concentration of the two armies and a prompt offensive movement. A formal hearing was had by the President, with Cooper and Lee, but the proposition was rejected, on the very reasonable ground that the enemy was, as yet, practically within his fortified lines where he could not be attacked, and where he could bring up, at his leisure, Patterson and other reinforcements. The only effective way to combine the two armies was to make it a surprise to the enemy when away from his fortifications.

About noon, July 16th, McDowell put his army in motion. There were ten brigades in four divisions, comprising about 30,000 men with 49 guns. He did not bring his whole force, but left in reserve, in the works behind him, Runyon's Division of over 5,000 men. This large division would have been of greater value on the field and he should have had at least 100 guns, for artillery is the best arm against raw troops. The four divisions moved by different roads converging towards our advanced positions about Fairfax. They made on the first day only short marches of six or eight miles, going into camp far outside of our picket lines, so as not to divulge the movement. This was so well managed that, although rumors reached the Confederates, yet nothing was known until next morning. Then our advanced posts were driven in and a few of our pickets were captured. At this moment Johnston's army should have been ready to march to Beauregard over roads previously selected and reconnoitred. The men should even have been kept for days encamped where they could quickly stretch out on the proper roads. For many contingencies beset all marches, and preparation saves hours big with fate.

The whole day of the 17th was lost to the Confederates by the news having to go to the Prest. Beauregard, sometime during the day, telegraphed him as follows:

"MANASSAS, July 17th, 1861.

"The enemy has assailed my outposts in heavy force, I have fallen back on the line of Bull Run, and will make a stand at Mitchell's Ford. If his force is overwhelming, I shall retire to the Rappahannock railroad bridge, saving my command for defence there, and for future operations. Please inform Johnston of this, *via* Staunton, and also Holmes. Send forward any reinforcements at the earliest possible moment, and by every possible means.

"G. T. BEAUREGARD."

Apparently, after some deliberation, the Executive acted, for about 1 A. M. on July 18th, Johnston in Winchester received a telegram. It is worthy of study, as a model *not* to be followed in such cases. It was as follows:

"RICHMOND, July 17th, 1861.

"General Beauregard is attacked. To strike the enemy a decisive blow all of your effective force will be needed. If practicable, make the movement, sending your sick and baggage to Culpepper Court House either by railroad or by Warrenton. In all the arrangements exercise your discretion.

"S. COOPER, Adj. and Ins.-Gen."

When Johnston came to make his report of the battle of Bull Run he wrote as follows of this message. "About one o'clock in the morning of July 18th I received from the Government a telegraphic dispatch informing me that the Northern army was advancing upon Manassas, then held by Gen. Beauregard, and directing me, if practicable, to go to that officer's assistance, after sending my sick to Culpepper Court House. In the exercise of discretion conferred by

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the terms of the order, I at once determined to march to join Gen. Beauregard."

President Davis took great offense at this language and ordered the word "after" before the words "sending your sick" to be erased from the report in the records. He resented also Beauregard's speaking of this order in his report as only permissive, and not mandatory. And, even in his book, written after the war, he claims that the order was a "positive" one and considers it "strange that anyone has construed it otherwise."

And now, at sunrise on the 17th, McDowell is in front of our pickets at Fairfax, and within ten miles of our line of battle and he is to have us at the mercy of his superior force until the afternoon of the 21st—say four days and a half. If the Shades of Departed Warriors watched the contest, the odds among them against us at this stage must have been high, for their force, our position and our organization were all inferior. Our line of battle was nearly seven miles long, and communications in rear of it were poor and crooked. Our six brigades were all independent of each other, no divisions having been formed, and there were, besides, several unbrigaded regiments and batteries, making a command too complex to be efficiently handled, especially with an inexperienced staff. Apart from their superior numbers, the effective division organization of the Federals, and, especially, their batteries of regular artillery with each division, would seem enough to insure Federal victory even for a front attack by brute force. This might have been made, even on the afternoon of the 17th, by a bold pursuit of our advanced guard, which comprised but one brigade.

For the slowness of the Federal advance that day (it holds the record for slowness) McDowell was personally responsible. He had issued to his troops a good order of march, in which he called attention to the strength of each column, and its ability to cope with all it was likely to meet, even without the help of the other column. But he had spoiled the moral effect of his own language and practically demoralized his brigade commanders by one unwise caution.

It "would not be pardonable in any commander to come upon a battery or breastwork without a knowledge of its position." That caution meant more to McDowell's officers than appears on its face. For the newspaper reporters of those days, with the appetite for sensations which still distinguishes the craft, had made a great bugbear of "Masked Batteries." The term originated at the attack upon Fort Sumter, where a certain battery was constructed, masked by a house which was destroyed just before opening fire. After that masked batteries figured on every field and in every event. When Butler was repulsed at Big Bethel it was a masked battery which did it. When Schenck's railroad reconnoissance from Alexandria on June 17, accidentally ran into Gregg's reconnoissance from Manassas at Vienna, and was fired into by Kemper's six-pounders, the mysterious masked battery got the credit. Soon, to read the newspapers, one might believe the woods were infested with such batteries, not to mention "Louisiana Tigers" and "Black Horse cavalry," two other scare-crow names which had caught the reporters' fancies, and been made to do enormous duty.

Now, the threat conveyed in McDowell's order implied the real existence of formidable dangers, and is doubtless responsible for the excessive caution which consumed the day in making an advance scarcely over five miles. Beauregard's advanced guard had not sought to delay the Federals, but had fallen back beyond Centreville, where it bivouaced; and, early next morning, it crossed Bull Run and took position in the Confederate line of battle.

Beauregard had concentrated the bulk of his force between Union Mill's ford, on the right, and Mitchell's ford on the left, in which space—about three miles—he had, in order from the right, Ewell's, D. R. Jones's, Longstreet's, and Bonham's brigades, with only Early in reserve, some 250 yards behind Longstreet. Cocke's brigade held Ball's Ford, and Evans with the 4th So. Ca. and Wheat's La. Battalion held the Stone Bridge, two and three miles to the left.

On the morning of the 18th, the slow advance of the Federals was resumed, and about noon Tyler's division occupied the hills overlooking the valley of Bull Run, opposite Blackburn's and Mitchell's fords. McDowell was not with his advanced forces. He had ridden far to the left to reconnoitre, with a view to turning our right flank; a duty he might have more wisely confided to his staff. During his absence a small affair

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occurred at Blackburn's ford terminating favorably for the Confederates.

Tyler's instructions were to reconnoitre our position and to threaten our left so as to draw attention to that quarter, but not to bring on a general engagement. These instructions were our salvation, for our army was weak and badly posted and could not have withstood a vigorous attack by the force in front of us. Both of our flanks were in the air and Bull Run could be crossed by infantry in many places. Our centre was a large salient whose lines the enemy could enfilade. The ground on their side was commanding and afforded close approach under excellent cover. On our side it was low and gently rising to the rear, giving no cover whatever, except of the woods. Our whole force present on the field was about 21,000, of whom about 5,000 (Evans's and Cocke's commands) were too far to the left to be available. McDowell's force available was about 37,000.*

Tyler, about noon brought up some guns and began firing at the few points in our territory where he could discern signs of our presence. After some firing on his part without reply, and a brief engagement from which the Federals withdrew, caused by his attempt to push forward one of his brigades through the woods in his front, there began a sharp artillery duel lasting about forty-five minutes. Though our men soon realized that they were overmatched, the enemy fortunately was the first to cease firing; so that the invaluable moral effect of victory remained with us both in this and in the infantry engagement. In the whole affair the Confederates had 68 and the Federals 83 killed, wounded and missing.

On the night of the 18th, McDowell found himself compelled to make a change in the plan of attack which had been decided upon in Washington before starting. That had contemplated turning of our right flank. But his reconnoissance in that direction had found the country so wooded and broken, and with so few good roads, as to be very unfavorable for operations. His next thought was of direct attack upon our front. That was, beyond question, his best opportunity.

We had, practically, no intrenchment, and there were gaps, sometimes wide ones, between our brigades. Holmes's brigade of two regiments (the 2nd Tenn. and 9th Ark.) coming from Acquia Creek did not arrive until late on the 19th. The confusion caused in our ranks by Tyler's demonstration, for it can scarcely be called an attack, indicates that a serious effort with the whole force at hand would have succeeded.

McDowell had disapproved of Tyler's affair, upon his return from his reconnoissance, and seems to have misunderstood the facts. In his official report he writes that this affair had shown us to be too strong to be attacked at Blackburn's Ford. He also states that the Stone Bridge was mined and defended by a battery and a heavy abattis, and that his only alternative was to seek a route to turn our left flank. No one of these statements was correct. At Stone Bridge there was neither abattis, nor earthwork, nor mine. There were only two 6 Pr. guns with the 4th So. Ca. regiment and Wheat's La. Battalion—say, 1400 men. There were no other supports within a mile.

The movement decided upon, however, promised excellent results if it could be carried out before Beauregard was heavily reinforced. It was decided to turn the Confederate left by crossing Bull Run above the Stone Bridge. This involved further loss of time in reconnoissance, but confidence was felt that Patterson would keep Johnston in the Valley, so the engineers were ordered to find the desired roads. It was not dreamed that Johnston's forces were crossing the Blue Ridge as the sun was setting that afternoon.

McDowell proposed to make his reconnoissance by main force, driving in our pickets and developing our exact position and strength, but he weakly allowed himself to be persuaded, instead, into a reconnoissance by stealth, which is less to be depended upon.

It is worthy of note that upon three occasions in this advance McDowell was persuaded by his leading subordinates to modify orders which he had issued, and these modifications lost him the battle. The first occasion was on the 17th, when his army only marched some five or six miles, as already noted. McDowell wished to have the march prolonged to twelve miles, but yielded to persuasion to go into bivouac when half the distance was covered. That practically lost the entire day.

The second occasion was the reconnoissance by stealth to which he now consented. It occupied a day and a half. It went miles

* O. R., 2, 309.

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astray, as may now be seen, in finding the shortest route. It was noon on the 20th when the engineers made their report of having found a concealed road crossing Bull Run at Sudley Ford, and the march was decided upon. From their present camps the average distances to be covered by the turning brigades were between nine and ten miles. McDowell proposed that they should make four miles that afternoon, leaving only six for the next morning. For the third time his officers proposed and McDowell consented to a change. It would be more convenient, they urged, to remain in their camps that afternoon and night, and to march a couple of hours earlier in the morning, say at 2:30 A. M. Orders were issued accordingly, for the 21st. When they came to be executed, the routes of various commands were found to interfere, and although there was a bright moon, and the country was open and roads good, the head of the column was about four hours in covering the first four miles. This involved a further loss of about two hours.

It is now time to revert to the Confederate lines and note what had happened on the 19th and 20th. An attack in force by the Federals had been expected each morning, and its non-occurrence gratefully appreciated. It may be supposed that our time would have been busily used to intrench, erect batteries, and provide abattis and obstructions, but almost nothing of the sort was done. It required a year's experience to educate our army to the value of such work, although the enemy meanwhile not only set us many examples, but had given us some severe object lessons. On the 19th Holmes's brigade had arrived from Acquia Creek. It took position behind Ewell on our right flank. Jackson's brigade also arrived and was placed in reserve behind Mitchell's Ford. On the 20th, Johnston arrived in person, also the 7th and 8th Geo. of Bartow's brigade, the 4th Ala. and the 2nd Miss. of Bee's. These troops were placed in reserve behind Blackburn's Ford. As already told, these were the only troops of Johnston's army to arrive in time for the beginning of the battle, though another brigade under Kirby Smith arrived in time to turn the wavering scale about 3 P. M. on the 21st.

It is strange that all this could go on in such close proximity to the Federal army without discovery through some negro or deserter. It is still stranger that McDowel seems to have had no scouts out, upon either flank, who might easily have learned it. Only one intimation reached him of what was going on, and that he refused to credit. Gen. Tyler was an experienced railroad manager, and from the hills north of Bull Run, on the 19th, he had listened to the exhaust of many engines bringing heavy loads into Manassas from the direction of the Valley. He correctly guessed that they were bringing Johnston's army, and reported the facts and his conclusions to McDowell, not only on the 19th, but again on the 20th. The suggestions were received very coolly, and no steps were taken to find out.

From Centreville the Warrenton pike runs straight southwest for many miles. At about two miles it crosses Cub Run, a tributary of Bull Run, on a high wooden bridge. At four miles it crosses Bull Run on the Stone Bridge. A little beyond Cub Run a farm road to the right, by a circuitous route of six miles, leads to Sudley Springs ford of Bull Run, which is but two miles above the Stone Bridge in an air line. From Sudley, on the south side of Bull Run, a road to the southeast crosses the Warrenton pike a mile beyond the Stone Bridge and leads on to Manassas. McDowell's plan was as follows: Tyler with three brigades was to take position opposite the Stone Bridge, make demonstrations and be prepared to cross. McDowell in person would conduct the five brigades of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions by the circuitous road, cross Bull Run at Sudley Ford and attack the position at Stone Bridge in the rear. As soon as it was carried Tyler's three brigades would cross, and the whole eight brigades, united behind our left flank, could easily sweep down our entire line.

There was, however, one bad feature. The circuitous route, by which the five brigades would march, would take them dangerously far from his other forces, should Beauregard take the offensive and attack his left at the moment when this turning column was entangled in the circuitous road. The fear of such an attack induced McDowell, while actually on the march, to halt his rear brigade, Howard's, and leave it behind, until the four other brigades had crossed Bull Run and were in action on the south side. That brigade was thus out of use for four critical hours, and, when it rejoined,

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the battle had been lost. Its only service was in covering the retreat.

Meanwhile, by a coincidence, Beauregard had planned to make the very attack which McDowell had feared, and at the very time when he was stretched out on the circuitous road. As Johnston was Beauregard's senior he was now in command of the joint forces, but as Beauregard was more familiar with the situation, it was left to him to decide upon the order of battle. By uniting the two armies, the Confederates had prepared a surprise for the Federals, but, to reap the full benefit, it should be sprung upon them before they became aware of their danger. Beauregard's order of battle proposed to cross Bull Run with our three right brigades, envelop the enemy's exposed left flank, and drive it towards Centreville. As soon as this battle was joined it would be taken up to the left, by adjoining brigades, in succession. We now had eight brigades concentrated on a front of about three miles, and, opposed to them, McDowell had left but three brigades. We could never hope for a more favorable opportunity to quickly crush these three brigades, and be prepared to meet in detail those which McDowell would have to bring back from his right. Unfortunately, however, we failed to improve the opportunity, and it vanished. The history of our failure is as follows:

Had Beauregard been in command, the so-called "orders" issued would have been immediate, and have been put into process of execution at dawn. But, presumably by Johnston's wish, they were merely instructions to each brigade to "place itself in position of attack upon the enemy," and await orders. The "orders to attack would be given by the Commander-in-Chief." These instructions were sent out at 5 A. M. and were differently understood by the officers addressed. Ewell, with Holmes, did not advance across Bull Run, but simply held himself in readiness on the south side. Jones and Longstreet crossed their brigades and took position on the north bank. Bonham's brigade did not move.

Johnston had expected the arrival during the night of his troops still in the rear. When he found that they had not arrived he determined not to attack, but to await developments. He consented, however, to a demonstration by Beauregard's right, and orders were sent Ewell and Jones to advance. The order to Ewell was lost. It never reached him and was never found or accounted for afterward. Jones crossed and waited for two hours before the situation was developed. It was then thought too late and he was withdrawn.

About 6 A. M. Tyler's division appeared before our force under Evans at Stone Bridge, and presently opened a slow fire with a 30 Pr. Parrott rifle.

The movement of Tyler towards Stone Bridge early in the morning had been discovered by Longstreet's scouts. He writes of it in his book (page 45): "Their report was sent promptly to headquarters, and, after a short delay, the brigade (Longstreet's) was ordered back to its position behind the Run."

About 8 A. M. Johnston and Beauregard, accompanied by staffs and couriers, rode to the vicinity of Mitchell's Ford, where they left their party under cover, and took position on an open hill, some 200 yards to the left of the road. On the Federal side of the Run, the three brigades, left to amuse our line while the flanking column made its march around us, had taken position on the hills about a half mile north of the creek, started to protect itself with abattis, and opened fire with a few guns upon all movements which they could discover on our side. To this fire we made no reply and kept our positions concealed, but we did nothing to strengthen them.

As he rode out in the morning, Beauregard directed me to go with a courier to the Wilcoxen Signal Station and remain in general observation of the field, sending messages of all I could discover. I went reluctantly, as the opportunity seemed very slight of rendering any service. There were but two signal stations on our line of battle, one in rear of McLean's Ford, and one near Van Pelt's house, on a bluff a few hundred yards to the left and rear of the Stone Bridge. Beyond the latter station the broad level valley of Bull Run for some miles with its fields and pastures, as seen through the glass, was foreshortened into a narrow band of green.

While watching the flag of this station with a good glass, when I had been there about a half hour, the sun being low in the east behind me, my eye was caught by a glitter in this narrow band of green. I recognized it at once as the reflection of the

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morning sun from a brass field-piece. Closer scrutiny soon revealed the glittering of bayonets and musket barrels.

It was about 8:45 A. M., and I had discovered McDowell's turning column, the head of which, at this hour, was just arriving at Sudley, eight miles away.

I appreciated how much it might mean, and thought it best to give Evans immediate notice, even before sending word to Beauregard. So I signalled Evans quickly, "Look out for your left, you are turned." Evans afterwards told me that a picket, which he had had at Sudley, being driven in by the enemy's advance guard, had sent a courier, and the two couriers, one with my signal message and one with the report of the picket, reached him together. The simultaneous reports from different sources impressed him, and he acted at once and with sound judgment. He left four companies of his command to watch the bridge and the enemy in his front, Tyler and his three brigades. With the remainder of his forces (six companies of the 4th So. Ca., and Wheat's La. Battn.) he marched to oppose and delay the turning column, at the same time notifying Cocke, next on his right, of his movement. But he sent no word to Beauregard, whom he supposed that I would notify.

Having sent Evans notice of his danger, I next wrote to Beauregard, as follows:

"I see a body of troops crossing Bull Run about two miles above the Stone Bridge. The head of the column is in the woods on this side. The rear of the column is in the woods on the other side. About a half mile of its length is visible in the open ground between. I can see both infantry and artillery."

In his report of the battle, Beauregard does not mention this note, but says, generally, that Capt. Alexander gave him "seasonable and material assistance early in the day with his system of signals."

Johnston in his report says: "About 8 o'clock Gen. Beauregard and I placed ourselves on a commanding hill in rear of Gen. Bonham's left. Near nine o'clock, the signal officer, Capt. Alexander, reported that a large body of troops was crossing the valley of Bull Run some two miles above the bridge. Gen. Bee, who had been placed near Col. Cocke's position, Col. Hampton with his legion, and Col. Jackson, from a point near Gen. Bonham's left, were ordered to hasten to the left flank."

Bee's force comprised the 4th Ala. and 2nd Miss., with the 7th and 8th Geo. under Bartow. The Hampton Legion was one regiment, and Jackson had five regiments, the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 27th and 33rd Va. So, ten regiments, with an average distance of about three miles to go, were now *en route* to reinforce Evans with his two half-regiments.

And now, for an hour and a half, nothing took place but the enemy's desultory artillery firing across Bull Run. McDowell's turning column was arriving at Sudley, crossing the creek and having a half hour to rest, drink, and fill their canteens. Evans was getting into a position on the road from Sudley to Manassas, about a mile in front of McDowell, and three-quarters of a mile north of the Warrenton turnpike. Bee and Bartow were marching to join Evans. Hampton's Legion was following, and behind it Jackson's brigade was also coming. In order towards the right were Cocke, Bonham, Longstreet and Early south of the Run. Jones north of it, and Ewell, with Holmes, south of it at Union Mill's Ford on the extreme right.

Meanwhile, from my signal station, I had watched McDowell's column arrive at Sudley, and about 10 A. M. reported the rear of it—except Howard, left halted, as already told, some four miles behind. Soon after that picket firing was heard and presently an occasional gun. About 10:30, as the sun grew hotter, an immense column of dust began to develop, apparently about ten miles to the northwest. I afterward acquired more experience with army dusts than I then possessed, but never during the war did I see a dust cloud tower higher or rise more densely than this. It proved, finally, to be the wagon trains of Johnston's forces on their march down from the Valley. But, as Patterson's army might be expected to follow Johnston, this portentous dust seemed at first an important phenomenon. So I determined to be my own messenger to tell of it, and perhaps to point it out to the generals as it had now risen to a high altitude.

This I was able to do, and Johnston refers to it as follows: "The signal officer soon called our attention to a heavy cloud of dust to the northwest and about ten miles off, such as the march of an army would raise. This excited apprehensions of General Patterson's approach"

Meanwhile, quite a fire of both musketry and artillery was beginning to develop on

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the left, where McDowell's advance had now come in collision with Evans's little force.

As a bystander I soon appreciated that Johnston believed the battle was to be fought upon the left and wished to go there, but Beauregard was reluctant to give up the proposed attack on Centreville by his right.

Evans, with his eleven companies and two guns, maintained a good fight. He was fighting for time, and he managed to delay the Federal advance for about an hour. The fighting was not bad for beginners. Wheat's Tigers (the 1st La. Battn.) lost thirty-eight in killed and wounded, and Evans's six companies of the 4th So. Ca. Regt. doubtless lost at least fifty-two, though the exact figures in the reports are consolidated with other companies. It was doubtless influenced by the *morale* gained on the 18th. The Federal tactics were poor and timid. The engagement was begun by a single regiment, and this was reinforced by others successively, but there was lack of concert and combined power. New troops going into action are very prone to "fire and fall back"—to touch and let go—as one handles a piece of hot iron when uncertain how hot it may prove to be. There were cases of this among the volunteer regiments upon both sides.

When Jackson, at Chancellorsville, turned Hooker's flank, he formed his force into a double line of battle, with an interval of about 200 yards between the lines, before he made his attack. When made it was irresistible and produced an immediate panic. Had he begun it by piecemeal it would have proved a failure. Had McDowell first advanced even two brigades, formed in a double line, Evans's force could scarcely have detained them ten minutes.

As it was, he was able to hold on until he was reinforced by Bee and Bartow with their four regiments. But, soon after these had prolonged Evans's line of battle, facing the troops advancing from Sudley, their right was taken in flank and rear by Sherman's and Keyes's brigades of Tyler's division, which had found fords and crossed Bull Run about half-way between the Stone Bridge and Sudley, which McDowell's reconnoissance on the 19th had missed. The roar of the young battle now swelled in volume. There came crashes of musketry which told that whole brigades were coming in, and the fire of the guns increased.

Of course, the Confederate line could not be held long against the odds now opposed to it, but the fight which it made has seldom been excelled by such raw troops. Jackson's brigade, later that day, by steadfast fighting, conferred the immortal name of Stonewall upon its commander. The killed and wounded in its five regiments were 561, an average of 112 each. The killed and wounded in Bee's and Bartow's four regiments were 658, an average of 164 each. The 8th Georgia, Bartow's own regiment, lost 200, and the 4th Alabama 197. Equally to their credit is the fact that though forced back a half mile they were not demoralized, but on meeting the reinforcements many were rallied and reformed, and fought throughout the day. It was in this later fighting that both Bee and Bartow were killed. The victory could never have been won without them.*

We must now return to the hill near Mitchell's Ford occupied by the two generals. When the sudden increase of fire broke out, which marked the arrival on the field of Bee and Bartow, Johnston seemed so restless that Beauregard was moved to dispatch a staff officer, Major Stevens, with a half dozen couriers under orders to ride rapidly, learn the situation, and send back a messenger every ten minutes. Not a word of information had yet come from the left, except what I had seen from the signal station. About 11:30 A. M., Stevens having gone less than a half hour, there came a further access of fire both of musketry and artillery. It was doubtless due to the attack of Sherman and Keyes upon the flank of Bee and Bartow. No one who heard it could doubt its import. No messages from the left were needed now. All paused for a moment and listened. Then Johnston said "The battle is there! I am going." Walking rapidly to his horse he mounted and set off at a gallop, followed by his own staff, as fast as they could get their horses.

Beauregard only paused to give a few brief orders. Holmes's and Early's brigades and two regiments of Bonham's with Walk-

* In this connection mention should be made of Major Robert Wheat, of the La. Battn. known as "The Tigers." As a boy, Wheat had run away from home in Baltimore and served gallantly in the Mexican War, and, after that, in desperate fighting with Walker in Nicaragua. In his report Evans writes that he was much indebted to Major Wheat "for his great experience and his excellent advice." He doubtless advised Evans in his movement to the left. Early in the action he fell, shot through the lungs. He survived and in June, 1862, again led his battalion in the bloody charge at Gaines's Mill. Just before starting, to a friend who gave a greeting, he said: "Something tells Bob that this is his last." He had advanced but a short distance when he fell, only living to exclaim, "Bury me on the field, boys!"

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er's and Kemper's batteries, were to march to the firing. Jones's brigade was to be recalled to our side of Bull Run. I was ordered to return to my signal station, which I did reluctantly. From it I watched the progress of the battle for hours, but could only distinguish a single event to be reported. This was the arrival at Sudley Ford, between one and two o'clock, of another Federal brigade. This, I afterward learned, was Howard's brigade, now tardily brought forward.

I was able to follow the progress of the conflict by the rising clouds of smoke and the gradual approach of the musketry for an hour or two, after which, for a long time, there was little change, and the battle seemed to stand still. When Evans and Bee were broken by Sherman's attack upon the flank, their retreat was specially pressed by the Federal artillery. Before reaching the Warrenton Pike they were met by the Hampton Legion, and Hampton made an earnest effort to rally the retreating force upon his command. The ground, however, was too exposed to be held long, and soon our whole line was falling back across the pike under the enemy's fire. Here, however, it found its tenacity rewarded. A fresh brigade was drawn up in line on the elevated ground, since known as the Henry House Hill, and its commander, till then unknown, was henceforth to be called Stonewall. Bee rode up and said to him, "General, they are driving us." "Then, sir," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet."

The hill was really a ridge, with a plateau-like top, some 200 yards or more across. The inner edge of such a ridge is a fairly good position for a defensive line of battle. It affords some cover both from view and from fire. If the enemy bring their artillery to the front edge of it, they are within musket range, and are also near enough to be charged. There was a good fringe of young pines, masking the inner edge of the hill. Jackson, while marching to the firing, had recognized this comparatively good position and occupied it. Bee galloped among his retreating men and called out to them: "See Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians."*

* It is a coincidence that the same comparison was made the same afternoon by General Johnston. I was acting as his guide late in the evening, and, in speaking of the fighting, he instanced the 4th Va. regiment of Jackson's brigade, under Col. Jas. F. Preston, and said, so impressively that I have never forgotten it: "Preston's regiment stood there like a stone wall."

It was at this moment, when Jackson's 3,000 men and Hampton's 600 were the only organized troops opposing the Federal advance, and Bee, Bartow and Evans were attempting to rally their broken forces, that Johnston and Beauregard reached the field. A heavy Federal fire was being poured after the fugitives. The two Generals had picked up and brought with them two batteries, Pendleton's and Alburtis's of four guns each. Their first efforts were to rally the stragglers and, by example, to encourage the whole line. Both were veterans at such work. Johnston took the colors of the 4th Ala. and established it in the line of battle. His ordnance officer, Col. Thomas, was placed in command of a battalion formed of fragments of all commands. Thomas was killed while leading them through the day. Beauregard had his horse killed under him. When the line of battle seemed well established, it was agreed that its immediate conduct should be left to Beauregard, and that Johnston should take his position at the Lewis house, a short distance in rear, whence he could control the movements of all forces, and direct the reinforcements as they approached the field.

Two incomplete regiments of Cocke's brigade, the 8th Virginia, of seven companies, and the 49th of three companies, were brought from Ball's Ford. Ewell's brigade was sent for from Union Mills. Orders to hasten were sent the two regiments under Kershaw, and Early's and Holmes's brigades, already on the march. Longstreet, at his own request by courier, was authorized to cross Bull Run and make demonstrations against the enemy in his front and Jones was authorized to join him.

Beside these there was also on the way Kirby Smith's brigade, which, as before told, had arrived at Manassas during the morning, and was at once started to the field.

Beauregard's task, therefore, was to hold his line of battle until some of these six bodies of reinforcements could reach him. It was his last chance. And to do it he had about 3,000 fresh infantry, and about as much more which had been engaged and driven back, and he had about sixteen guns, mostly six-pounders. His great advantage was that he had a fairly good position and was on the defensive.

It was McDowell's task, and it was his last remaining, of all the chances on his side

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at the beginning, to crush Beauregard's line before reinforcements could reach it. He had eight brigades, about 20,000 men and twenty-four guns, mostly twelve-pounders and rifles. But he set about the work with only four brigades. Howard's brigade, as has already been told, had been left miles behind, when he felt uneasy about the long flank march. He sent for it about this time but it arrived too late.

Burnside's brigade he had weakly permitted Burnside to beg off for a rest, and to replenish ammunition. It was lying in the woods, in rear of where it was first engaged in the morning, and from Burnside's report, it laid there nearly five hours, and was not again engaged.

The third brigade missing from the fighting line was Keyes's. It had followed Sherman closely in its arrival on the field, and had borne some part in driving back the Confederate line. Then it had borne to its left, and gotten into the valley of Bull Run. There was no Confederate infantry there, but it took shelter in the valley from a few guns which looked after our flank and rear in that direction. Here it was out of touch with everything. McDowell did not even know where it was. Had it advanced upon the Confederate guns, or had it communicated with Schenck's brigade on the north side of Bull Run, and the two moved on Cocke's brigade at Ball's Ford—had it, in short, tried *anything*, it might have accomplished important results. The fourth brigade missing was Schenck's, which never crossed Bull Run. Schenck still believed that the bridge was mined, but he had ventured to cross axemen, one at a time, and had them cutting out the forest trees which had been felled across the Warrenton Pike in the low ground beyond the bridge. The axemen got their task completed just in time for Keyes's brigade to retreat by that route.

The absence of these four brigades, and the losses suffered by the other four, probably reduced McDowell's fighting line to about 9,000 men, and Beauregard's advantage in the defensive equalized the remaining differences. For McDowell made the further mistake of continuing to fight in front instead of hunting for a Confederate flank.

So now, for over two hours, these lines of battle fired away at each other, across the front ridge of the plateau, neither one's fire being very murderous, as each fired mostly at random at the other's smoke. That, indeed, is the case in nearly all battles since long range guns have come into use It is rare that hostile lines get so near together, and are so exposed to each other's view, that men can select their targets. When this does occur some decisive result is apt to be reached quickly. Fighting rarely consists now in marching directly upon one's enemy and shooting him down at close range. The idea is now a different one. It rather consists in making it rain projectiles all over the enemy's position. As far as possible, while so engaged, one seeks cover from the enemy's fire in return. But the party taking the offensive must necessarily make some advances. The best advance is around the enemy's flanks, where one meets less fire and becomes opposed by smaller numbers.

But here, McDowell, encouraged by his early success, endeavored to push straight forward. All along Young's Branch at the foot of the rolling slopes, was more or less cover in which his troops could form. They could then advance, sheltered from view until their heads would begin to show, over the front edge of the plateau, to the Confederate line along its rear edge. Then they would receive an accelerated and more accurate fire. They would return a volley or two and then run back down the hill until they found cover again. Some commands would try it over and over again, a number of times, but none ever made a lodgment.

If McDowell had had some of his absent brigades at hand, he would doubtless have sent a single column to do the work in a single charge. But his successive attacks in partial force were only consuming time, while the Confederate reinforcements were already beginning to arrive on the field. And, as they came, Johnston with good judgment, hurried them to the left and extended the Confederate flank.

At length, as his infantry could not make a lodgment, McDowell determined to try it with a dozen guns, manned by Griffin's and Rickett's splendid companies of regulars. A gentle swale in the face of the ascending slope left the Henry house on a sort of knoll between the swale and the Sudley-Manassas road. Griffin's and Rickett's batteries were ordered to advance to the Henry house, and two or three regiments were directed forward to their support. This was about 3 P. M.

The Henry house was a two-story frame,

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of about two rooms on each floor, in open grass land, with a small flower garden and a few small trees by it. Heretofore it had not been in the line of fire, but there had been enough near to drive off all occupants except Mrs. Henry herself, who, old and bed-ridden, had to be left. The house now became suddenly the focus of a heavy fire. Mrs. Henry was killed in her bed, struck by a cannon shot and several musket balls. The enemy was within canister range of our lines and the battle waxed hot. A regiment of Zouaves, following in support of the Federal batteries, were charged by a company of cavalry under Col. Stuart. The Zouaves took cover in a body of woods, and the cavalry lost nine men and eighteen horses in a very few minutes. Other Federal regiments sent in support entered the woods, to the right and rear of the batteries, and found them being occupied from the other direction by the Confederate reinforcements which Johnston was now directing to our left flank.

Meanwhile, Griffin and Ricketts had fired but a short while when the 33rd Va., under Col. A. C. Cummings, from Jackson's left, leaving the shelter of the ridge and thickets, and, partly obscured from view by a fence, marched boldly out towards them. Col. Cummings moved of his own accord and without orders, tempted by the enemy's near approach. The day had been very dusty, and all uniforms, blue and gray, were now of the same dusty color. All over the field, and on both sides, cases of confusion had occurred, but the most important of all took place now. Griffin saw the regiment coming, and prepared to give them a blizzard of canister. But the Federal chief of artillery, Major Barry, stopped him, saying that it was a Federal regiment coming to his support. One can scarcely imagine an intelligent officer becoming so confused as to points of the compass, but it is often seen upon battle-fields. A few zig-zag changes of direction upon unfamiliar ground will upset the "orientation" of many men. Maj. Barry had been fighting that regiment in Jackson's line for some hours, yet he let it march up to a fence within seventy yards and deliver a volley. That volley was the end of the two batteries. About forty men and perhaps seventy-five horses were killed or disabled by it. Ricketts was badly wounded and captured, and his first lieutenant, Ramsay, was killed. Griffin managed to drag off three of his guns, but the other nine were left isolated between the two armies, surrounded by the dead and wounded men and horses.

McDowell, however, did not tamely abandon his guns. The 33rd Virginia soon found itself too far from home to maintain its position, and it had to leave its captures and fall back. Then there were two or three efforts on each side to hold them before the final one, about 4 P. M. Then Beauregard advanced his whole line of battle. The Hampton Legion and the 18th Va. finally swept over the captured guns, and Ferguson and Chisolm, of Beauregard's staff, turned some of them upon the Federal forces now dissolving into rout.

Within the last half hour, Kirby Smith's brigade had reached the field, closely followed by Early's brigade, and with them came Beckham's battery. As Kirby Smith led in his troops, extending our line on the left, he was severely wounded and had to turn over the command to Elzey. Early took Stuart's cavalry and Beckham's battery and advanced across the Warrenton Turnpike, where the ground is rolling and open. Beckham came into action in a position taking the Federal forces in flank. Having lost Griffin and Ricketts from their right flank, there was little artillery available to fight Beckham, and meanwhile, Beauregard, in the front was now taking the aggressive. The Federal soldiers appreciated that the long and crooked road by which they had advanced would be peculiarly exposed in retreat, and, great numbers dissolved ranks and started back to Centreville by the route they had come. Only Keyes's brigade, and some of those nearest the left, took the Warrenton Pike and crossed on the Stone Bridge. Early's brigade and the cavalry followed the fugitives who went by Sudley. The infantry could do but little in this pursuit, and the cavalry by night-fall had loaded themselves with as many prisoners as they could care for, so most of these commands halted at Sudley and bivouaced for that night.

We may now return briefly to my signal station, whence at 1:15 P. M. I sent my last message, reporting what I now know to have been Howard's brigade, arriving at Sudley Ford, and two dust columns, both made by Johnston's wagons coming from

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the Valley. My message was dated 1:15 P. M., and was as follows:

"Large reinforcements are pushing towards the enemy, crossing Bull Run far above Stone Bridge.

"The column of dust, which has come down from toward the mountains, is going straight toward Manassas Station. It now appears about three miles from the Junction. Another column is visible in the far distance toward Paris. Six pieces in battery at Butler House, Centreville Road."

After 2 o'clock the roar of the battle began to increase again, and about 3, a new battery opened fire from a point farther to my left than any previous firing. It was plainly engaged in enfilading one of the opposing lines, and I watched anxiously to see which. Presently one of its shells burst high in the air over the Federal position. I was satisfied that I could be of no further service at the Signal Station and I rode for the field. Had I not seen the direction in which that new battery was firing I would soon have believed our army to have been already defeated from the swarms of stragglers met upon my road. A few had flesh wounds, and all had stories of disaster which had left few survivors of their commands. President Davis had arrived at Manassas from Richmond, early in the afternoon, and even then stragglers from the field had met the train at the Junction, a half mile from the station, with such alarming stories that the conductor feared to carry the train further. After persuasion, however, he sent the President and an aide up to the station on a locomotive.

At the station horses and a guide were procured and Mr. Davis rode to the field. He soon encountered the procession of stragglers and heard their stories. He was so impressed by their numbers that he said to an officer riding with him: "Fields are not won where men desert their colors as ours are doing."

Quite near the field, the road crossed a small stream. Here the surgeons had established field hospitals, and about these and under shade of the trees, the crowd of wounded, attendants and stragglers was quite extensive. As he had ridden along the road, the President had frequently called upon men to turn back to the field, and some had done so. Here he seemed to fear that the whole army was in retreat. As he rode his horse into the stream he drew his rein, and, with a pale, stern face, and in a loud, ringing voice he shouted, "*I am President Davis! Follow me back to the field!*" Not far off, Stonewall Jackson, who had been shot through the hand, but had disregarded it until victory was assured, was now having his hand dressed by Surgeon Hunter McGuire. Jackson did not catch the President's words and McGuire repeated them to him. Jackson quickly shouted: "We have whipped them! They ran like sheep! Give me 5,000 fresh men and I will be in Washington City to-morrow morning." In that sentence, as we shall see, appears almost the only evidence of appreciation, among our leaders on that field, of the great opportunity now before them.

The enemy were routed. Jackson saw their demoralization, and felt that, if rapidly followed up, it would spread and might involve the Capitol itself. And every soldier should have seen in it at least a good chance to cut off and capture many thousands of fugitives retreating by long and roundabout roads.

There was little effort, worthy of the name, even to do this. Our small bodies of cavalry did their best and captured about as many prisoners as they could handle. In all 871 unwounded were taken. But to fully improve such an opportunity not a moment should have been lost. At the occurrence of the panic, all the troops best situated to cut the line of retreat should have been put in motion. Not only staff officers but generals themselves should have followed up to inspire and urge pursuit. The motto of our army here would seem to have been, "Build a bridge of gold for a flying enemy."

Jackson's offer to take Washington City the next morning with 5,000 men, had been made to the President as he arrived upon the field, probably about 5 o'clock. It was not sunset until 7:15 and there was a nearly full moon. But the President himself and both generals spent these precious hours in riding over the field where the conflict had taken place. Doubtless it was an interesting study, the dead and badly wounded of both sides being mostly where they had fallen, but it was not war to pause at that moment to consider it. One of the generals, Beauregard, for instance, should have crossed Bull Run at Ball's Ford or Stone Bridge with all the troops in that vicinity,

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and should have pushed the pursuit all night. Johnston should have galloped rapidly back to Mitchell's Ford and have marched thence on Centreville, with Bonham, Longstreet and Jones, who had not been engaged. No hard fighting would have been needed. A threat upon either flank would doubtless have been sufficient; and, when once a retreat from Centreville was started, even blank volleys fired behind it, would have soon converted it into a panic.

It would be vain to speculate how far the pursuit might have been pushed or what it might have accomplished had all the available force been energetically used. We were deficient in organization, discipline and transportation, but these deficiencies are no sufficient excuse for not attempting the game of war. In that game, to use the slang of more modern days, it was now "up to the Confederates" to pursue their routed enemy to the very utmost. His line of retreat was circuitous and offered us rare opportunity to cut it at Cub Run by a short advance from Stone Bridge; or at Centreville, by an advance of three miles from Mitchell's Ford. Johnston and Beauregard both sent orders to different commands to make such advances, *but neither went in person to supervise and urge forward the execution of the orders, though time was of the very essence.* Both generals and the President spent the valuable hours of daylight still left in riding over the battle-field; as Napoleon lost his opportunity to crush Wellington at Quatre Bras by wasting hours in riding over the field of Ligny.

TO SLEEP

By Olive Tilford Dargan

O, GENTLE lover of a world day-worn,
  Taking the weary light to thy dusk arms,
Stealing where pale forms lie, sun-hurt and torn,
  Waiting the balm of thy oblivious charms,
Make me thy captive ere I guess pursuit,
  And cast me deep within some dreamless close,
Where hopes stir not, and white, wronged lips are mute,
  And Pain's hot wings fold down o'er hushèd woes;
And if ere morn thou choos'st to set me free,
  Let it not be, sweet jailer, through the door
That timeward opes, but to eternity
  Set thou the soul that needs thee nevermore;
So I from Sleep to Death may softly wend
As one would pass from gentle friend to friend.

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CLAGETT

By Francis Lynde

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK B. MASTERS

CHRYSOLITE lies deep in the hollow of the mountain's palm, with the turbulent flood of the Boiling Water racing down its line of life, Short Devlin's Palace of Fortune standing indifferently upon the plain of Mars or the mount of Mercury, as its habitués happened to be gamesome or sentimental, and the mine-scarred spurs of Chrysolite Peak posturing as the upcurved fingers. East and west through the hollowed palm runs the steel-threaded strand of the D. & U. P., emerging from the gateway of the upper canyon at the Chinese placers, and shuttling back to invisibility through the gloomy portal of Black Rock Canyon on the thumb side of the hollowed palm.

In Clagett's time, besides the necessary shaft-houses, crushers, and other mining utilities, there were two or three miners' boarding-houses, many bar-rooms, a scattering of slab-built "stores" and shacks, a three-stalled round-house to shelter the helping engines kept to double-head on eastbound trains to the summit of Shunt Pass, and the red-painted, bungalow-roofed station, Clagett's office by day and his sleeping-room at night.

Men lived in Chrysolite because the industrial gods so decreed; and of women there was a painful dearth. For this cause Kate Shannon, who would have been accounted passing fair in less primitive surroundings, figured as Clagett's divinity.

Kate presided over the lunch counter in the station waiting-room; and thereby hangs a tale of corporation soulfulness. Nine months before Clagett took the Chrysolite agency, Patrick Shannon, section foreman, was killed by a passing train while track walking in Black Rock Canyon, leaving to the tender mercies of Chrysolite—and the railway company—a girl of eighteen and a cub of a boy one year Kate's junior.

Chrysolite buried the section boss with A. O. H. honors, made up a purse for the orphans—which the cub, Mickey, promptly returned to the donors by way of the many bars and gambling-tables of the camp—and retired from the field charitable. But the railway company did better. Chrysolite was a watering station and a relay for extra freight crews and helping engines. The lunch counter was established, and Pat Shannon's daughter placed in charge. Her earnings paid for her room in Mother Sheedy's cabin, and kept the cub scantily in spending money; the last-named use of them being a secret which Clagett had discovered in the third week of his worship of St. Catherine of the Coffee Cups.

After the discovery, Clagett lived for a purpose: to win promotion to one of the growing agricultural stations on the Western Division; to marry Kate Shannon, and to carry her far from the womanless desolation of the mining-camps.

It was a swelling ambition, and the marrying part of it made him turn pale and grow short breathed when he dwelt upon the daringness of it. Who was he, the fag end of a Pike County swamp-hunter's family of fourteen, to mate with a black-eyed, fit, vigorous, lithe-limbed and gloriously beautiful young woman whose lightest word robbed him of speech, and whose laughing banter sent little shivers of shamed desire thrilling up and down his spine?

At such question crises, Clagett would rise from his pen-scratchings over the "freight forwarded" book and go to summarize himself in the cracked mirror hanging above the wash-hand stand in the corner of his office bedroom. Commonplace inconsequence was the accent of the picture flung back by the cracked looking-glass. Once—it was when he had applied for his job at the Castle Cliff headquarters—he had chanced to overhear Superintendent Upham's comment upon himself, briefed to the chief clerk in an epitomizing sentence: "He's only a two-by-four man, Cranston—a sage-brush operator—and he'll never amount to much; but you may send him to Chrysolite, if you like."

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Under the spur of that comment Clagett had done his small best, doing it still more faithfully after the birth of the great love. There were never any auditor's corrections to come in the train mail for Chrysolite station, no shuffling of cash balances, no bungling of train orders. Clagett was slow, but he was terribly sure. Yet he knew in his heart of hearts that he should never rise to the great opportunity; possibly not to the final unnerving opportunity which must come, or be made, when he should have a home in the agricultural paradise to offer Kate Shannon.

He was not left to imagine what she would say; his fellow employees were too thoughtful for that. Magoon, the big Irish driver of the 1106, devilling him in the presence of the round-house contingent, prefigured her answer in words, as thus: "'Me to marry that thin-legged, yellow-eyed scrap of a lightnin'-jerker?' says Katie. 'For what did God give me eyes and common sinse, then? Sure, I could have the biggest and brainiest of thim f'r the crookin' of me little finger,' says she."

Clagett had wanly joined in the laugh on himself, as the price one pays for comradeship with one's kind. Yet the gibe was corrosive. Magoon's prophetic paraphrase was not at all what a tender-hearted Irish St. Catherine would say; but it might well be what she would think.

It was on a bitter winter evening, in the year of many wreckings on the D. & U. P., that this same Michael Magoon, being bulletined to go out as second engine on Number Three, dropped into the office to ask weather questions of the man at the wires. With a cold snow-cloud settling low upon Chrysolite Peak, and the tense humming of a mountain storm in the upper air, the laborious climb of Number Three to the tunnel summit promised to be wasteful of fuel and abrasive of the nerve of man.

"What do they be saying up along, Danny?" he queried, lounging comradely across the flat counter rail.

"A heap more snow on the pass, and the coldest night of the year," replied Clagett, turning from the clicking sounder.

"And how will it be down below?"

"Everything is late, east and west; and three of the wires are down between Broken Arrow and Castle Cliff. Dawson's working over the commercial wire, now. The weather office says it will go to twenty below at the summit."

Magoon shivered in all the great bulk of him.

"'Tis enticin' f'r a man to go out and pound the ballast on a tin-wheeler!" he grumbled. And then, more personally: "'Tis these nights I'd invy you your job, Danny, me son: nothin' to do but go and hang your elbows on the lunch counter and work your jaw at the purty girl behind it."

Clagett always suffered a dull resentment in this field of familiarities, but it was inarticulate. Magoon went on, undisturbed by the lack of response.

"Speakin' of Katie—'tis some man's job to break the back o' that brother of hers. Mother Sheedy tells me he's wheedled Katie into sellin' the bit of a cabin that ould Pat built; and by the same token, Short Devlin had the money in two runs o' the car-rds. He's a bad lot, that Mickey b'y."

Clagett nodded assent; how bad a lot he knew to his cost, since young Shannon, trading upon the round-house talk of the station agent's love stroke, made the office his unofficial loafing place, and had borrowed from Clagett when other streams ran dry.

"He'll be doin' time before he's a man grown," volunteered Magoon.

Clagett got up to shut the ticket case and to close the door of the iron safe beneath it. Because Mickey Shannon's latest baseness was dividing attention with the duty of the moment, he did not throw the safe combination off as was his custom on leaving the office to go to his meals. On this night of nights there was the more reason, too, since the Ophir Company had just paid a considerable freight bill, and paid it in money. But Clagett was thinking of Kate, and of her cruel loss of the bit of patrimonial real estate; so he merely shot the bolts and turned the combination dial a few numbers past the opening index.

Magoon was gone to overlook his engine for the hard night's run when Clagett snapped the spring latch of his office door and breasted the rising storm around to the lunch-counter entrance. He was shivering with the chill of the zero temperature when he perched himself upon his own particular high stool opposite the fragrant coffee urn; but the sight of Kate frying his customary two eggs over the tiny gasoline

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blaze on the serving-shelf warmed him like a breath of bud-bursting spring.

Unhappily, the waiting-room was quite thickly peopled with passengers for the belated Number Three, and there were other expectant ones lining up their stools on Clagett's side of the board. Hence there was small chance for a word with Kate about the wayward Mickey until he had drained his second cup of coffee, and not then until he had waited longer than he should. At the crisis, however, he made the chance, the ice of speechlessness being broken by the sight of the trouble-depths in the velvety black eyes.

"I reckon I wouldn't worry, if I was you, Kittie," he whispered hoarsely across the counter. "It'll all come out straight, some day."

"It's not the money, Dan; I care little for that," she rejoined, matching his low whisper of confidence. "It's Mickey, himself. I'm that worried I can't sleep for thinking what will become of him. O Danny, dear, can't you do something for him? He thinks a deal of you."

Kate Shannon.

Clagett felt hero-yeast working in his blood; a new implantation that swelled his heart to bursting and choked him far beyond the power of articulate expression. She had looked at him with tears in the melting eyes; had called him "Danny, dear," with an appeal for help. At such moments clods turn to serviceable stones; paste becomes diamond of the purest water.

"I—I'd go to jail for him this minute, Kittie, if that would take the hurt out of your heart," he stammered; and just then someone opened the door. On the incoming blast was borne the shout of the belated train's whistle, and he had to vanish. There were a dozen things to be done in the next ten minutes, and he had killed time recklessly in trying for that ameliorating word with Kate.

When he turned the angle of the building to run back to his office, Magoon was bringing the 1106 up the house track, to get in ahead of Three on the main line. As the engine shrilled around the snow-covered rails of the curve, the great white beam of her head-light swept down the station platform, half blinding Clagett as he faced it. In the brief instant of illumination he saw young Shannon with his hand on the latch of the office door. It made no impression upon the realizing part of him at the moment. Number Three was thundering up through the lower yard, and his ticket window was not yet open. There was no room for other thoughts.

In the rush of the next few minutes Clagett would have been insensible to the trump of the archangel sounding the summons for the last great day. In some hurried fashion the waiting passengers were served, the clearance order was taken, the baggage was checked, and the express packages were made ready.

When he ran out to put the baggage aboard, Magoon was already coupled in ahead of the train engine, and Halsey, the conductor, was calling the coffee drinkers from the lunch counter. Clagett wrought furiously for sixty straining seconds, and with the tumbling of the last trunk into the baggage-car the two engines coughed sharply in unison, the snow screamed under the wheels, and the train moved out.

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Clagett drew a long breath of relief when the red tail-lights on the rear sleeper stared back at him through the blinding snow wrack, and went around to his office to take up the haste-disordered threads of routine. A man in a hooded and enveloping overcoat was waiting to be let in, and Clagett gasped when he recognized French, the travelling auditor.

It is an unsolved riddle why the railway rank and file, or at least the honest moiety of it, should tremble in the presence of the company's thief-taker; but the fact remains. The visitations of the travelling auditor are always so unexpected, his movements are so carefully unpredicted, and his authority, from the very nature of his office, is so tyrannically absolute, that the brotherhood bond of the service is stretched to its utmost to include him, even tentatively.

For Clagett the company's money was as alien as if it would immediately turn into so much waste paper in his own, or other unauthorized pockets. Yet when French strode ahead of him into the little dingy, stuffy office, and said, curtly, "I'll take your keys, Clagett," the heat from the glowing cannon stove became suddenly overpowering, and no thief caught red-handed could have advertised his perturbation more patently.

"'Tis enticin' f'r a man to go out and pound the ballast."—Page 96.

French made nothing of the agent's palpable nervousness. He knew Clagett—or thought he did—and was well hardened to the disintegrating effect of a sudden "check" upon men of the Clagett stature. Pulling

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He saw young Shannon with his hand on the latch of the office door.—Page 97.

off his overcoat and finding his checking schedules, he fell to work, quite ignoring the agent, who sat on the edge of his cot bed, nursing his knee and sweating in sympathy with the glowing stove, though for his apprehension there was, so far as he was aware, no foundation in the bookkeeping facts.

Automatically the auditor counted the cash in the money drawer and made a note of the amount. Then he knelt before the safe, twirled the combination dial quickly back and forth to the sequence of figures on a slip of paper taken from his pocketbook, and swung the door. Clagett heard him turn the key in the lock of the inner cash-box, heard the squeak of unoiled hinges. Then, like a bolt from the blue, came the death sentence.

"You seem to be short five hundred and forty dollars, Clagett. Where is the money?"

Clagett heard, and he did not hear. Swiftness of thought, the ability to connect a chain of incidents into a summarizing whole, was commonly beyond him. But now the chain linked itself: the lately paid freight bill of the Ophir Company, totalling the exact sum of the shortage; his leaving of the safe on the latch when he went to supper; young Shannon's familiarity with the office belongings; the vanishing glimpse of Mickey standing before the door when Magoon's headlight had pricked him out. In the supper interval the safe had been robbed, and by Mickey. And Mickey was Kate's brother. Clagett answered evasively.

"The Ophir people paid in that money this afternoon, and I put it in the safe. It ought to be there, now," he said.

"But it isn't. What have you done with that money, Clagett?" The auditor's tone was sternly accusative now.

"I—I haven't got it, and I haven't done anything with it," stammered Clagett. Beating through the back part of his brain was the thought that somehow, in some way, he must stand between Kate and this last miserable ditch of dishonor.

French rose and sat down in the pivot-chair at the telegraph table. He did not like to admit that his estimate of Clagett was wrong. Like Upham, the superintendent, he had been calling him a small man, a man over whose head the ceiling of limitations hung low; but he had set him down as narrowly honest and loyal to his salt.

On the other hand, French knew of the agent's late dip into the pool of sentiment. It was his business to know all the little ins-and-outs in the lives of the company's fiduciary servants. And with a woman in the field, all things were possible.

"Tell me about it, Dan," he urged. "You can't afford to be foolish or stubborn. You are a bonded man, and this thing will chase you to your grave."

Clagett had been dumbly realizing this, and the thought was lighting a slow fire of madness. He knew the grim, mechanical relentlessness of the bonding companies; how the break in his record would lie in wait

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for him always and everywhere. He could never explain, not even to Kate. But for her sake the thief should go free.

"I don't allow to be stubborn, Mr. French," he answered, at length. "But what's the use? You say the money's gone, and I reckon it is—and I can't make it good."

The auditor tried once more.

"Think well of it, Dan," he said, with the official harshness conspicuously lacking. "It means more than a simple discharge. I shall have to turn you over to the authorities, and if we don't prosecute you, the bond company will. And you'll get the limit in the courts."

The slowly rising tide of realization was at its flood. Clagett's homely face was a mask of pain, and his ungainly figure seemed to shrink and contort itself into stricken shapelessness. It is only in books that heroism is the hero's birthright. Clagett was a mere man, and he was acquiring his at the cannon's mouth. Yet the sluggish blood of his swamp-hunting forbears was true.

"I reckon I'll have to take my medicine," he said, when all was done.

French turned reluctantly to the telegraph key, flicked the switch, and called up the despatcher, who is the superintendent's deputy out of office hours. Clagett heard the doomful words snicking through the sounder:

"*To G. U., Gen. Supt., Castle Cliff:*

"Clagett, agent Chrysolite, checks five hundred forty short. Send relief agent by first train. FRENCH."

It was the D. & U. P. practice for the checking auditor to take charge of the delinquent's office in such cases, handling the station as agent and operator until a relief man could be sent in. There was no routine work to be done, and Clagett sat dismally silent on the edge of his bed while the auditor went on with his leisurely check of the office. Meanwhile, the storm sang shrilly in the telegraph wires bracketed across the roof of the building and the chattering sounder kept up a steady stream of complainings.

Dulled now to all other impressions, Clagett's brain was mechanically following the etchings of the picture of storm and stress on the line bitten in by the acid snippings of the sounder. Things were beginning to go badly on the Mountain Division. Engines were steaming scantily in the intense cold, and sidings were filling hourly with stalled trains. Dawson was doing his utmost to keep the passenger trains moving, and there was one freight, a "time" fruit train scheduled at passenger speed, struggling eastward somewhere in Black Rock Canyon, two hours late, and last heard from at Broken Arrow, the lower canyon portal.

In the opposite direction the Fast Mail, west-bound, the train which was the pride of the service, was also late; and Clagett could figure it thundering down the curves and tangents of the upper canyon under the hand of Bart Bloodgood. Bloodgood had a record to maintain, and Clagett could see him goading the big eight-wheeler, and in fancy hear him cursing the time-killing weather and swearing he would make his schedule if hell should freeze over. Bloodgood had been a jack-freighter in the mountains before the coming of the D. & U. P., and his profanity was scenic.

It was a word about this train from Dawson, the despatcher, to Chrysolite, that sent French quickly to the telegraph key. Clagett heard the familiar formula: "Flag and hold Train Six, Foster, conductor, Bloodgood, engineer, for orders at Chrysolite," and understood it perfectly. The lost fruit train, struggling somewhere in the lower canyon, was giving Dawson still more trouble; and with three of the wires down, Chrysolite was the last telegraph station at which the Mail could be caught and held.

It might have been fifteen minutes later when Clagett, still listening to the chatter of the sounder, saw Kate's face framed in the little opening of the ticket window. French was checking the "freight received" at the telegraph desk, and Clagett went quickly to the window; partly because nothing less than shackles would have held him, and partly to keep the auditor from seeing her eagerly questioning eyes.

"Is it trouble you're having, Danny?" she whispered, with a look toward the auditor.

Clagett nodded. "I'm checked up short. I reckon I'll have to go to jail."

She caught her lower lip between her teeth and forebore to cry out.

"And how much is it, Danny, dear?"

"It's a heap of money; five hundred and forty dollars." He said little because he was afraid of saying too much.

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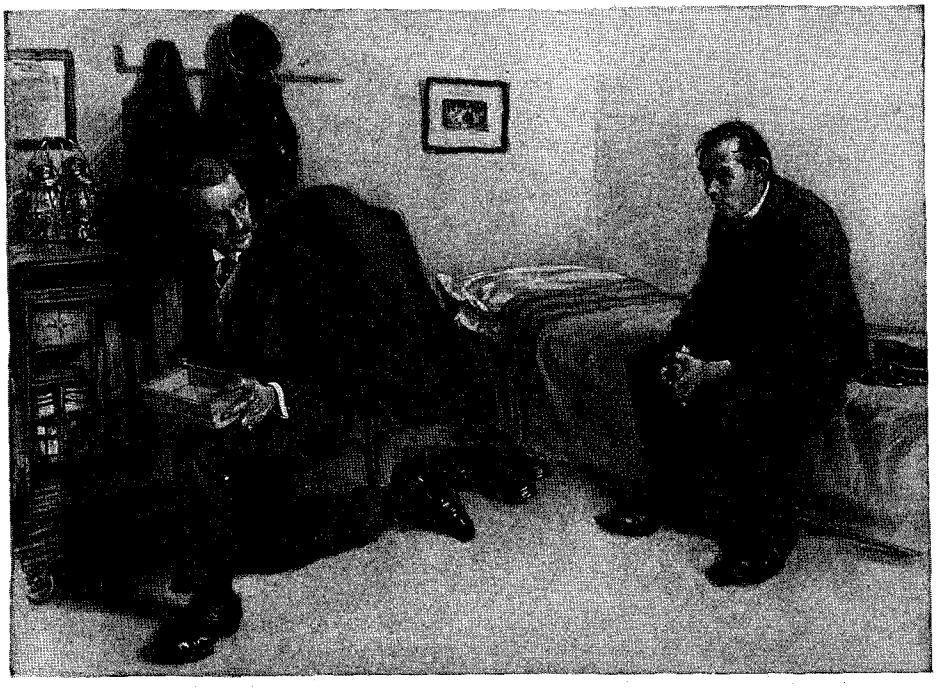

"You seem to be short five hundred and forty dollars, Clagett."—Page 99.

"Where did you have it, then?" she asked.

"In the safe. It was bills—in a roll——"

Just then the auditor rose and came toward the window. The girl saw him coming, and whispered quickly: "Get out and come over to speak with me—I *must* see you." And with a finger on her lip she turned away.

Clagett went back to his seat on the cot, trying to devise an excuse for so much prison-leave as would enable him to go to Kate. The auditor was in the pivot-chair again and was lighting a cigar, when Clagett said: "I reckon I've got to see Miss Shannon a minute. Will you trust me to go 'round to the waiting-room?"

Whether French would have taken chances on him may never be known. Treading instantly upon the heels of the asking came the mellow roar of Bloodgood's whistle, sounded as the Fast Mail shot out of the upper canyon portal. By sheer force of habit, Clagett's eyes sought the cords which controlled the semaphore on the roof of the station.

"*Your signal!*" he yelled. "*You haven't dropped the board for him!*"

French sprang up, overturning his chair, and hastily released the cord. The mechanism overhead grated harshly, and for twenty nerve-racking seconds the two men waited, listening for the short double-blast of the whistle which would be Bloodgood's reply that the signal, "Stop for orders," was seen and heeded. Chrysolite was not a regular stop for the Mail, and missing the signal it would go on to an inevitable collision with the lost fruit train.

While he listened Clagett reached mechanically for the red lantern always kept in readiness. And when it became evident that Bloodgood was going to run by, he snatched the lantern and dashed out into the night.

One glance at the roof signal showed him that it was snow-clogged and frozen; that it still turned its white eye up the line—and, with a sobbing imprecation on his lips, he turned and ran like a madman to gain the main-track side of the building before the train should pass.

He was too late: when he turned the corner the engine was already beyond the platform end, and Bloodgood had released the brakes. Clagett dropped his lantern and flung himself in sheer desperation at the platform of the last car as it whisked by, missed

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Chase the receding tail-lights of the Mail.

it, thrashed his way out of the opposite snow-drift into which the effort had hurled him, and did the most elemental thing that offered, which was to chase the receding tail-lights of the Mail down the track, afoot.

So running, with the sense of proportion and all other sober reasoning faculties blotted out, he came presently to the stub track where the section men had left their hand-car at quitting time. Without taking thought sufficiently to run ahead and set the switch, he kicked the wooden trig-block from beneath the car wheel, climbed on, and threw his weight fiercely upon the driving-lever.

The car took the down-grade with a shrill squeal of the flanges against the frosty rail, bounded into the air when it came to the locked safety switch, alighted, by one chance in a thousand, fairly upon the steel of the main line, and shot away toward the lower canyon portal with Clagett rising and falling on the driving-lever as if it were his puny pushings and pullings, and not the wind and the steeply descending grade, which were giving the flying car its rapidly increasing momentum.

For thirty-six miles down the Black Rock gorge, measuring from the joint plunge of the river and the railway through the Chrysolite portal, the descending grade keeps even pace with the arrow-like rush of the Boiling Water. And throughout that distance there are no "let-ups," few tangents, and a breath-taking succession of loopings and reversed curves. The lightest of push-cars, set free at Chrysolite station, would find its way by gravity to the Broken Arrow outlet of the gorge, if, by some unheard-of miracle, it should keep the rails on its projectile flight from start to finish.

Clagett's vehicle was heavier than a push-car, and the storm-wind roaring mightily down the Chrysolite funnel gave him his impetus. When the hand-car dashed between the portal cliffs it was bettering thirty miles to the hour, and the castaway, no longer able to keep up with the quickened jig of the driving-handles, was fain to let go and crouch and cling as he could, unnerved by the frightful speed, benumbed by the biting blast, and sickened like a landsman in a gale by the pitching and plunging of the car around the curves.

For what seemed like a long-drawn lifetime of nauseous agony the pitching and plunging endured and grew momently worse. The brake mechanism was clogged with ice, and, anyway, Clagett could not reach it under the stabbing driving-handles. The wheel flanges shrieked on the curve rails, and the cliffs flung back the yelling echoes to mingle like the cries of a lost soul with the sullen thunder of the river. Black darkness thickened upon the rushing blast, and the intense cold seemed to grip the marrow of his bones. It was a weary distance to death's door, and he thought he should be glad when the crash of the car into the canyon wall or over the river's brink should bring kindly oblivion.

Superintendent Upham's private car was coupled to the Mail that night, and Brice, the general manager, was the superintendent's guest. Bloodgood, daring but careful, was easing the six-car train swiftly down the grade on the air-brake, and the index finger of the speed recorder in the private car pointed steadily at the maximum canyon schedule of forty miles an hour.

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Upham, better known to the rank and file by his courtesy title of "Little Millions," was anxious, as an operating official must needs be in times of storm and stress. When the swaying of the private car permitted it, he tramped up and down the saloon compartment, chewing his cigar and stopping now and then to scowl out at the backward rushing side-walls of granite illuminated by the window glare.

"I'd like mighty well to know where Dawson caught and held Number 207"—the lost fruit train—he said for the twentieth time. "It would be a terrible night for a smash in this hell-rift of a canyon."

The general manager smiled sympathetically "You mustn't let the details get too large a grip on you, Gebby," he commented. "Let's go out on the platform and have a breath of fresh air. Your porter keeps it stifling hot in here."

A moment later they were standing under the "umbrella roof" of the deep observation platform, watching the silvery lines of the steel reel backward under the dim red glow of the tail-lights. Suddenly Upham started and gripped Brice's arm.

"What is that following us?" he demanded, shouting to make himself heard above the echoing roar of the canyon walls.

"I don't see anything," said the general manager.

"There it is again!" exclaimed the superintendent excitedly. "Don't you see it?"

It was in plain view now, when the dodging curves did not hide it—a shapeless thing, flying low upon the rails, with a swiftly beckoning finger gesturing rhythmically up and down as it came. Just then the train plunged through a short tunnel and the beaten-down smoke whirl hid all. When it blew free, the watchers on the rear platform saw that the mysterious pursuer was a hand-car, gravity driven; that it had overtaken them; and that a hatless, half-frozen man was trying helplessly to climb to the platform of the private car. They drew him up quickly, and without a word he jumped for the signal cord, missed it feebly, and fell in a heap at Upham's feet.

"Stop her!" he gurgled. "She run past me—the fruit train——" and the broken explanation tailed off into a dog-like yelp.

Bart Bloodgood, regaining his lost time by priceless seconds, gritted his teeth and swore strange oaths when the air whistle screeched the stop signal over his head. But he said other and more intelligible things when, at the stand-still instant of driver-locking, the head-light of the opposing fruit train swung into a view a short quarter of a mile down the canyon.

"Leg it, Johnny Shovel!" he yelled to his fireman; and while the boy raced down the track with his flagging lantern, Bloodgood set the canyon echoes a-bellow with short, sharp whistle-blasts, and began to back his train.

It was a bad break for the Fast Mail. With no available siding for either train nearer than Chrysolite, there was nothing for it but a slow retreat up the canyon. Upham authorized the retreat, and the fruit train was signalled to come on with due care.

On the way up, Brice and Upham thawed Clagett out and had his story—or so much of it as related to his miraculous rescue of the Mail. He took no credit for the happy

The boy raced down the track with his flagging lantern.

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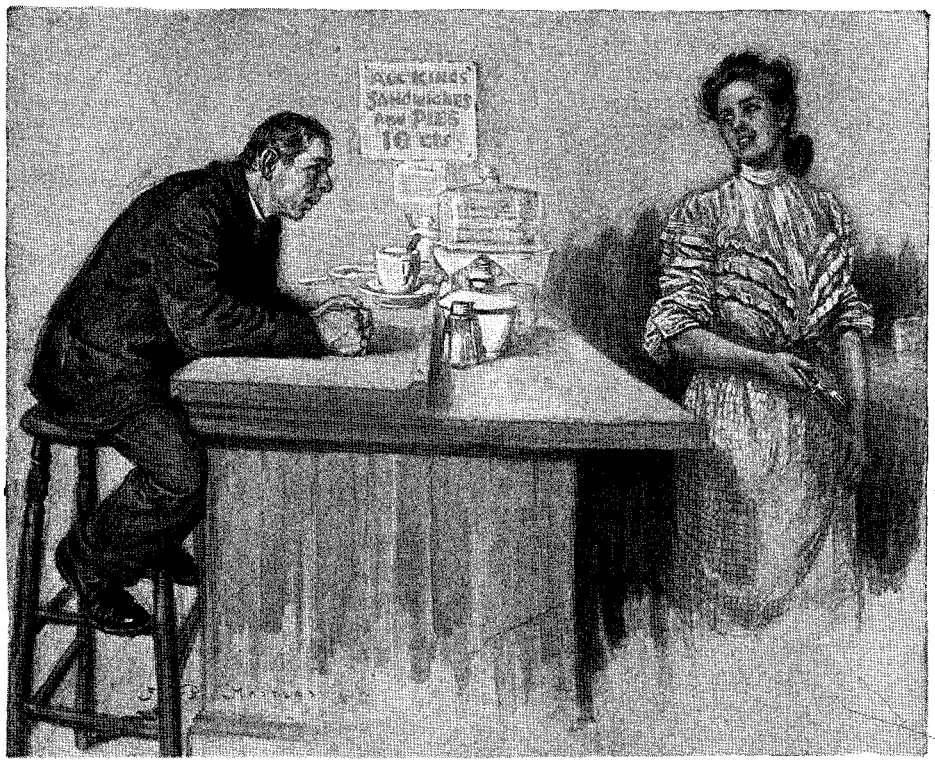

"Next you'll be saying that I took it, Danny Clagett!"—Page 105.

outcome, but that was set down to his modesty. Speaking of the incredible daring of it to the general manager, out of Clagett's hearing, Upham confessed that he had been mistaken in his estimate of Clagett's calibre.

"I've been calling him a two-by-four man, but I guess I'll have to take that back," said the superintendent. "I hear he wants a station in the fruit valleys; wants to marry Pat Shannon's daughter and settle down. After this night's work, I think he may have his wantings."

It was past ten o'clock, and the wind had lulled to a frosty half-gale, when the Mail backed up to the station at Chrysolite, and Upham gave orders to have his car detached and left behind for the better expediting of the delayed train.

Clagett had swung down at the earliest slackening of the speed, and was presenting himself to a harassed travelling auditor when the superintendent and the general manager came in, stamping the snow from their feet.

"I reckon you thought I'd skipped out, Mr. French, but I hadn't," he said, surrendering in due form. "I'm ready to go to jail now for that shortage."

"What's that?" queried Upham sharply.

French, upon whom the onus of having let the Mail get by was resting with discomforting pressure, explained as he could.

"It was only an oversight, as it turns out, Mr. Upham. I came in on Three and checked Clagett up. He seemed to be five hundred and forty dollars short, and I so reported him; but a few minutes ago Miss Shannon came over and found the money in an envelope in the safe. From what she said I understood that she remembered seeing Clagett put it away."

Clagett's plain-song face was working curiously, and he heard only vaguely the superintendent's promise to transfer him to the coveted paradise on the Western Division. But he found words a few minutes later, when he was perched upon his stool in front of the lunch counter, with Kate drawing him a cup of piping hot coffee for his further comforting.

"What was it Mr. French was giving me

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a minute ago about your finding that money in the safe, Kittie?" he demanded.

"How should I know what Mr. French would be saying?" she answered lightly.

"If you found that money in the safe, you put it there yourself," he said definitively, between swallows of the life-giving coffee.

"Did I, indeed!" this with a charming little toss of the beautiful head. "Next you'll be saying that I took it, Danny Clagett!"

Clagett's eyes laid hold upon her pleadingly. "Tell me," he urged. "You didn't see me put that money away; you didn't know I had it till I told you at the ticket window, just before the Mail came."

She was smiling through tears when she gave him his answer.

"'Tis a foolish boy you are, Danny. Mickey went east on Three, and—and I'll never see him any more. At the last minute he gave me a roll of bills—'twas what was left of the house money, he said; and, Danny, dear, I'll always want to believe that, you'll remember. Would I be keeping the money when it would be you instead of Mickey that would have to go to jail?"

Clagett's coffee choked him for a minute. Then he reached awkwardly across and prisoned both of her hands under one of his.

"I'm going to see Father Flaherty in the morning," he announced. "Mr. Upham has given me the agency at Anita, and we'll go down to God's country and raise little red apples. I ain't much for a man, Kittie; but what there is of me——"

"Hush!" she said, and the black eyes were shining. "Didn't you save the Mail and everybody on it? O Danny, dear, I'm *that* proud of you!"

THE WHITE LIGHTS

(BROADWAY, 1906)

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

When in from Delos came the gold
That held the dream of Pericles,
When first Athenian ears were told
The tumult of Euripides,
When men met Aristophanes,
Who fledged them with immortal quills—
Here, where the time knew none of these,
There were some islands and some hills.

When Rome went ravening to see
The sons of mothers end their days,
When Flaccus bade Leuconoë
To banish her Chaldean ways,
When first the pearled, alembic phrase
Of Maro into music ran,
Here there was neither blame nor praise
For Rome or for the Mantuan.

When Avon, like a faery floor,
Lay freighted, for the eyes of One,
With galleons laden long before
By moonlit wharves in Avalon—
Here, where the white lights have begun
To seethe a way for something fair,
No prophet knew, from what was done,
That there was triumph in the air.

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Drawn by Florence Storer.

"Oh, nothing is ever true!" she cried.—Page 113.

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THE BOY JAKE

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE STORER

"I'M sure, miss, I don't know as I'm right in letting you have it," Mrs. Foxon worried, beating her keys uncertainly on a crumpled palm. "He never would have left his things out like that if he hadn't expected a young lady friend from his own home to take it. But you come so highly recommended, and you like it so much——"

"Indeed I do!" Miss Mariner laid down her bag and took off her hat as though to guard against any change of mind on the other's part. "You may be perfectly at ease about his books and possessions—I am a thoroughly scrupulous person." A smile brought a vivid sweetness to her thin, dark face. "And think how much more he will enjoy Europe if he is not paying rent here," she added.

"Quite true, miss. He was very pleased when his lady friend wrote she'd take it, and off he flew by the next steamer. And then, the very hour I got word that she'd changed her mind, in comes you, looking for a place; it does seem sort of meant to be."

Miss Mariner, deep in a leather chair, was looking contentedly about the cool, darkened, restful room, full of masculine ease as represented by a few big, satisfactory pieces of furniture and a blessed lack of small stuffinesses. There was not even a portière in the arch that led to the bedroom; and the white tiling in the bathroom beyond showed the only gleam of reflection from the oppressive brightness of the day without.

"Put the responsibility on me," she suggested. "And don't worry him with letters—his best friend could not take better care of things than I shall. I think you said you would furnish breakfasts?"

Settling the practical details steadied Mrs. Foxon's resolution. Miss Mariner, left presently in full possession, still sat with her thin hands drooping over the arm of her chair and her head tilted back on its small brown throat. There was grace in her long, relaxed slimness, though the attitude suggested a rather weary maturity. Two years before, when she broke her engagement, Miss Mariner had quietly put away the bright badge of youth, which is called expectancy. She had learned to live a calmly satisfactory life without it; the pursuit of a degree, which had brought her to New York for some special study, was one of her deliberate substitutes; but whereas she had looked much less than her twenty-seven years then, she now appeared rather more than twenty-nine.

Of the things about her she liked best a huge, solid, masculine desk, table-topped, free of frivolous pigeon-holes and partitions, suggesting in every line a splendid, sane capaciousness. A scholarly desire to pull up to it with her knees in its dark cavern, her papers strewing its top, and her pen dipping in its massive inkstand, drew her to the revolving chair that fronted it. The big drawers at the sides were empty, but when she opened the shallow drawer in the centre she paused with a startled laugh. Within lay a sheet of paper on which was pasted a blue print of a young man, a delightfully boyish person of twenty-one or two in white ducks, a tennis racket in his hand, his face framed in erect, tight curls of an amusingly childish order and lit by a smile of beaming good-nature. He was an enchanting symbol of youth to her grave twenty-nine years. But what had startled her was the inscription written beneath:

"Hello, Edith! Glad to see you. Make yourself at home. JAKE."

Edith was her own name, and for a moment she had forgotten the "young lady friend from home" who was to have taken the rooms. Then she remembered, and put it back with a laugh. Obviously, the other was an Edith, too; probably an Edith young enough to look on the owner of the rooms as an individual rather than an enchanting symbol. How stupid of her not to have come!

"I am very grateful for your welcome, Jake, even if I am not the right Edith," she said, loath to shut the drawer. "You are a

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nice boy," she added, passing her fingers over the picture with a maternal touch. She was sorry for that other Edith, who had missed such a pleasant moment.

The boy haunted her oddly as she examined his possessions. She found his books recklessly mixed, advanced science elbowing a little black and gilt set of "Rollo," modern literature sandwiched by obsolete histories and biographies with such inscriptions as "To Isabel, Xmas, 1861," on their yellowing fly-leaves; here and there a volume in French or German. She shook her head reprovingly at the boy as she took down a fairly new copy of "Lettres de Femmes."

"O Jake, why must a curly infant like you read that!" she murmured. "If you were my son——" She opened it to see if the leaves were cut, then stooped for a piece of paper that had fluttered out. Across it sprawled the same handwriting that had greeted her under the picture.

"Put it back, my dear Edith," she read. "This is not a proper book for a young lady. You will find Miss Austen over by the east window.

"Your absent chaperon, JAKE."

Miss Mariner laughed, silently but with sudden warm intensity.

"Jake, you are a darling," she said; and presently, as a grave afterthought, she added, "How your mother must have adored you!"

That idea clung to her all through the day, with a sense of surprised discovery. She had always felt, and with longing, the desirableness of children, but never before this intense consciousness of what a son might mean in one's life. She took the picture out again presently and fastened it up over the fireplace. Later, when she went out, she seemed to pass an unusual proportion of young fellows in the streets: self-conscious or swaggering youths with the curve of childhood still amusingly evident in their cheeks and mannish indifference held precariously like a loose lid over boiling young spirits. Some of them were impossibly horrid, she told herself, but it did not seem to matter; she loved them all in her sudden passionate appreciation of their sonship. And after all, it was not one of the unusual blessings, a gift that only the especially elect could ask, this desirable thing that was making the pursuit of a degree appear all at once such a cold, dead business. So many women had sons!

Jake was smiling at her when she went back. "Have you had a good day?" she asked. Her smile began in appreciation of her own silliness, but it ended in pure mother feeling for Jake; he was so enchantingly young!

The habit of expectancy was so thoroughly broken in Miss Mariner that she did not look for further messages; and so it was all the more delicious when he bobbed out at her again that night. She was putting away her clothes, and the bottom drawer of the chiffonier stuck with an obstinacy few tempers could have withstood. She tried patience, intelligence, diplomacy; then she set her lips and gave an outraged jerk. Out it came, and from the bottom a scrawled bit of paper confronted her like a grin. She bent over and read:

"Swear at it, Edy. Nothing less will fetch it. J."

"Oh, poor Jake!" she cried. "All this wasted on an old maid Edith who wishes she were your mother!" The thought of the romance that might have grown up for the right Edith made her feel like a malicious interloper. That Edith would, of course, leave her own demure messages when she flitted—it would all have been very pretty.

"But he is too young yet, any way," she consoled herself. She left the slip of paper in the drawer for the pleasure of seeing it again when she should pack up.

For the eight weeks of her stay alone in the hot city, working six and seven hours a day, Miss Mariner went wrapped about in a mellow garment of romance beside which the obvious velvet and plumes of younger dreamers seemed to her tawdry imitations. She was not a lover, but the mother of a son. He walked down the street with her, tall and protective, this sunny Jake—she could feel the swing of his shoulder at her ear; his hearty bigness opposite her made her solitary meals times of quiet delight. She kept him scrupulously out of the library, but the moment her work was done she flew home to him. She knew now why people clung to life so passionately: it was that they might have sons. When toward the end a foreign letter came addressed to that other Edith, she gave it to Mrs. Foxon to forward with a keen sense of injury. What did the chit care about a son's letters! He would be only another man to her.

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She fastened it up over the fireplace.—Page 108.

And the pride of motherhood beset her. One day she sought a penknife for his desk, looking critically at the assortment offered.

"These are too small and feminine—I want one for my great boy," she told the clerk, and went away with it, horribly ashamed, yet rejoicing. When she reached home she leaned her elbows on the mantelpiece and stared long and gravely at the boyish figure in the blue print.

"One has to have something, Jake," she said. "Sons ought to be a natural compensation provided for those who have no lovers."

Tired with the day's work, she dropped into a leather chair with a battered copy of "Shirley," opening it in the middle with a half-realized need of its emotional intensity. A pleasantness that was like a fragrance pervaded the dim, quiet room as she went through the familiar scenes wherein love is

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made so real, so faulty, and yet so radiantly desirable. That loveliest scene of all, where Moore gives in to his feeling for Caroline, shook for a moment even her resolute unexpectancy; a poignant "*Why not?*" went through her like a whisper from the dead. She turned the page blindly. Then she plunged her face down on the leaves of the book with a cry of laughter, for across the end of the chapter was written in the familiar hand:

"O Edith, isn't it heavenly?"

"Jake, Jake! You blessed son of woman!" For all her laughter, there were tears in her eyes. She had to dry them hastily as she threw down the book to answer a ring at her bell.

Her little entry was dark, and the man standing outside could evidently see only an outline, for he put out two welcoming hands with a joyous:

"Hello, Edith!" It was so like the boy in the picture that she was bewildered for a moment, confused between the dream and the reality.

"O Jake!" she cried. The sound of her own voice, warm and thrilled, brought her sharply to her senses. She shrank back, drawing away her hands with a stammer of dismayed apology. Yet even in her confusion she had time to be acutely disappointed that it was not Jake, but a man well into the thirties, that followed her into the room. He looked equally startled when he found himself confronting a dark, graceful woman with slim hands nervously clasped and a faint flush showing through the tired sweetness of her face.

"But—I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "I thought—I expected to find ——"

"Oh, yes; but she didn't come. I am here instead," Miss Mariner explained absently, for a clearer look at his face had given her a joyous hope. It was a lined face, not at all boyish, but some quality of pleasantness in the gray eyes under the square forehead, the slightly cleft chin, the crisp little curls that no brushing could subdue, brought her to an impulsive recognition. "You must be Jake's brother!"

His sudden laugh made the likeness unmistakable. "Then you know—Jake?"

"Know Jake?" She was so glad to see him that she turned the leather chair toward him and sat down opposite it with an expectancy not to be withstood. "Oh, what does it matter? I know him, in one sense, better than anyone does—though he never saw me." She smiled, quite indifferent whether he understood or not. "You must tell me things—nobody has a better right to know than I. Will you?" She was talking with a soft animation most unlike her usual cool self, and Jake's brother was evidently wise enough to know that he was being treated as an exception. He met her simply, and if there was a lurking smile about his mouth, his eyes were respectfully grave.

"I will tell you anything you want."

She did not care what he might be thinking; it was as near as she would ever come to Jake, and she must get what she could.

"Is he in love with that other Edith?"

"Oh, dear, no!" It came with startled promptness. She looked her relief.

"You are sure?"

"Oh, quite. She is going to be married, I believe. He did adore her once—but it was years ago."

"I'm glad. He is altogether too young," she said positively. "Don't you think so?" she added, arrested by some passing expression on his face.

"Well, it steadies a boy, doesn't it?" he asked gravely.

"Jake doesn't need to be steadied," she protested. "He is too sweet and honest and warm-hearted ever to be horrid—and too kind. He would remember the other side—the people it would hurt. Is his—is your mother living?"

"No. She died about six years ago." By his tone she knew that it had been a felt loss, and she answered sympathetically:

"Oh, that is hard!" Yet in her heart she was glad. It gave her so much more right to the boy. "He is coming back next week and I am going Saturday, so I shall never see him," she went on, and her dark eyes, widening at the thought, seemed to expect him to realize all that meant. "Usually it is better not to see people when you've got a beautiful idea of them that you want to keep. But, someway, I shouldn't be afraid with Jake; I know he is just the enchanting boy I picture him—I would trust him absolutely." Jake's brother was looking at her hesitatingly, even uncomfortably, as he rose to his feet.

"Oh, you are not going!" she exclaimed. "I do want to ask you more—never mind if

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She plunged her face down on the leaves of the book.—Page 110.

you don't understand. I'm just a stray old maid—I don't matter. See, I'll make you some tea—there is everything here in this little cupboard, and I've never used it." She brought out kettle, alcohol, and tea-things from a cellarette and set about tea-making with bright eagerness. "I'm sure he put them there for that other Edith; he probably keeps whiskey and soda there for himself," she explained. "I haven't felt like tea—and of course I have no cream or lemons. Do you mind?" She would not notice that he still stood, watching her with a troubled frown. "You have not told me anything about Jake yet," she insisted. "I have done all the talking, so far. Please!" And she laid her hand urgently on the arm of the chair beside her. He came and leaned over its back; the lurking amusement had entirely left his face.

"I can tell you one thing," he said; "Jake won't want you to go away Saturday, if you will stay longer. Even if he came back—earlier than he had expected, he won't want you to go, if you care to stay. He can put up anywhere. Please stay and—and let him know you. He would——"

A warm, amused "*Oh!*" interrupted him.

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She shrank back, drawing away her hands with a stammer of dismayed apology.—Page 110.

She was fishing a strip of paper from the teapot. "Here he is again—the dear!" she murmured, and read half under her breath:

"Make me a cup of tea the day I get home, Edith. For I sha'n't turn you out. I can put up anywhere. Please stay on and let me know you again.

"Your old adorer, JAKE."

Something in the form of the words made her glance up suddenly at the man beside her. He had flushed and his eyes met hers uncomfortably.

"I had forgotten those fool messages," he broke out.

"Oh, you're not Jake!" It was almost a wail.

"I am so sorry! I didn't mean to—of course, you found that old picture. I wish I weren't," he added helplessly. She turned away, and to his obvious horror her eyes filled with tears.

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"Oh, nothing is ever true!" she cried, her knuckles driven against her lips. He waited in silent distress. "Of course, you don't understand," she added tremulously, a few moments later. "Only, it is as if I had had a son, and then lost him. I hadn't realized—until I found him—just how much one does need a son—that's all."

"I know. It's a discovery we all come to. I do understand." His voice was quick with something more personal than sympathy. Then, as the little kettle boiled over he turned down the flame. "Now, may I have my tea?" he added cheerfully.

Miss Mariner neglected to go out for her dinner that night. All the evening she lay back with her long grace in the deep leather chair, her slim hands drooping over the sides, her dark eyes veiled and very grave. She seemed to have forgotten that the boy Jake was dead, for when at last she rose she turned to the faded blueprint and kissed him good-night.

THE AMERICAN AND THE BRITISH CITY—A COMPARISON

By Frederic C. Howe

AS a people we have ever been sensitive to foreign critics. We resented the satire of Dickens and Harriet Martineau prior to the Civil War, as well as the subsequent scoldings of E. L. Godkin and the *Evening Post*. We have never taken kindly to the idea that we were not the greatest people on the earth. We resented the suggestion that the Federal Constitution was not the most sublime political achievement of history, an achievement only short of the tables of stone handed down from Mount Sinai to the people of Israel.

More recently a reaction has come over us. There is a note of depression, of pessimism, in our talk. The condition of our cities, the corruption of our States, the decadence of Congress, the ascendency of privileged interests in the Senate, has destroyed our complacency. From a condition of childish belief in the talisman of democracy we have passed in a few years' time to a state of mind bordering upon despondency before the colossal task which confronts us. A very large number of people see only failure in our institutions. They are oppressed by the apparent impotence of popular government to find a way out.

Rightly seen, however, the disclosures of the past few years are an evidence of our intolerance. The spirit of revolt that is now on is a tribute to the vitality of democracy. And if the truth were fully known of other countries, we would see that America, almost alone among the nations of the earth, is courageous enough and rebellious enough to insist upon knowing the whole truth about herself. And the one thing that the disclosures have shown is that democracy in America is at war with a class that is seeking to control the agencies of government for the sake of its privileges. But this is no new thing. It is as old as the world. What is true of America is much more true of Great Britain, only the mother country is so prostrate before the privileged classes in control of Parliament, the Church, and the avenues of advancement, that no one ventures to remonstrate. Privilege and caste are so inwoven with everything that men most want in England that the voice of criticism has no sting. It does not ring with "Shame" and "Treason." It is always respectful, always obeisant. England does not know the invigorating power of a democracy that is free in its spirit and instinct with a sense of equality. And the privileged classes have enjoyed such unchallenged dominion for so many centuries that their ascendency seems sanctioned by the

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divinity that doth hedge a king. In consequence, all classes accept as natural that which America protests against as corrupt. Democracy, therefore, in America is hopeful—at least it is rebellious. In Great Britain it has not yet found its voice.

And one of the most hopeful things about America is a willingness to be taught. We are ready to believe that Great Britain and Germany have achieved some things where we have failed. This is especially true in city administration.

This makes the present an opportune time to appraise our municipal institutions. This is our first task. For all agree that the cities must be reformed before much can be hoped for from the commonwealths. The cities contain an increasing percentage of the population. They have become the controlling factors in our political life. They are coming to dominate the State and the nation. It is true here corruption seems at its worst. But it is also true that it is in the cities that reform is making its most aggressive stand.

For years the English city has been held up to us as a model. It is certainly the chief contribution of the United Kingdom to democracy. Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, are heralded as the model cities of the world. It is worth our while to know if this is true and why it is true. From their experiences we should be able to extract some plan of relief.

Before examining the contribution of the English city to our own problems, let us take stock of our limitations, of the burdens under which we labor. And, first of all, it is necessary to remember that away from the seaboard our cities are new things. They are business centres, industrial accidents. Their location has been determined by natural or transportation advantages. Their bigness is a matter of comparatively few years. In consequence of this newness, our officials are swamped with the most elemental municipal needs. Their energy is devoted to the opening up and the paving of streets; to the building of sewers and the development of means for relieving the city of its refuse. The imperative necessities of a water-supply, of purification plants, of means for the disposal of garbage and other health demands have pretty fully engaged our attention. School-houses had to be built. And they had to be adequate for a rapidly growing population and satisfy a people who were rather intolerant of basements or attics, or bad sanitary conditions. There were parks to be purchased and laid out, constant additions and annexations of new territory to be made. These exacting demands have crowded out those phases of municipal life that are spectacular, that delight the eye. It is the beauty and cleanliness of the Continental city quite as much as its efficiency that makes the casual American traveller dissatisfied with his own.

Further than this, our cities are untrained to political organization. We have no traditions of what a city should be. There is not that love and veneration which long years of associated life give to the European citizen. In consequence, we have no municipal experience, no social sense, to fall back upon. Our people have not yet learned how to work together. Added to this is a large foreign population which, in the larger cities, frequently exceeds the native born. They come from all quarters of the earth, and are unused to the Anglo-Saxon conception of things. They have to be assimilated, and worked into our institutions. From this burden the British city is free. Its population is homogeneous. It is attached to the soil and has been for generations.

These are some of the limitations under which the American city labors. Then, too, our cities have franchises to grant. In Great Britain they are bestowed by Parliament. The cities have no power of control or regulation. This removes the chief source of corruption from the town hall. It lodges it at Westminister. There is not that temptation for dishonest men to enter the council that there is in America. There is, however, every temptation for promoters and big business men to enter Parliament. And such men make use of their position to grant franchises to themselves and their friends. We would not tolerate the sort of class legislation that passes without protest in England. For the railway and mine owners, franchise barons and landlords, apparently see no harm in relieving themselves from taxation, in protecting their interests from regulation and in securing to themselves monopolies that only escape being "graft" by the eminently respectable standing of those who participate in the transaction.

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In consequence of the removal of these tempting privileges from the council chamber to Parliament, the English city has no such burden as the American municipality bears. It has little control over taxation, no control over franchises, and does most of its work by direct labor. There are no franchise hunters, and comparatively few contractors about the town hall whose interest warrants their participation in local politics. All these limitations must be borne in mind in any comparison of the British city with our own.

The advantages of the English city are largely psychical; those of the American city are physical. England excels in her political institutions and the *personnel* of her officials. America excels in her economic foundations and the absence of a powerful class interest entrenched behind age-long tradition and respectability and strengthened by great wealth. The town councils of England are filled with men of high character, imbued with a serious sense of responsibility. Her best citizens are willing to devote their lives to unremunerated service for the city. The town council commands not the leisure class so much as the successful business man. He is proud to serve his city, and his constituents are willing to keep him in office as long as he will stay. His returns are not of a pecuniary sort. For none of the elective officials in Great Britain are salaried. His returns are rather those of service, of honor and respect, from a people which has a sort of veneration for officialdom. All of the traditions of English life are those of service to the state in some form or other. Even the scientist, the *littérateur*, the poet, the prelate, and the scholar are constituent parts of the state. For they are frequently knighted. And the struggling shopkeeper of an industrial town enjoys some of this reflected distinction when elected to the town council.

The mayor, or the lord mayor, as he is called in some cities, is the community's most distinguished citizen. He is a kind of municipal king whose robes of ermine and emblems, whose dinners and official functions, make him the titular dignitary of a little republic which proudly retains all of the traditions of the days when the towns were governed by the trade guilds with their mediæval class distinctions. The mayoralty reflects in a small way the attitude of the country toward the King, and the English business man looks upon its acquisition as the highest evidence of an honorable career he can secure. For this distinction he is willing to pay handsomely. Not in political assessments or campaign contributions, but in maintaining the dignity of the office, which in the larger cities involves an outlay of many thousands of dollars a year.

And the election machinery of the English city is admirably designed to get this type of man into office. The method of nomination to the council is simple in the extreme. It is not necessary to obtain permission from the ward boss, who has his headquarters over a saloon, or to be a contributor to the campaign fund of the party. It is not necessary to have views on questions of imperial moment. The English city tries, not always successfully it is true, but it tries to keep partisan questions in the background. The test is rather the standing of a man with his neighbors, any ten of whom can put him in nomination by signing a petition.

The election is as simple as the nomination, and is equally well designed to bring out the best men in the city. The local election is not lost in some national contest over protection or free trade; over home rule or some colonial policy. The councilmanic nominee is not placed at the tail of a ticket containing half a hundred offices to be filled. When the Englishman goes to the polls on November 1st, he goes to a city election. On that day he votes for one official only, the councilman from his ward. Even the mayor is chosen by the council, and not by the people directly. In consequence, the voter is able to keep his eye fixed upon the city. He is not confused by national, state, and local issues, by party platforms and personal interests. He does not face a blanket ballot containing a hundred names or more, all to be voted for in a few minutes' time. It is easy to imagine the change which would come over our elections if the voter had but one, or at most two, officials to vote for when he went to the polls.

Further than this, the English councilman need not live in the ward which he represents. And as a matter of practice, a considerable percentage of them do not. A councilman defeated in one district may stand for election elsewhere, just as can a

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candidate for Parliament. This is a great advantage. It enables a man of pronounced opinions to choose his constituency. An instance of this kind may be cited from Glasgow. One of the labor members, Scott Gibson, who found himself in opposition to the Lord Mayor on many questions, resigned his seat in the midst of his term and entered the race in the Lord Mayor's ward when the latter's term expired. The issues were clearly made, and the contest was a spirited one. To the amazement of all, the Lord Mayor was defeated by the labor candidate. And this was in a conservative part of the city.

In the nomination and election of councilmen, in the subordination of the party to the city, in the adjustment of the machinery to simple democracy, responsive and responsible to the people, there is much that could be learned by us with profit. Then, too, the English city is free from corruption. The town councils are uniformly honest. The cities have lured into the service a class of self-sacrificing men.

Some years ago a number of English cities were exercised over suggestions of corruption. The charges would not seem very serious to us, and as a matter of fact they turned out to be the reverse of serious in England. But the London *Times* had published a series of articles against municipal ownership, in which the statement was made that trading had led to the decay of official integrity. This aroused many cities to a "purity" campaign. Manchester, Leeds, Blackpool, and others conducted investigations. In one city a councilman was asked to resign because he possessed stock in a private corporation which had business dealings with the city amounting to $25. In Blackpool three members of the council were found to be directors in companies which had sold the municipality goods amounting to $155. A number of instances were discovered of members who had supplied the city under tender as subcontractors. Manchester took the matter more seriously than any of the cities. One of the leading members of the council was a partner in a firm of electrical engineers. His firm had sold goods to contractors who had dealt with the city. All the supplies were let to the lowest bidder, and the city presumably lost nothing in the transaction, but the feeling was so strong that the alderman resigned.

This indicates the intolerance of English opinion to any interest in the council adverse to the city. It is about as far as corruption goes in city affairs. Each city has two elective auditors who annually go over the books. And it is highly entertaining to read their criticisms of official misconduct. In one of the reports complaint is made that members of the council, when on a tour of investigation of other cities, lived too well at the hotels; that they were not content with medium-priced champagne, as to which there would have been no complaint; but that the committee always consumed the better brands. This, and much of the same sort of criticism, was the burden of complaint. But official entertainment is part of the show. And while the expenditure for such purposes is rather generous, it is but part of the spectacular in English life. Rarely does it become a matter of personal profit.

And the English city does the things it undertakes amazingly well. This is true of all of its undertakings, of its police, health, sanitary, lighting, and similar activities. It seems to conduct its purely business enterprises more efficiently, more cheaply, in fact, than do the private companies. The street railways have been all but universally municipalized in Great Britain. In the larger cities the percentage of operating expenses to gross receipts ranges from fifty to seventy per cent. The cities have reduced the rates of fare from thirty to fifty per cent. below the average fares charged by the private companies which previously occupied the field. In Glasgow thirty per cent. of the passengers are now carried for one cent fare. On the London County Council lines the one cent fares form thirty-six per cent. of the total. The average fare paid per passenger, irrespective of distance, is 1.85 cents in Glasgow, 2.44 cents in Manchester, and 2.25 cents in Liverpool. In Sheffield there are no fares in excess of two cents. And on these fares the cities earn large sums. In 1905 the net receipts in Manchester exceeded a million dollars. In Glasgow they amounted to $1,853,000 and in Liverpool to $925,000. These were the earnings in excess of operating expenses. In Liverpool it is claimed that the reduction of fares has resulted in an annual saving to passengers of $1,600,000 and in London to $500,000. The city of Glasgow claims an annual saving to the people in fares and profits of $2,500,000.

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All over England the municipal street-car service is highly satisfactory. The cars are run on frequent schedules, operation is free from accident, the cars are cleaned and disinfected, and you get a seat for a fare. The type of car is the double-decker pattern. Certainly the service is greatly superior to that which preceded it, for the comfort and convenience of the people is safeguarded at every turn.

The water-supply is almost universally under the control of the city. The electricity supply is widely owned. The tramways and electricity undertakings have been taken over during the last ten years. In the United Kingdom there are 260 public gas undertakings whose average charge per thousand cubic feet is sixty-five cents. This is against an average of seventy-one cents per thousand cubic feet charged by the 459 private companies. And even with this difference, the municipal gas undertakings make immense profits. In 1903 the net receipts of the Glasgow gas plant were $718,000; of Manchester, $746,000; of Birmingham, $841,000; while the charges to consumers in these cities are very much below the average. They range from forty-two to fifty-eight cents per thousand cubic feet.

The British city has outdistanced the world in its business undertakings. It has made municipal trading pay, and pay big. Through ownership it has taken the big privileged interests, that form the chief burden on reform in America, out of politics. The cities are now able to look after the people better; to give them cheap transportation, cheap light, fuel, and water; to encourage industry and promote comfort in countless ways. There is no conflict of interest in the community. There is no class, no interest, no large number of persons who are alien to the city's well-being. With the same policy in view, the city is ridding itself of the private contractor. It has gone in for direct labor and the doing of its construction work through its own employees. The contractor is being abolished. His profits now remain in the city treasury or go into better work or into living wages to the employees. It is this sort of thrift that has brought to the English city the approval of its business men. Big business does not enter city politics because there are no prizes for it to gain in the political arena. And along these lines there is much for us to learn, more than can be indicated in an article of this length. The English police force is also a superb body of men. It is dignified and thinks well of itself. This is because the public think well of its servants. Health administration is also scrupulously careful, as is the cleaning and the lighting of the streets; the looking after sewage disposal and the prevention of infectious diseases.

The English city, too, is free from the spoils system. Jobs are filled for efficiency and not for pull, and the employee is retained during good behavior. This is a real democracy of merit. An alderman would think of demanding a city contract for himself as soon as he would the creation of an unnecessary job for a friend or relative. Public opinion, too, would tolerate the one about as quickly as it would the other. Not that the English city has any civil service laws. It doesn't need them. Public opinion regulates the service just as it does official conduct in other regards. This is the only kind of a merit system that protects the public from a bureaucratic administration.

It is along these lines that the English city is supreme. It has a fine sense of itself. It has an intolerant conscience. It commands the service of a high grade of citizenship. It has never known the ward-heeler, and is exacting in its demands on its councilmen. And the people delight in the city's successes. They are proud of a fine tramway balance sheet. They applaud an efficient manager. They are glad when the city makes a profit. Not for the sake of the profit alone, but because of the success of it all. The people care for the city and talk city in a way that we do not and cannot comprehend.

This is one of the things we lack, this sense of a city. We have not yet aroused an organized public opinion that is jealous of the city's well-being. We expect inefficiency as a matter of course, and shrug our shoulders when an official goes wrong. And we do not expect the police and health departments, the civil service laws, or the purely personal side of our political life to be above reproach. It is in its thrifty, commercial side that the English city excels. This is largely due to the fact that only tax or ratepayers vote. The council represents property, not persons. This gives a rather sordid, ungenerous tone to all discussion. For the taxes are assessed against the rental

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value rather than upon the capitalized value of the property itself. And the taxes are paid by the tenant and not by the owner. In consequence, the English councilman is always in terror of the taxpayer. And the people get a taxpayer's administration, and an administration that is very timorous of anything which increases the rates.

This has a bad as well as a good side. Most critics see only the good side. But as a matter of fact, it is probable that this making of government a commercial thing, this making the payment of rent or the ownership of property a prerequisite to the suffrage, this throwing the taxes upon the tenant rather than the property is one of the worst things in English political life. I appreciate that it satisfies that class of American critics who feel that we have extended the suffrage too far. But in the long run the evil effects are greater than the good ones. With us, democracy is more generous, more hospitable to new ideas, more ready to be liberal with its parks, its schools, its libraries, its poor. For these are costly luxuries. Then, too, they are not needed by the well-to-do. This in part explains the fact that the American school system is far in advance of that of England. For our school administration, as a rule, is good. In some cities it is brilliant. Its very general goodness certainly relieves the wholesale condemnation of our cities. And in many cities we collect almost as much for school purposes from direct taxes as we do for municipal administration.

The same is true of our libraries. They are the best in the world. Aside from private endowments, our cities generously maintain these popular universities, with branches and distributing agencies which bring an opportunity of culture and refinement to all classes. The English city is far behind us in this respect. We have also been more generous in our parks. We have been lavish, and, in most instances, wise in the beautification of our cities. We have likewise gone in for playgrounds and are now going in for public baths, wash houses, kindergartens, and enterprises of a similar sort for the relief of the very poor. There is a big generosity about our democracy that is not found in England. Our politics are not so cheese-paring. We are even willing to be wasteful in order to get the things we want. Then, too, we have a more humane spirit in our attitude toward the dependent and criminal classes. The English penal code is barbarous. It does not temper the wind to the shorn lamp, but enforces the rigor of the law against those who do not catch on. Such institutions as the juvenile court, children's farm schools, humane reformatories have not yet found a place in English administration. For English poor administration still confounds poverty with crime. In America we are coming to discriminate and to appreciate that the poor of our cities are not wholly responsible for their poverty, and that vice and crime are more often the result of industrial environment than of vicious character.

There is an open-mindedness about the best American cities that is not found in England. We are ready to take up new ideas, to experiment with ourselves, for we have no age-long traditions that restrain and chain us to the past. Chicago willingly expended millions for children's parks, playgrounds and gymnasiums. Boston did the same thing. The city of Cleveland has bought a 1500-acre farm upon which it is endeavoring to reclaim its workhouse prisoners and bring back the poor and destitute flotsam of the city to a proper adjustment with life. New York, commercialized to the core, has spent millions on playgrounds and recreation piers.

All this is part of a generous democratic sense that England lacks. It is a sense which a city that measures its life from the rate-payer's standpoint never can have. For the American ideal, in so far as it has ideals, is to make the city helpful. The English ideal is to make its helpfulness pay its way by some means, or at least to be very careful of the tax rate. The one is democracy, the other is democracy subject to the curb of the tax-paying class. And it is a far easier task for America to improve the *personnel* of the official class than it is for England to break away from this rate-payer's conception of government, which, in many instances, seems very sordid and mean.

The same thing is true in the growing demand for municipal beauty in America. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and notably Cleveland are going in for the things that make the German city so attractive. Our cities are embodying their ideals in fine monuments, just as the people of the middle ages embodied their religious

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aspirations in splendid gothic cathedrals. We are showing a willingness to pay for fine architecture, for beauty in the concrete. The English city, on the other hand, is the ugliest city in Europe. There are a few exceptions—such as Edinburgh and Dublin—but they are not in England. Within the past few years, the London County Council has done some big things, and gives promise of making London a more beautiful city. But it is the most democratic body in Great Britain and London cared little for beauty until it became democratic. As a rule, the cities of Great Britain have been very indifferent to adornment. They reflect the fear of the rate-payer. The city is unwilling to commemorate itself in a beautiful way. It is tyrannized over by the tax-payers. It dares not incur expenditure for the superfluous luxuries of city life. The American city, however, gives promise of being beautified in the next generation far beyond present indications. It is along these lines that our cities will first attain municipal consciousness. This is partly due to the fact that there is no strong commercial class among us ready to resist such a movement. But the main reason—a reason usually ignored by critics—is the aspiration of democracy for a big communal life. In addition to this, our streets are broader and finer, our business architecture more promising, in spite of the sky-scraper. The time is not far distant when our cities will study beauty just as do the German cities, which compete in attractiveness for the travellers of Europe.

These are some of the things usually overlooked in the comparison of our cities with those of England. They are some of our advantages. And, however gloomy the outlook may appear to be, the American city can correct its evils much more easily than the English city can change the physical limitations and age-long traditions that cramp and confine it in a physical way. For the English city can only cure its economic diseases through the most radical departure in its land system and the method of assessing local revenues.

It is not possible to make a comparison of the taxing machinery of the two countries. But, remote as the question of taxation may seem to an understanding of municipal conditions, it lies at the root of the ideals and character of the English city. A comparison of London and New York will indicate this fact. The land of Great Britain has not been valued for the purposes of taxation since the year 1692. Two centuries ago her great cities had not yet appeared. London was little more than a village in comparison with its present proportions. Thousands of acres of land, now occupied by stately structures, were then farming land. They are still assessed as farming land. In two centuries the valuation of the land underlying the metropolis has not been increased for purposes of taxation. The local taxes paid by the London land-owners directly are about the same to-day that they were in the seventeenth century. The city of New York, on the other hand, revalues its land every year. In 1904 the naked land was appraised at $3,697,686,935. On this valuation taxes in excess of $50,000,000 were collected for city purposes. This is probably fifty times the amount collected from the land of London, whose population is twice that of New York and whose site values are probably not far from six billion dollars. The explanation of such an anomaly? Those who own the land in Great Britain also control Parliament. They form the House of Lords. They pass all laws relating to taxation. Through this control they legislate into their own pockets an enormous sum, which, if land were taxed as is done in New York, would amount in London alone to a hundred million dollars a year. This is one hundred times the amount now collected from the land-owners. When we find such a control of legislation by a class in America, we call it "graft." It is against such misuse of government that President Roosevelt, Senator La Follette, Governor Pingree and Senator Colby directed their energies in their struggle for equitable taxation. But England accepts this condition without protest, or at most complains of it as class legislation. But this is not all. Local taxes are collected from the tenants directly. They are paid on the rental value. The landlords pay practically nothing. Thus the poor of London are made poorer by a hundred million dollars a year than they would be if taxed as is the city of New York. This explains in part the unparalleled poverty, misery, and degradation of the English city.

I am not unmindful of American conditions, of the corruption and incompetence of our councils, of the dirty streets and de-

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moralized police and health forces. These have become the commonplaces of criticism. But these are errors we are more or less rapidly correcting. We are learning how to make use of our tools; how to get the right sort of men in politics and keep the wrong sort of business out. The next ten years is bound to see a great advance in city conditions. But despite our apparent failures, the great advantage which the American city enjoys is a physical one. It lies in our better tax machinery, in our economic environment. We can appreciate the condition New York would be in were all of the land of the city owned by a half dozen great estates, which estates were in control of the Legislature at Albany, who made use of that control to free the land which they own from taxation, and compel the other class to pay all the revenue of the metropolis. For that is the condition of the English city.

It is impossible to set forth in an article of this length the attitude of Great Britain toward its aristocracy and the land which it owns. There are some Englishmen who appreciate this condition, but not many. For land as land is sacrosanct in Great Britain. It enjoys a distinction not unlike that of the Federal Constitution in America. It is too sacred to be touched except by the permission of those who own it. Land is really the controlling factor in England's political, social, and industrial life. The Mother Country is afflicted with a land worship, which centuries of feudal ownership has cast about it. This sacredness affects the English city in countless ways. The towns have no general power of eminent domain or compulsory purchase. The city can only acquire land for public purposes by agreement with the landlord or by special act. And the landlords will not sell to the people. They lease and only lease when the price has reached a point where the people must have the land at any cost. The owners can hold on to the land indefinitely because the land, as land, pays no taxes. It may be a vacant lot in the heart of London. If it has no improvements upon it, it pays no taxes. It may be a thousand-acre tract about the city badly needed for homes. It still pays no taxes. It may be used as grazing land. It is taxed on its annual rental as grazing land, although it may be worth tens of thousands of dollars an acre. But even this tax is not paid by the owner. It is paid by the tenant.

It is this fact that explains the slums of the English city. The city cannot grow until the lord of the manor lets go of his untaxed land. And he waits until he gets the last penny out of it. Herein lies the explanation of the irregular architecture of the English city, the fearful tenements and the acres of unimproved land. For so long as it is vacant it pays no taxes at all. If it is badly improved, it pays but little.

In America, land is taxed, or supposed to be taxed, at its capital value. City taxes are so high that the owner must improve the land or sell. He cannot leave a shack where an office building should be erected. In consequence, our cities are constantly being rebuilt; the two-story building gives way to a six-story. As the town grows, this gives place to a sky-scraper. Not so in England; for the shack pays taxes only on its rental as a shack. In consequence, the land-owner is under no stimulus to sell. He need not worry about his rentals, for the growth of the city is enough in itself to compensate him for any loss in this regard. All of the corruption of our councils, all of the losses to the public service corporations, all of the millions which go to excessive street railway fares, gas and telephone and electricity charges are insignificant in comparison with the cost of the dead hand of feudalism which casts a blight on the English city and throws all of the burdens of taxation upon the tenant and the poor.

But this is but the more manifest of the evils of the English system of land tenure and taxation. For it is the attitude toward the land that explains the tenement and the slum, that crushes out light, air and sunlight, that breeds disease and renders municipal architecture and beauty impossible.

From such an affliction we are largely free. There is some sanctity of respectability about the abuses of privilege in America. But it is not age-long. There is no tradition of feudalism, no respect bordering on veneration for a class that strangles the free expression of the people. True, our cities are more or less prostrate before the big business interests desiring franchises and privileges in the streets. But we are awakening to these conditions and have no hesitancy about their destruction. They enjoy no sanctity such as attaches to the privileged classes in England. And all over America the forces of reform are coming to appreciate that good government is only possible

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when privilege is exiled from its counsels. We are coming to realize that the inefficiency and corruption of municipal administration is economic no less than personal, and that both must be corrected together. In this larger prospective the American city is much more hopeful than the British city. It will be a far easier task to lure good men into our councils than it is for Great Britain to overcome the mediæval burdens which cramp, cabin and confine her cities through centuries of class control of Parliament. Long before another generation passes, the American city will have called to its aid the type of men who have given the English city its present proud distinction. But back of all this, our superior physical endowment, our comparative freedom from a land monopoly in control of legislation, our open-minded democracy, assures us a city far more beautiful, vastly more helpful, and infinitely more generous in its ideals than the English city now is. It is this freedom from feudal abuses and the tyranny of worn-out ideas of an earlier civilization that gives promise that the American city of the next generation will not be the worst, but rather the best governed city in the world.

THE ISLANDS OF DELIGHT

By Frederick van Beuren, Jr.

. . . "And among the hills are some whose summits project upward through the clouds, like islands in the sea—here dwell the Dreamers—and they are called the Islands of Delight."
—*From "Dream Stories."*

HIGH and hidden on the hill-tops, in the sunshine and the moonshine,
Through the long, warm days of summer and her silent, starry night,
Far above the busy valley, where the men of earth are working,
In the cloudy ocean floating, lie the Islands of Delight.

Oh! the wonder of the silence, when the Rose of Dawn is budding
On the garden-bank of shadows, silence perfect and serene,
As if God had laid his finger on his lips, as in a token,
Lest the people of his islands should be wakened from their dream.

When the sun's bright, golden censer through the azure vault is swinging,
You can hear the island people chant the anthem of the day;
And the surface bubbles, bursting on the cloud-sea's swaying surface,
Free the tiny earth-sounds rising from the world below, away.

In the evening, shadows purple, like the grapes of cool September,
Wrap the islands in their mantle, as the warmth of daylight flies,
While the flower of day is fading and the cloud-sea's swaying surface
Twins the blue, green, crimson splendor of the opalescent skies.

When the House of Night, with windows shuttered fast by bars of darkness,
Holds the ocean and its islands in the fastnesses of gloom,
Comes the moon's bright, silver sickle, harvesting the fields of heaven,
Reaping sheaves of stars for weaving in the pattern of her loom.

By the favor of the highest, in the faith that is the truest,
Through the gold-souled lotus's symbol and the blood-red poppy's sign,
You may know the island people, you may learn to greet and speed them
To the company of dreamers, in communion divine.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

FOR the last few years the magazine-reading public has been reading (or skipping, as the case may be) the story of the financial sorrows of the college professor. Sometimes it is told with great detail, accompanied by extracts from the professor's account-book, showing with painful convincingness how a meagre allowance for the various necessaries of life leaves nothing over for a rainy day. All this is perfectly true, and there isn't any manner of doubt that, as a rule, he is inadequately compensated. That is a proposition which may stand. I who write know how true it is and I do not speak as an outsider. But is not the public getting a little tired of the subject, and is it not time for the professor, having said his say, to wrap his scholastic robes about him and retire to his study? From this point of view it is a delightful surprise to come across one man who, in the pages of a magazine, tells us that he is and always has been contented with his lot and "has had a good time too." The important point is that his salary is small, for of course the testimony of the men who have won the prizes is not worth so much. Moreover, he has a wife and children with whom to share his earnings. Our friend insists that "the life has not been so meagre as the salary." He also says modestly that he doubts whether he would have had more financial success in any other profession. That, however, is not to the point, for if he has chosen the calling for which his tastes and talents fit him he ought not to do better in any other. The question is whether the proportion of men who succeed as professors is not as great as the proportion who succeed in other careers, bearing in mind that success means reputation and happiness for the man himself and great influence on others, in addition to money enough to make him and his family comfortable. Then, even for an obscure man, one who is not among the prize-winners, there are certain compensations which help to even things up. We must take into account the pleasure which he gets as he goes along, for college life is very agreeable to a person who has a taste for it.

The Plaint of the Professor

There is abundant opportunity for enthusiasm, as well as for occasional discouragement, in the contact with his students; and we must remember that, overworked though he may be, he yet has more time to associate with his family than a business man would have; or, if he does not care for domestic life, there are always his colleagues. A college campus provides a genial soil for friendship. And running through all is the work in his own chosen field which to him can never be uninteresting or of little account.

As to the hardships incident to narrow means, probably the professor's wife has the worst of it—temperaments being equal—for she does not have all of his compensations. If she too has scholarly tastes she does not often have leisure to gratify them, even with the opportunities at her door, for in marrying him she accepted the onerous position of housekeeper to a poor man, with the added care of children, should she have any. If instead of being intellectual she has a taste for society and a love of luxury, then of course her economies come hard, while if she is simply a modest, domestic sort of person she must forever be considering ways and means without the occasional relaxation which other interests would give; and there are always the children growing up and wanting things which they cannot have. Yet there are ameliorations even in her lot, for she belongs to a guild; most of her associates are in the same boat and to be poor is not to be singular.

Hitherto one of the professor's most serious troubles has been that, no matter with what satisfaction he might live his life and do his work, he could not but look forward with apprehension to his old age and to the future of his family. Now that Mr. Carnegie, whether impelled by the reading of magazine articles or by the more intimate knowledge obtained during his term as a university trustee, has made a most generous arrangement to meet that difficulty, a certain number of professors may feel great lightening of mind and a corresponding revival of intellectual energy. They may now pursue their work, unburdened by dread of future poverty

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for themselves and those who are dear to them. It seems to me that they should all (as most of them do) accept this assistance in as large a spirit as it is offered. The professor would not hesitate to accept retired pay from the university any more than the officer of the army or navy hesitates to accept it from the Government, and Mr. Carnegie simply comes to the assistance of the university; he has no knowledge of the individual professor. The only pity is that someone will not do the same thing for the State universities; for the State legislatures are niggardly, always with an eye to the chance of re-election and an ear open to the outcry that would be made if such a measure should pass. The rural constituents in particular are very critical in such matters. I remember one occasion when an old farmer, leaning on the fence which separated the university campus from the street, stood watching some students at a game of tennis. "And *this* is what *we* pay for!" he said indignantly as he straightened himself up and walked away. If Mr. Carnegie did but know it, the professor in a State university has a much harder time of it in various ways than his brother of the endowed institution. It may be the duty of the State to provide for him, but the State is not going to do it at present.

The professor has hardships aside from financial ones, some of which he rarely mentions in public, partly perhaps from motives of policy, partly because in the nature of things they cannot be mended. It wouldn't be prudent for him to say so, but he really doesn't get on very well with the board of trustees. The self-made, successful business man and the man who has deliberately chosen a profession in which he cannot hope to get rich do not have much in common, no matter how cordial may be their personal relations in individual instances. The self-made, successful business man is on the board of trustees because he is needed there, primarily on account of his financial skill and experience, and secondarily because of his benefactions, past and future, to the institution; and he has a great deal in his power, from withholding proper co-operation with a professor in his work to turning him out altogether. In the State universities the situation is not quite the same, since the places on the board of regents are filled by political appointment, and the regent may be a country lawyer or editor or even a farmer. He is comparatively seldom a rich man, and for his part he thinks the professor has an easy job and a princely salary, although he respects his learning. The "regent" has far fewer compunctions than the "trustee" about turning a man out of his place, and frequently does it in a very bluff way, without regard to the conventional fiction of a voluntary resignation. On the whole, the professor is nowhere too securely seated in his chair. As our contented friend puts it, he is "a rolling stone—if not rolling *in esse*, at least rolling *in posse*," with "always that uncertainty incident to an office subject to the whim of a president or the decree of a board of trustees." But with all its uncertainties, its poverty, its discouragements, what a pleasant life it is!

IN one of his "Portfolio Papers," discussing "Book Illustrations," Philip Gilbert Hamerton tells of a young poet, equipped with "a certain modest degree of accomplishment as an artist," who tried an experiment and himself illustrated one of his own books of verse. His purpose was "to make the illustrations auxiliary but subordinate" to the text. The result was that "he set up a conflict between the two," the reviewers "invariably comparing the poet with the artist and generally sacrificing one to the other." This result, a matter of easy prediction, was inevitable except in some case where the pre-eminence of the writer-illustrator was recognized in the one rôle compared with the other. No one could think, to cite a familiar example, of "sacrificing" Thackeray as a novelist to Thackeray as an illustrator, however clever and interesting his drawings of his own characters may be conceded to be. The comparison in artistic power of Thackeray in the two rôles is recognized as too obviously one-sided. The natural impulse in one with a gift both for literature and for art would be, it would seem, to dissociate the two and not to allow the one to obtrude upon the other, following the example of Rossetti. The explanation of the author who illustrates, if he understands his own *métier*, must be that of Hamerton's young poet, that he best can produce the illustrations which shall be "auxiliary but subordinate."

The Increase of Literalism

This, undoubtedly an accepted canon of the place of illustration, is nevertheless more

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honored in the breach than in the observance—a concession to the spirit of literalism, well defined as "unimaginative exactness," the very human wish to see suggested things graphically portrayed. So far as literature is concerned, this is not a new concession. Thackeray himself tells us how "Pendennis" made his *entrée* in literature by writing some lines for a picture prepared for a spring "annual," an illustration accidentally bereft of the poem it was supposed to illustrate, its plate being too valuable to the publishers to be sacrified. Current literature, however, overborne as it almost is by the development of the art of the illustrator, presents only one phase of the trend toward literalism, whose invasion is seen in many spheres; in the world of childhood, to start with, where the greatest delight of all is the faculty of "making believe." Will not this faculty, one is tempted to question, come in time to suffer atrophy through the multiplicity and complexity of modern toys, with a mechanical perfection of varied accomplishment to lead the child to think that nothing is to be found in a toy which is not visible to the eye or audible to the ear? Then there is the world of the stage that for "grown-ups" touches so closely the child's world of make-believe. The stage, conceived of at its best, is a realm where one is at the farthest remove from the conventional and the commonplace, where the accessories are strictly accessories. Yet, as is generally recognized, the stage has grown through perfection of mechanical devices for scenic effects, and through lavish expense on costumes and minor setting, to be often a mere imitation of the outside, an elaboration of the incidental and trivial. Granted that a great artist like Sir Henry Irving is at his best when the stage perfectly reproduces in appointment and costume the period of the play; granted that an elusory play like Mr. Beerbohm Tree's "Colonel Newcome" would be impossible but for the quaint suggestiveness of the Thackeray spirit that visibly characterizes it; it still remains true that only art redeems this emphasis on accessories from that "rigidity of literalism" (Hamerton's phrase again) with which it is the office of art to be in "open defiance." In illustration of contrasted possibilities, it need only be recalled that the Greek tragedies were presented by actors who, because they wore masks and appeared on a stage far removed from the audience, were obliged to cultivate artificial tones adapted to such obstructed and difficult utterance; and that Elizabethan drama flourished when the scenery was a modest apology for proper stage settings. Of these incongruities Sir Philip Sidney has left a humorous picture: "Now you shall see the ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place and then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in." But it is by no means necessary to hark back to the days of Elizabeth for illustration of the independence of great art of stage conventions. It was in a New England city that Edwin Booth, the costumes of the company having failed to arrive, gave "Hamlet" in travel clothes (in the case of some members including the linen duster of the period) and achieved a remarkable triumph, measured by the standard of his acknowledged successes.

Perhaps the modern trend toward literalism finds no more characteristic embodiment than in the tendency to dramatize the popular novel—a gratification of the desire to see "acted out" the story that one has "only read." Yet are there a few, living largely within themselves, to whom acting is itself an obstruction of the imagination. Of these Emerson was a notable example, as one striking incident testifies. To the late E. P. Whipple, who had been praising the elder Booth's "imaginative grasp" of Shakespeare's characters, Emerson said: "I see that you are one of the happy mortals who are capable of being carried away by an actor of Shakespeare. Now whenever I visit the theatre, to witness the performance of one of his dramas, I am carried away by the poet. I went last Tuesday to see Macready in 'Hamlet.' I got along very well until he came to the passage:

> Thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
> Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,

and then actor, theatre, all vanished in view of that solving and dissolving imagination, which could reduce this big globe and all it inherits into mere 'glimpses of the moon.' The play went on, but absorbed in this one thought of the mighty master, I paid no heed to it."

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THE FIELD OF ART

Religious Procession in Brittany.

From the painting by Jules A. Breton (1869) in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

A PAINTER OF RURAL LIFE

IT is many years since certain peculiar stirrings in the art life of France began to make themselves felt. Impressionistes, Intransigeantes, Pointillistes, Pleinairistes are among the titles given to those employing methods which were the result of this new life breathed into the practice of painting. Few escaped the influence of either one or the other of these experimental theories; and perhaps among those whose work took them mainly out-of-doors this influence was particularly marked. Few escaped, I say, and the cumulative good that has accrued to painting pure and simple from these various movements has been great indeed. No one can deny this.

Still, there are some steady natures so intrinsically well-balanced that, in the midst of great fluctuations, innovations, transitions in the taste of their time—changes taking place even in the practice of the profession they follow—they remain unmoved by movements which many regard as indications of life in the sphere of their special activity.

Jules Breton, whose death occurred last summer, was so responsive to the aspects of nature that he acquired early a very adequate instrument by which to interpret them, and he went on from one rural theme to another, investing each with a sentiment that was full of poetry and charm. His work seemed a natural unfolding of his nature, which was wholesome, simple and sincere, and it is a pleasure to make some record of a temperament so well-poised and so beautifully adjusted to its environment. In truth, Breton sought his environment—he was clear-sighted enough to know where he was most at home, while many more complex than he do not find their true *habitat* so readily.

I do not say that his color and touch were light and amusing—they seem rather stolid and heavy, fitting the theme.

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We are hailing him for what he is, what he stands for—a wholesome personality producing wholesome art at a time when much else was put forth.

His picture in a *salon* of the seventies of a peasant girl outstretched on a bluff and looking seawards was certainly not a masterpiece of aerial tone, the only excuse in securing which the *raffiné* would find for indulging in so obvious and sentimental a theme; but it was a good, corporeal human being in a natural attitude and mood, presented feelingly by means of form and color and conceived in a spirit eminently true. Besides this, the canvas revealed an outlook on the world which was large, there was a sense of spaciousness, distance, which was satisfying; while in color it gave a convincing impression that it was painted with a faithful reference to nature, not perhaps with the new vision which since that time has been more widely developed; but the herbage, the water, the sky and the garments of the girl, one felt had all been recorded with sincerity of mind and competency of hand. With much that was artificial and even vulgar in the *salon* of that year, one returned to this work of Breton with something of the feeling and refreshment that he would have had in the scene itself. The painter who can do this does much for the emancipation of the human spirit. Moreover, Breton has preserved for us in an intelligent and artistic form many of the customs and religious practices in the life of rural France.

This would sound perhaps too pictorial and anecdotal if these were not conceived in a certain large way, replete with truthful effect of light on objects out of doors. In his "Blessing of the Wheat," the canvas fairly throbs with sunlight falling on canopy, the vestments of the priests, acolytes, and people, which testifies to a great fidelity of vision.

This, to be said of a work produced as early as 1857, goes to prove that Breton was well in advance of many pleinairistes. In addition to this he gave to his subjects a sentiment that lifted them well out of the category of the illustrative merely—they possessed the poetry of life.

It was this sweet feeling for nature that in Breton was specially appealing—there was no attempt to show dexterity; in fact, he was not dextrous in the way that the virtuoso of the present wields the brush. There were no swift passages and clever summarizing with which the painter of to-day so often astonishes the beholder; but there was a loving care to secure the right tone and color and to place it unerringly where it belonged. The fields, the twilight, sunset, the activities or the cessation of activities of the day are among the things he loved to picture, and these he did with the feeling of a poet; for he loved the hours of the day and the labors or the relaxations incident to them which rural life furnished and with which he was in deep sympathy. It is these men who live the life and who are intellectually fitted to depict it truly, who quicken the mind and bring the breath of nature to spirits jaded by material things.

More skilful and more subtle painters enliven our sensibilities, but they do not touch the heart; and when we have said this we know that we come perilously close to the question: "What is the strict province of art?"

Jules Breton does not overstep the mark, however, for if he chooses to poetize he does it while still conforming to the conditions imposed by the painter's art. His compositions are built up with due respect to the structural laws which govern graphic portrayal—his groups possess mass and coheiveness—the eye does not wander from one object to another, but takes in rather the whole pattern or design which has been conceived, primarily, as an artistic unity, and which incidentally may suggest a sentiment or a thought. It is not so much to tell the story as it is to convey an artistic impression that this painter has chosen one theme or another; and for this reason he cannot be accused of transgressing the limitations of his medium.

As may be noted in almost all painters who are competent craftsmen, he was mentally robust and his critical faculty was of a fine quality.

We have only to quote some of his reflections on the painter's art to be convinced of this. One cannot too warmly appreciate his comments on a number of contemporary painters, young and old; while his talks concerning art are full of wisdom. "A painter may be interesting provided he has studied Nature sufficiently to avoid copying her expressionless aspects, but he will touch the feelings only in so far as he can interpret her intensities.

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"One might add to the definition of Plato that the Beautiful is the splendor of the true, but also its intensity, and it is for this reason that it is to be met with even where the vulgar see only ugliness. Oh, the insipid skill of a hand which is always infallible! Oh! the delightful unskilfulness of a hand trembling with emotion!

"Nothing is more insipid than expressionless perfection. A touch of madness is better than death. To say of any work that it has beauties is to condemn it. This thought does not occur to one in contemplating a masterpiece."

These are some of Breton's sound utterances on art, and they may readily be taken as the natural expression of one who paints as he does. His definition of the temperament, talent, and production of his life-long friend Baudry is of a very high order of art criticism, broad in its sympathy and acute in its penetration. And not only of Baudry, but of less academic and more emancipated painters than he.

Of men as widely diverse as Fromentin, Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Manet and Bastien-Lepage he makes frank and discriminating statements. It is superior talk on superior topics. Of Fromentin: "He made his début with some unpretentious little landscapes of his native place, which had attracted my attention in 1847. I was therefore greatly surprised when I saw his first pictures of Africa, two or three years later. A complete transformation had taken place in his style, which had become absolutely independent. Those strange canvases looked at a distance like marble plaques, so confused seemed the masses formed by the groups of Arabs and camels enveloped in the rosy gray shadows of the twilight.

"But the eye soon learned to separate them, and the mystery, thus penetrated, gave rise to delightful emotions."

And again, "Bastien-Lepage will leave a lasting fame. This young artist, cut down in the flush of his promise, was a true investigator. How conscientious was his work!

The Song of the Lark.

From the painting by Jules A. Breton (1884) in the possession of the Chicago Art Institute.

"He made his début with a masterpiece, the 'Portrait of My Grandfather.' Touching familiarity, simple and accurate drawing, admirable truth of tone, strong and fine harmony, just relation of the figure to the background—all are there."

This is not the merry persiflage of Degas, who promptly dubbed Bastien "Bougereau of the modern movement," but the dignified comment of a student of nature. It is not the the witty metaphor of a Whistler or of a Degas flicked off with a verbal touch analogous to the light stroke of the brush by which they would, respectively, define the

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petal of a cherry blossom or the shoulder of a *danseuse*. It is this captivating play of mind that often imposes on the public; this amuses, but does not so often instruct—it is quite another story, and we are discussing quite another painter.

Let us turn for a glance at some of Breton's canvases. If Millet gave us the sentiment of toil and suggested the profundity of the human problem of wresting from the earth the means of existence, always through a large design and motive, Breton offered the poetry of labor in the fields, and village life, its duties and its ceremonies by an intelligently constructed composition, adequate in form and color.

In referring to some of Breton's works we will confine our illustrations to certain pictures of his which may be seen in our own museums.

That of "The Lark" was described in the September, 1906, number of this magazine, and is the property of The Art Institute of Chicago. "A Religious Procession in Brittany" is in the collection of the Metropolitan Art Museum, New York, and is a characteristic example in both subject and method.

All the varied phases of a simple-hearted community—the innocence of childhood, the dreams of adolescence, the vigor of maturity, the helplessness of age—have issued from the chaumières and farms of the countryside to take part in this reverential procession. These are given, in this pictured twilight hour, with a sense of tone that is full of the quietude of nature, and a feeling for design that is a witness to the high artistic instinct of the painter. The great sober mass of dark that forms the immediate foreground carrying its line into the portal of the church, then the curved sweep of the subdued white made by the *coiffes* of the women reaching from the left hand corner of the canvas to nearly the upper right hand portion of the composition, and broken on the lower right again by the white head-dress of the peasant women gives, in this happy distribution, a massive, sustaining foreground for the lighter elements of tree and sky which fill harmoniously the upper third of the canvas.

Against this tracery of trees the gray stone of the church and the dull red of the banner, on which is wrought a crucifix, are agreeably relieved.

But it is the mass of *coiffes* softened by the evening light that makes one of the most striking incidents in this handsome design—they float away into the middle distance like whitecaps on a bay, each one possessing a character of its own, but in this throng retiring, in a perspective that suggests the multitude of the on-coming congregation. It is most successfully managed, and when one observes the countenances of the immediate figures the sentiment of the occasion is doubly emphasized—for the savor of home, the hamlet, all the interests of the simple rural life of Brittany is found in this portrayal of a custom dear to its people. The sky is of the sweetest tone of waning day, while the tempered light in which the scene takes place is so controlled that no essential definition of the incident is lost.

Breton, although he might be regarded as conservative in his methods when compared with the latest revelations of what may be termed *modern seeing*, has still given us in this presentation of out-of-doors certain touches that seem born of the moment—crisp, fresh, and placed unhesitatingly because needed—forerunners of a later practice by others that sometimes betrayed a consciousness in its achievement that looked not unlike ostentation. Nothing of this spirit can ever be attributed to the painter whose work we are describing. He was no virtuoso excepting in sense that he seemed equal to the task demanding skill; but he painted not for the mere parade of painting.

Apropos of this, we perhaps cannot do better than to close with this artist's words, for we have seen how truly he put into practice his own convictions on the subject: "Painters should not trouble themselves too much about execution. I mean by this that they should have in view the representation of a sincere observation of nature, and shun, as they would the plague, the coquetries of the brush. Those whose aim is to display upon canvas their skilfulness of touch can succeed in pleasing only fools."

FRANK FOWLER.

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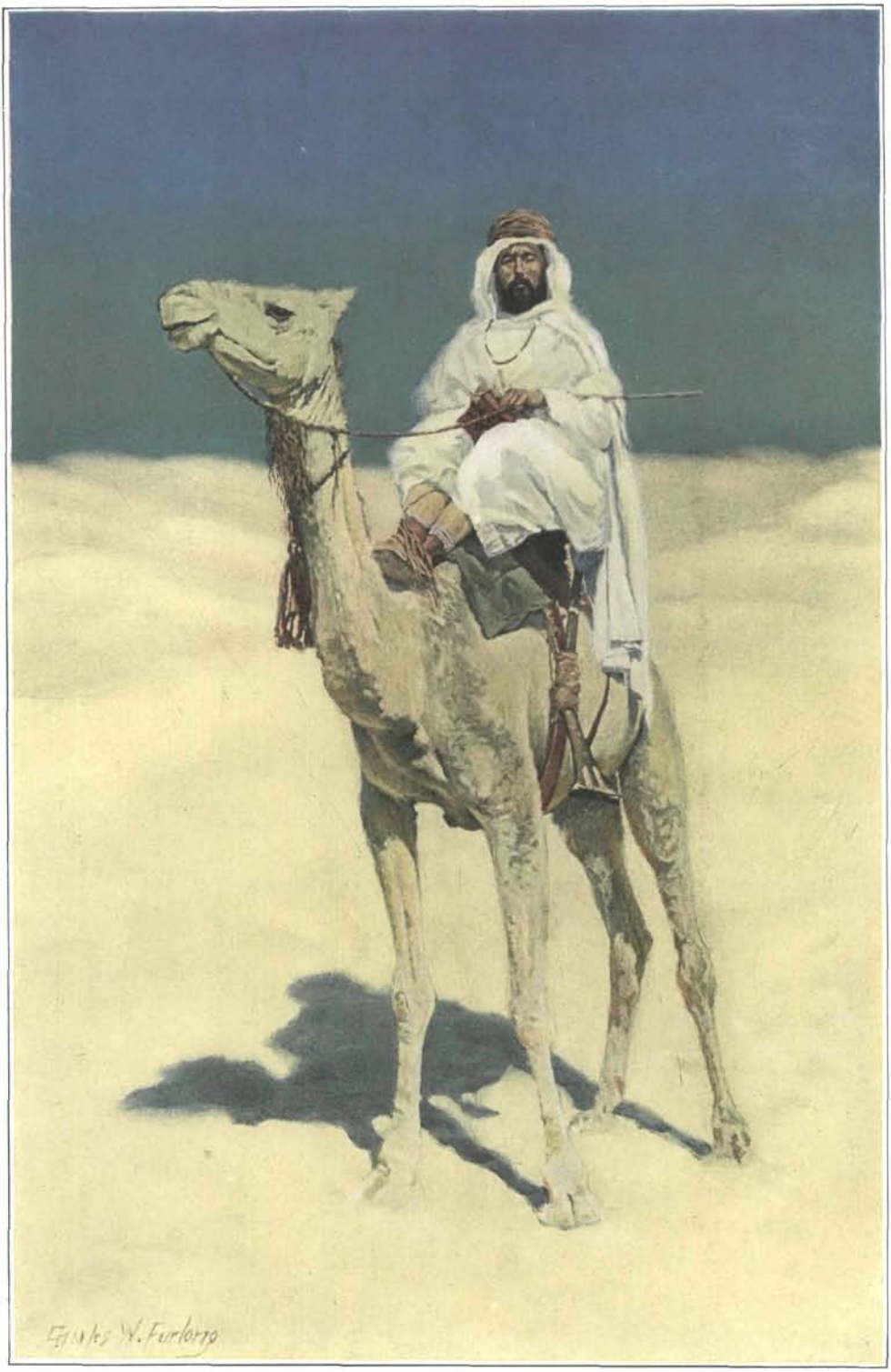

Drawn by Charles Wellington Furlong.

AN ARMED BROTHER OF THE SAHARA.

—"The White Fathers of North Africa," page 140.

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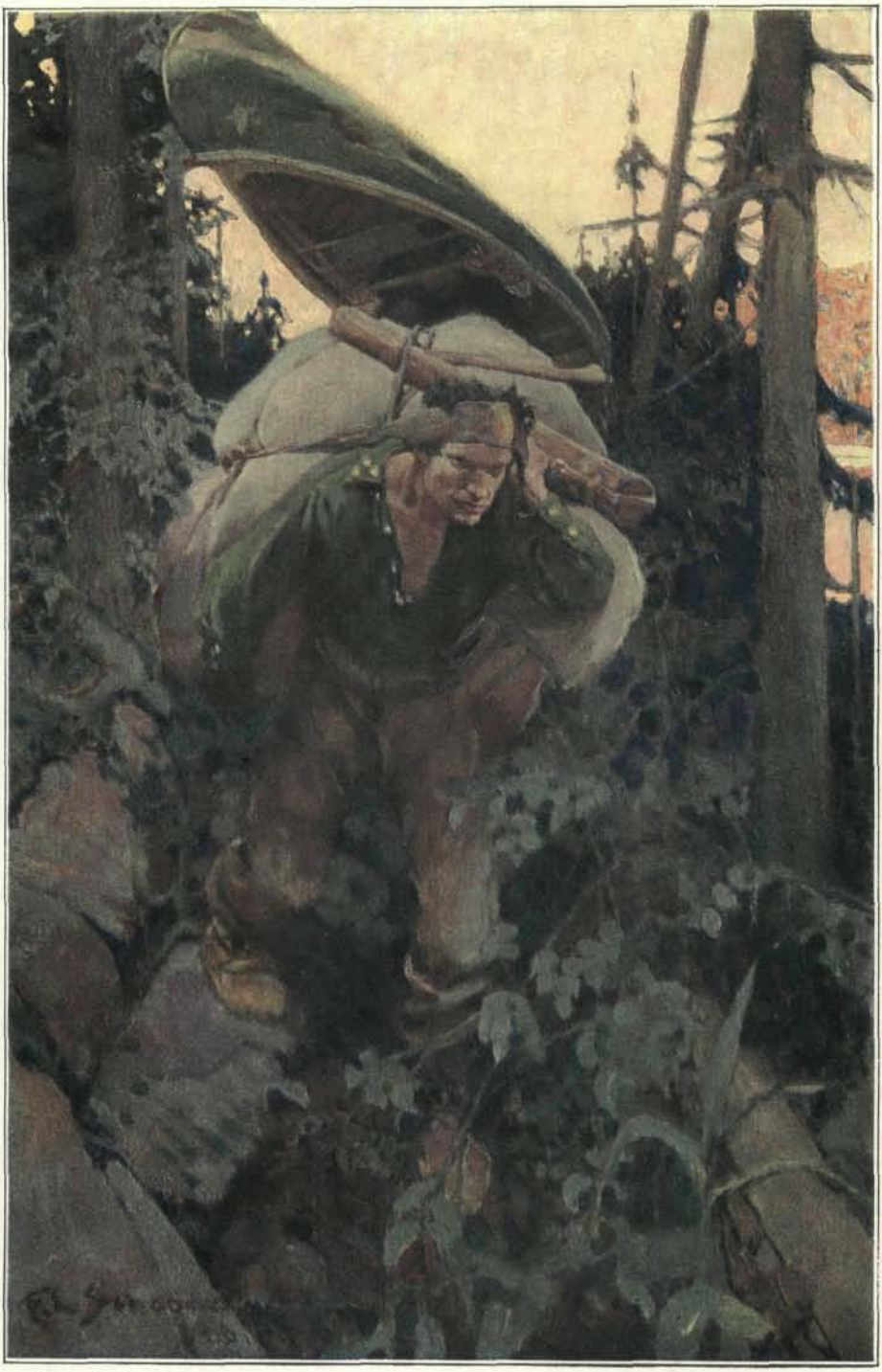

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

On such a carry travel is slow.—Page 3.

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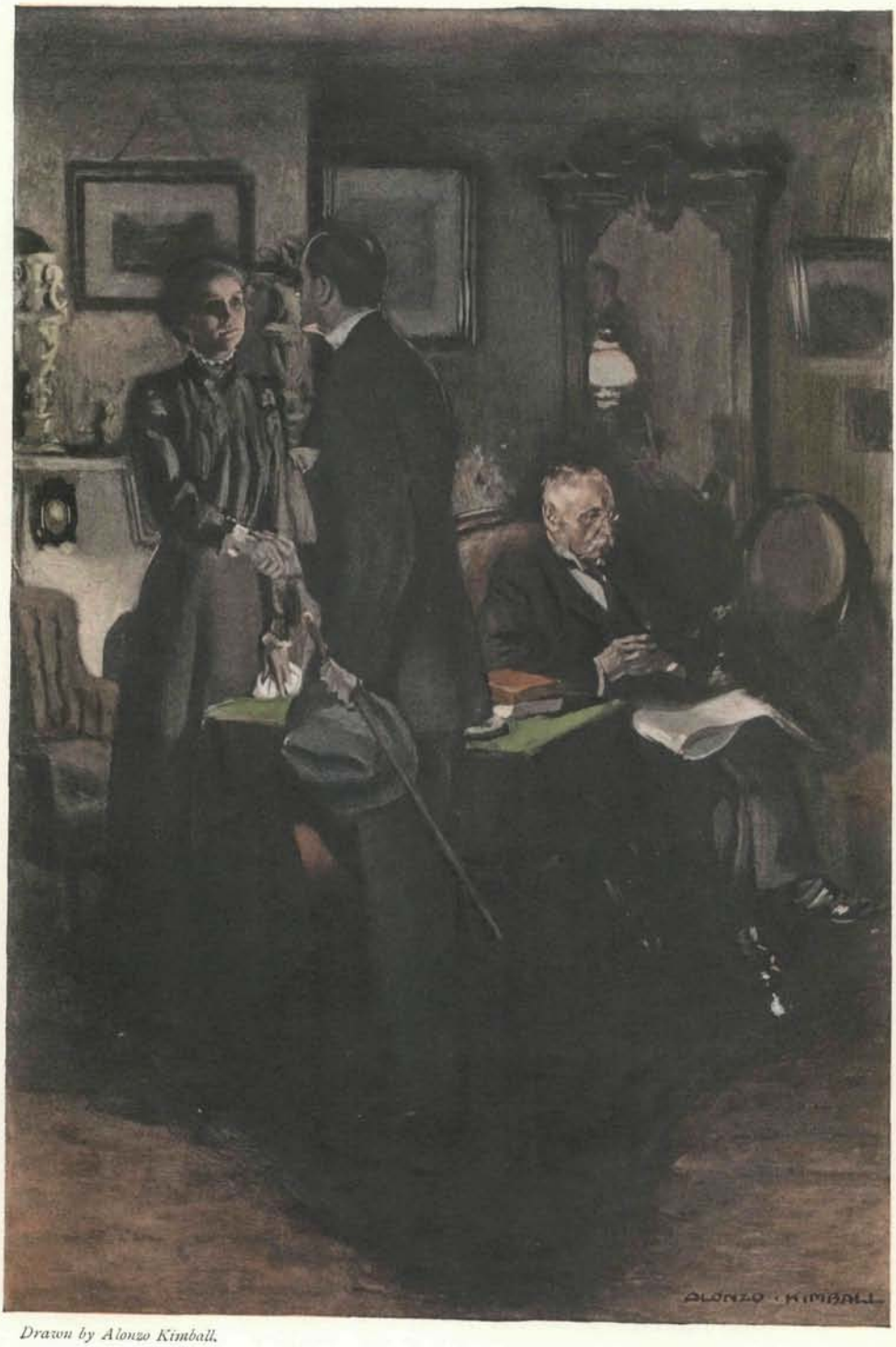

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"You told me what I wished most to know."—Page 78.

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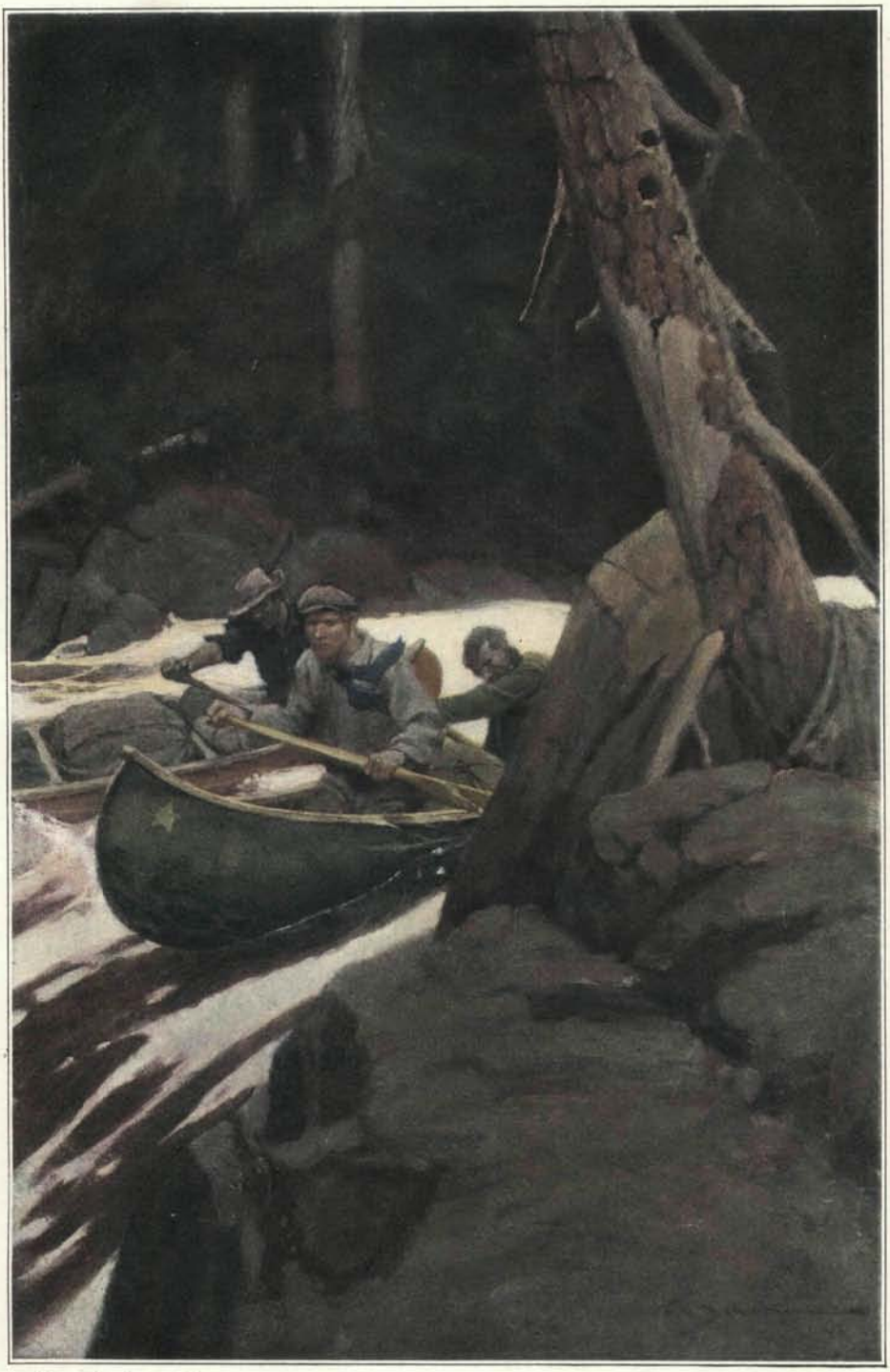

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Our canoes go with the river, but no longer easily or lazily.—Page 6.

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